St. Katherine's by the Tower

By Walter Besant

Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly.

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

"DEAR SIR,—My boy Cedric, till three weeks old, did not get on at all well with his food. I then gave him 'Mellin's,' and he improved at once, and has had your Food and Biscuits ever since. He is so good-tempered, bright and healthy, his flesh being firm and without any flabby fat—altogether a credit to your preparations. I enclose photo. taken at ten months, weight being 23 lbs.—Yours faithfully,

"H. C. FENTON."

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

(Manufactured by Carr & Co., Carlisle, specially for G. Mellin.)

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple, Nutritious and Sustaining Food.

DIGESTIVE, NOURISHING, SUSTAINING.

Price **2s.** and **3s. 6d.** per tin.

Samples, Pamphlet and Prospectus post free on application to

G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

SOFT WHITE SKIN

BEETHAMS

GLYCERINE

&

CUCUMBER

This sweetly scented Emollient Milk is superior to every other preparation for rendering

THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE.

It entirely removes and prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Sunburn, Chaps,** And all other blemishes of the Skin caused by

SUMMER'S HEAT OR WINTER'S COLD.

It keeps the Skin Cool and Refreshed on the Hottest Day in Summer, and Soft and Smooth in the Coldest Winter.

"BEETHAM'S" is the Only Genuine.

Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,
WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
DISORDERED LIVER & FEMALE AILMENTS.

The Sale is now Six Million Boxes per annum.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

(The 1s. 1½d. Box contains Fifty-six Pills.)

Prepared only by the Proprietor,
THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

KEATING'S POWDER

DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Sold in Tins 6d 1/- & 2/6

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best-known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

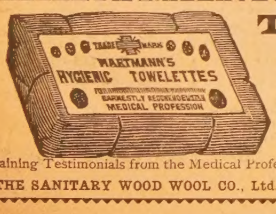
TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

FOR HOME AND WHEN TRAVELLING.

SAVES WASHING. TO BE BURNT AFTER USE.

HARTMANN'S TOWELETTES.

Single Samples gratis on application.



1/- per doz., 6d. per ½ doz., wrapped in White paper; 1/4 per doz., wrapped in Blue paper (New Make); 2/- per doz., wrapped in Gold paper; 2/- per doz., wrapped in Yellow paper (Special Make, for Use after Accouchement.) *Supplied by all Ladies' and Children's Outfitters throughout the world, also at the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores.* Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7 and 2/3, post free, with descriptive circular, containing Testimonials from the Medical Profession. *Address*—"THE MANAGERESS,"

THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., Ltd., 26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C

FURNISH
THROUGHOUT
(REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.

Catalogue post free.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, W.

Edited by JEROME K. JEROME and ROBERT BARR.

THE IDLER.

6d. MONTHLY.

THE BEST WORK OF THE BEST WRITERS AND THE BEST ARTISTS.

CONTRIBUTORS:—

MARK TWAIN.
RUDYARD KIPLING.
BRET HARTE.
J. M. BARRIE.
JEROME K. JEROME.
HALL CAINE.
JAMES PAYN.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.
ANDREW LANG.
WALTER BESANT.
CONAN DOYLE.
LUKE SHARP.
E. W. HORNUNG.
GEO. R. SIMS.

I. ZANGWILL.
EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
F. W. ROBINSON.
BARRY PAIN.
GRANT ALLEN.
W. L. ALDEN.
&c.

ARTISTS:—

J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
IRVING MONTAGU.
A. S. BOYD.
RONALD GRAY.
DUDLEY HARDY.
"CYNICUS."

J. GULICH.
FRED PEGRAM.
HAL HURST.
R. JACK.
E. M. JESSOP.
MISS HAMMOND.

J. F. SULLIVAN.
GEO. HUTCHINSON.
H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.
SYDNEY COWELL.
&c.

SPECIAL FEATURES APPEARING MONTHLY IN

THE IDLER.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY ALL THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS,

ENTITLED

"MY FIRST BOOK."

BY

WALTER BESANT.
JAMES PAYN.
W. CLARK RUSSELL.
GRANT ALLEN.

HALL CAINE.
G. R. SIMS.
MISS BRADDON.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

J. M. BARRIE.
CONAN DOYLE.
RIDER HAGGARD.
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

JEROME K. JEROME, &c. &c.

A SERIES OF POWERFUL SHORT STORIES BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.
W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CONAN DOYLE.
ROBERT BARR.
&c. &c.

BRET HARTE.
W. L. ALDEN.

THE IDLERS' CLUB,

By G. R. SIMS, BARRY PAIN, I. ZANGWILL, LUKE SHARP, JOSEPH HATTON, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, CLEMENT SCOTT, MRS. LINTON, &c. &c.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

ST KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER

A NOVEL

BY

WALTER BESANT

AUTHOR OF

'ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN' 'ARMOREL OF LYONESSE' ETC.

A NEW EDITION

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1893

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

CONTENTS

PAGE

PROLOGUE 1

PART I

CHAPTER

I. THE BEGINNING OF IT 7

II. THE HAPLESS LOVER 17

III. THE GRAVE PHYSICIAN 30

IV. THE WISE WOMAN 36

V. THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH 43

VI. IN THE PRECINCT 56

VII. WAS SHE FAITHLESS? 69

VIII. EVIL EYE AND EVIL HEART 83

PART II

I. THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF SNUGS 95

II. EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY 108

III. THE CHURCH SERVICE 123

IV. THE FAMILY COUNCIL 132

V. THE ONLY QUESTION LEFT 137

VI. THE PRESS-GANG 144

VII. FIRE AND WATER 151

VIII. AT LAST 159

IX. THE AMENDMENT CARRIED 166

X. AN ANXIOUS SUNDAY 180

CHAPTER PAGE

XI. THE INSURRECTION 188

XII. OAK APPLE DOCK—SURRENDER 195

XIII. COMMITTED FOR TRIAL 210

XIV. NEWGATE PRISON 225

XV. ON THE MASTER'S SIDE 240

XVI. A TRUE BILL 248

XVII. THE TRIAL 255

XVIII. THE CONDEMNED CELL 270

XIX. SATURDAY 278

XX. THE KING'S CLEMENCY 286

XXI. RICHARD ARCHER'S GOOD FORTUNE 293

XXII. A SUDDEN CHANGE 300

XXIII. GEORGE GIVES WAY 307

XXIV. LORD ALDEBURGH 314

XXV. SISTER KATHERINE FINDS OUT 325

XXVI. PARAMATTA 330

XXVII. LETTERS FROM HOME 338

XXVIII. THE DEVIL'S LUCK 346

XXIX. THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD 358

XXX. EVIL HEART AND EVIL EYE 363

XXXI. CONCLUSION 373

ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER

PROLOGUE

GREAT and mighty events happened in the year 1793—yea, and continued to happen for twenty years and more to follow. These events have already, though so recent, engaged the attention of the historian, the biographer, and of those humbler writers who collect the crumbs, so to speak—the anecdotes, stories, whispers, and scandals concerning all the great men engaged, so that the curious world shall learn to its complete satisfaction how the Corsican Usurper—to instance the greatest man concerned—behaved in respect to his eating, his drinking, his amours, and his dress. If we cannot understand statesmanship and high policy, we can at least understand these lesser things.

It has been a privilege to be born into such a time and to have lived through these stupendous events. Certain I am that no event in ancient history, not the battle of Marathon, not the Peloponnesian War, not the fall of Rome itself, can compare for present awfulness and future consequences with the great French Revolution and the upsetting of the French Monarchy. To me it appeared at the outset, what I have never since ceased to consider it, nothing short of the emancipation of the whole world from the bonds of king, priest, and noble. Its course was stained with blood and marred with cruelty ; a thousand extravagances were committed ; a thousand things were done the memory of which should make Frenchmen hang their heads in shame—witness the insults heaped upon the innocent and unfortunate queen ; her murder ; the slow doing to death of the guiltless boy, her son ; and the massacres of those whose only fault was that they were nobles and royalists. Let us acknowledge these things. Yet let us also acknowledge that the hand of the Lord has fallen upon

the murderers. Those who ordered these things have perished by the same way. They have all died upon the scaffold, or miserably in other ways. These things, I know, have turned away many, who at first welcomed the Revolution, in disgust and horror, making them cling to the old things. As for me, I stand still by the first ardent zeal of my youth. The old system fell for ever ; the people of France regained their freedom : through France the spirit of freedom has everywhere been awakened, and now flies from race to race, from nation to nation. The wheels of the revolutionary car passed over me, and well-nigh crushed me to death beneath them. Yet still I rejoice : I give thanks : I can never cease to count myself fortunate ; I praise, laud, and magnify the Lord who hath suffered me to live at this great day, and to mark the advent of a new and better time. The French king is back again. That is most true. He is back with his priests and his nobles. But he has lost his ancient power. There is a spectral scaffold visible from his palace where lies the body of a beheaded king. The people see this as well as the king. He has lost his power—and the priests and nobles have lost their wealth as well as their power. Let us wait. Great things have happened. Greater things shall come to pass. Let us who believe in the majesty and might and glory of the people take courage, and look to the future as well as the past. This cannot be destroyed, nor shall that be delayed.

Amid these great events happened many others—for the small events and accidents of human life are not stayed or stopped by the great. Louis the Sixteenth mounts the scaffold: on the same day Mr. Alderman Pepper goes bankrupt and is ruined. The Queen of France is foully murdered: on the same day Amyntas the shepherd swain declares his love to Chloë, fairest nymph of Stepney Green. Certain events, *quorum pars magna fui*, in which I took a part, happened at that time in a part of London little known by the fashionable world—I wonder how many people west of Temple Bar have ever visited the ancient Hospital of St. Katherine by the Tower? The chief cause or mainspring of these events, whereby two respectable families were plunged for a time in the deepest anxiety, shame, and humiliation, is still wrapped in mystery. I propose to narrate them in order, beginning with the leading or capital event. I will show you, not the cause of it (which I cannot), but what was considered by this person or by that to have been its cause. You may then judge and decide for

yourselves if you can. Or if, like me, you cannot form a conclusion satisfactory at once to your reason and to your religion, you will set it down as one of those things which have been allowed to happen in the inscrutable Wisdom that rules the universe.

I hope that this history may be found to afford instruction rather than amusement to those who read it. If, as is notoriously the case, fictitious adventures are able to arrest the attention and to divert the thoughts, how much more should those which are no invention, but hard and even cruel reality! I say nothing about the lesson to be learned from every true history, because it is evident that whoever depicts scenes of truth must, even unconsciously, inculcate lessons, point to an unspoken moral, and make of the sufferings or joys of his characters warnings or encouragement for his readers. This is true of all history, but the lessons become much more effective when the historian has to tell of passions suffered to grow beyond control until they govern and sway the whole man, mind and body, so that he no longer has any power over his own actions, or any thought of consequences, or any fear of the future. I was myself, I say, a witness of these events. I was from certain causes a sharer in the adventures which followed. I have been an actor in them. It is my part—my duty—to relate these events and these adventures with their origin and their consequences. I have deferred the accomplishment of this duty too long already. Let me lose no more time, lest the thread of life be snapped before this plain duty has been performed.

The strange and wonderful story which follows was, I always think, designed especially, and with a larger purpose than belongs to most human lives. It must have been intended as an example and a warning. Otherwise I should not take the trouble to write it down. It is altogether strange: it is strange as to the first fact—sudden, unexpected, like a thunderbolt falling out of a cloudless sky: it is strange as to the causes or cause of that event; it is strange as to the consequences of that event: it is still more strange how Providence overruled everything for restoration and forgiveness. When I begin to write about these things, I am overawed with terror and with admiration.

Another thing I must record. Whenever I recall these events, certain words come back to me. A certain evening returns—I see a certain group, and I hear those words again.

They are words uttered in feeble and trembling accents—the words of an old woman :

'Tis man's madness, child. So men are made. Thee must he have, and none other will content him. If thou still wilt say him nay, I doubt he will do some mischief either to himself or to thee. He is mad, child. He is mad with love.'

Over and over again I hear these words. They echo in my brain as from wall to wall or from cliff to cliff.

'He is mad, child. He is mad with love.'

Many there are who still believe that words heard by chance may be a kind of oracle. Plutarch adduces many instances in which great captains were not ashamed to turn back when the march had actually been begun in consequence of hearing words of ill omen. Such superstitions are hard to kill : they linger in the minds of the people : nay, travellers have reported that the old beliefs in luck, fortune, the evil eye, words and sights of ill-omen, yet remain in Italy as strong and as deeply rooted in the minds of all alike—rich and poor, wise and simple—as when those great captains lived, long before the Christian religion was established for the abolition of all such superstitions.

'He is mad with love.'

These words may serve as a motto for this history. They announce, beforehand, what is to follow. It is of Love and Madness caused by Love that I have to write. Therefore, just as Addison in the *Spectator* would take a line from a Latin or Greek poet and prefix it to a paper, thereby indicating the nature of the paper and preparing the mind of the reader, so I may set down these words in order to show at the outset the reality, strength, and character of the passion which I have to illustrate. In the same way, at the Theatre, the music before the play indicates the kind of piece which is to follow, prepares the mind and leads the thoughts into the right direction. For a tragedy it is grave and stately, even stormy and terrifying : for a comedy it is light, gay, and sparkling.

The time was evening and twilight. I was a boy of sixteen, an age when one is beginning to think as a man, but is as yet without knowledge or experience. I was idly walking about St. Katherine's Square—it is really an area of irregular shape—which lies before the west end of the church, thinking of I know not what. Young men think of many things which come to nothing, just as a flower produces thou-

sands of seeds of which, perhaps, not one shall fall upon fertile ground and grow into a fair plant. Then I saw at the entrance of Dolphin Alley, where it opens out of the square, two women and a man. One of the women was tall and erect — clearly, therefore, she was young; the other was bent and bowed—clearly she was old. It was too dark for me to see their faces. As for the man, he seemed to be a sailor, but he might have been a lumper or a lighterman, or anything. As I looked he threw up his arms as one carried away by wrath or by some other passion; he broke into such cursing as these people use for all their troubles—sad it is to think how imperfect is the power of speech for these poor ignorant men—what he said cannot be set down; everybody who has lived near poor folk, especially the poor who live by the river bank, can understand the things which he would say. Then, having in this rough way, and chiefly by his cursing, conveyed what he meant to women, almost as rough as himself, who would understand very well without words or grammatical order, he flung himself from them, and rolled, partly like a sailor, partly like one drunk with rum, partly like one overcome with passion, down Dolphin Lane, and so out of sight.

Then I heard the old woman say these words. I went home and pondered over them, as yet ignorant how love can so seize upon a man that there shall be for him no woman but one in all the world, and if he cannot get that woman for himself, he will go mad.

'Tis man's madness, child. So some men are made. Thee must he have, and none other will content him. If thou still wilt say him nay, I doubt he will do some mischief either to himself or else to thee. He is mad, child. He is mad with love.'

There are men so cold by nature that love itself can hardly quicken their pulses; there are women who attract so little that no man—not even the most fiery—could go mad after them. But there are men, by nature impetuous, headlong, masterful, strong of brain as well of limb—men to whom a wish becomes a law, and an inclination becomes a rope that drags them on. These are the men whom love makes slaves, ruling them by means of their own masterful natures, subduing them by allurements of conquest and possession. And there are women who drive such men mad, even though they are ignorant of their own charms and unconscious of their own powers: it is by a kind of instinct inspired by Queen Venus

that they play off their arts and graces, luring a man on, making him (they think) a slave, until he suddenly springs up and becomes a Lord and Master: all this without meaning mischief, without knowing aught, or suspecting aught, of the vehemence—the overwhelming vehemence—of the passion they have created and fed and fostered, till it has become a great and mighty giant. How can they understand a passion which they cannot feel, save in a far different form, and for the most part in far feebler force? The love of the maiden is at first but a gentle affection -a stream flowing softly on, growing broader and deeper perhaps, but insensibly, warmed by the sun, beautified with flowery banks and hanging woods, its bright surface and clear waters strewn with water-lilies. It may in time become a great and mighty river, but it always lacks the foaming rush and headlong tumultuous violence of the man's passion.

If it be objected that it may be dangerous to place this history in the hands of the young, because all kinds of phrenzy are infectious—witness the religious enthusiasm of the people called Methodists—I reply that this indeed may be the case and yet the book be in no way harmful, partly because it shows how love carried to an excess may work mischief incalculable, partly because there are few natures (happily) so constituted as to be able to feel so strong a passion, and partly because (also happily) a British maiden has generally a heart so tender that she will not suffer a young man to fall into despair, but rather, beholding his sufferings with eyes of compassion, and moved by sweet sympathy, will suffer love to awaken in her own breast, and so make him happy and herself as well. But as for this story, and as for the man of whom I write—as the old woman said:

'He is mad, child. He is mad with love.'

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF IT

'I WONDER in what latitudes George's ship sails this evening,' I said, for want of anything else to say.

'Oh! George—George——' Sylvia, who had been sitting in silence, started and shivered. 'George! Oh, what matters?' she asked impatiently. I had never before known her to show impatience when George's name was mentioned. 'He is on board his ship. The ship is at sea.'

'He must be homeward bound. He may be even now off the Nore: his ship may be sailing up the river: he may be with us to-morrow. Think of that, Sylvia.'

Sylvia caught her breath, and shivered as if cold or in pain.

'Are you cold, sister?'

'No—no. I am not cold. Never mind.'

'I say that we know not when the ship may come back. Her owners expect her daily.'

Again she caught her breath, and again a look of pain crossed her face.

'What is the matter, Sylvia?'

'Nothing. Yesterday and to-day I have felt it. Oh, it is nothing. Go on. He will come home, perhaps, to-morrow. Yes—he will come home. Nevill, I cannot understand it.'

'What, Sylvia?'

'I feel so strange. It is as if—as if—oh! as if—I did not want him to come home.'

'Oho! That is your little joke, sister. Not want George to come home!'

'Megrims, Nevill,' she replied, with an attempt at gaiety.

'Oh! it will pass. Go on talking of him. It is not natural for me to feel like this.'

I thought nothing of her megrims, and went on talking.

'He is sailing over a smooth sea, with a fair wind aft: all sails set—ringtails, studdin' sails, t'gallants, and sky-scrapers.'

'Brother, you are not a sailor. You need not pretend to know all the sails of a ship.'

'Oh! I know their names. The ship is flying under a cloud of canvas, and that is the only cloud visible. The dolphins play about the bows: the sailors dance the hornpipe in the fo'ksle to the scraping of the fiddle, and the watch are yawning over the bulwarks. As for George—what is it, again, Sylvia?'

For again she made as if something pained her.

'It is—I don't know. I felt as if it was his name which seemed to pierce me like a knife. What is it?'

'Nay; it is nothing, What should it be? His face is homeward bound: the Precinct is his Lodestar: he is thinking—what does a sailor think about when he is homeward bound? He is thinking of his sweetheart.'

Something ailed George's sweetheart that evening, for she closed her eyes, turned pale, and clenched her hands just like one who is struggling against some internal pain. Again I thought nothing of a passing pain. One often has a pain somewhere, which comes and goes again, one knows not why.

'The ship may fall in with the enemy. That is what I chiefly fear. A small privateer she could fight, and to a French man-o'-war she might show a clean pair of heels. 'Twould be hard indeed if the first news of the war should be followed by being clapped into a French prison. The war has begun, however, in earnest. There has been an action off Scilly between a British brig and a French privateer. Of course British valour won the day. But, Sylvia, it is an unnatural war.'

'Brother!'—she held up her finger, and looked around—'be careful what you say.'

'An unnatural war. What! one free nation fight another nation only because it has recovered its freedom? Why, we set them the example. They have copied us who went before. I cannot believe that it will last. We must make peace: the Government cannot know how strong are the friends of liberty in this country——'

'Brother—hush! Talk to me rather of—— Oh!'—here she

shuddered again—'why cannot I think of him this evening—why cannot I utter his name without a pang?'

'Tis toothache, may be. Well, the sooner he comes home the better. There will be a great surprise for him.'

There was to be a surprise for him, indeed. Yet not what we expected and meant.

'From being third mate in an East Indiaman he will be a man of substance! he may call himself a gentleman if he likes, I suppose. There are many City merchants with not half his income esteem themselves gentlemen, and even esquires. Instead of the rolling deck, he will stand on the *terra firma* of his own dock; in place of the bo's'n's whistle he will have the bell that calls his men to work; instead of the lapping and dashing of waters he will hear the tapping of the hammers; and instead of walking the quarter-deck he shall sit in his counting-house and reckon up his money.'

'Yes.' But on her face there was a look of pain. 'I hope,' she said, with an effort, 'that he will not be changed as well.'

'Changed? Not he. George has always been good enough for us. He will be bigger and stronger, if possible. He will be more tender with those he loves. I am sure he will be more masterful with those he commands; and more terrible with those he corrects. But George is one of those who can only change for the better.'

The place where we were talking was the drawing-room of the master's house in the Hospital of St. Katherine's by the Tower. It is a long low room, panelled with cedar, so old that it has become like a mirror for brightness when the light falls upon it; it would be a dark room but for the coats of arms in red and blue and gold which are painted on the walls and over the fireplace, and for the portraits which hang round it. The shields and the portraits belong to former masters, brethren, commissaries, and distinguished men who have shed lustre upon this ancient and religious foundation. Here are the effigies of Sir Julius Cæsar, made master in the year 1596. He was the son of Cæsar Adelmar, physician to Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Here are those of Sir Charles Cæsar, his son, whilom commissary to the Hospital; of Lord Bruncker; of George and Henry Montague; of George Berkeley—all masters; of the great antiquarian, Dr. Ducarel, commissary; of the Earl of Dorset, sometime steward; and of the learned Verstegan, a native of the Precinct, who wrote the 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence.' Others there were of lesser

note. This room stretches across the whole north side of the quadrangle called the Brothers' Close. Its ceiling is painted, and divided into lozenges of wood inlaid, painted red and blue, by which the appearance of the room is greatly brightened. There are brass sconces on the wall, each for four candles, and if all were lit there would be forty or more to light up the room ; but so many have I never seen. At most we generally had but four, or for cards six, which made a strong light immediately around, and threw the rest of the room into deeper darkness, with flickerings of the light on the gold and colours of the coats of arms.

This evening the card-table was set out, provided with two silver candlesticks and the snuffers in a silver tray. Two more candles stood on the table before the fire, and on the mantelshelf there were two more. The long room was thus lit up in the middle, and the two ends were left in obscurity. But the flickering light of the fire fell upon the gilded coats of arms and the gold frames of the portraits, and the candle-light caught first one face upon the wall and then another as one looked round the room.

Beside the table sat my mother and sister Katherine. They were talking of conserves, distilled waters, the brewing of beer, the making of wine, and such household topics. At the harpsichord sat my sister Sylvia. She had been playing, but not from music, and now sat with her elbow on the closed lid of the keys, and her face towards the fire. I sat beside her, and we talked, as you have heard, whispering low.

At the card-table sat the four players. One of them was dealing : all their faces indicated the rapture which carries whist-players so much out of themselves that I suppose, if I had arisen and delivered an oration on the Rights of Man, even the Prebendary himself, to whom the Rights of Man were as odious as the doctrines of the Baptists, would not have heard or heeded what was said.

The four players were—first, the Rev. Robert Nevill Lorrymore, who among his many titles, preferments, and offices, held that of brother in St. Katherine's Hospital. Unlike some of the brothers before him and after him, he not only took an occasional turn in the services of the church, but also came into residence every year for a month or six weeks, choosing that time of the year when the hospital is at its best with the spring of the year, and the blossoms on the trees in the orchard, the early gillyflowers, polyanthus, tulip, and lily

in the garden. We have had many learned and illustrious brothers of the Foundation, but none more learned than this divine, who indeed shed lustre upon the hospital. His sermons, composed and delivered for various occasions ; his 'Dissertation on the Language called Aramaic' ; his 'Observations on the Druidical Religion' : these things alone (among many others) keep his memory green. He was, so to speak, the especial patron of our family. He was godfather to my sister Sylvia, to whom he made many rich and valuable presents : and upon me he had recently bestowed a great mark of favour in purchasing for me (it cost him no less than 300*l.*) a post as clerk in the Admiralty Office. This preferment, as you will presently learn, I afterwards forfeited. Yet the obligation and the gratitude remain. He was a man who looked and spoke as one accustomed to authority—a tall and corpulent man, with a large head and a great wig upon it, one who filled up a great space in whatever room he found himself. And a man with a full, rich voice, loud yet musical.

The Lieutenant, his partner in the game, a tall, lean man of fifty-five—all four players were about that age—sat as upright in his chair as a pike. He had served many years in the gallant corps of Royal Marines, but, as he lacked family influence, he rose no higher than simple lieutenant. He wore His Majesty's scarlet. He showed signs of hard service in his face, which had a great scar straight down his left cheek. This was received in the action between the American frigate *Raleigh* and H.M.S. *Druid*. His right hand had also lost the two middle fingers—lost in a certain attack upon the coast of Rhode Island. Had he been backed by interest, the Lieutenant might have proved a great general. He possessed at least undoubted courage, and he had what we are accustomed to consider the external attributes of a general : an aquiline nose ; sharp and piercing eyes ; a firm mouth, and a strong chin. He lived with his unmarried sister, Katherine Bayssallance, of the Sisters' Close, and it was of his son George that we were talking.

The third player was a Frenchman—the Marquis de Rosnay. He came over to England in the first batch of *émigrés* : he was old ; he was poor ; and he lived in St. Katherine's Square, where he had a lodging of a single room. At this time there were so many thousand *émigrés* scattered all over England that they had ceased to attract attention or to excite suspicion. They lived among us, and except among

barbers, cooks, and valets, to whom the *émigrés* of the baser sort were formidable rivals, no one now minded them. The Marquis, though old, was a man of fine and courtly manners : he spoke English well ; and he preserved, though with reserve, the philosophic habit of thought and freedom of speech which, according to some, assisted powerfully to bring on the Revolution.

The fourth player was my father, Mr. Edward Comines, whom the people of the Precinct called Mr. Cummins. He was high bailiff of the hospital and by virtue of this office, the master having been for many generations non-resident, he occupied the master's house. Every one, on observing him for the first time, would have remarked that he was one of those who magnify their office. This, however, is a praiseworthy disposition, from an archbishop to a barber, if only that it leads to the zealous discharge of duty. He was of dignified and lofty appearance ; he wore his hair frizzed in front, and dressed in plaits at the side, tied with a broad black ribbon, and carefully powdered. His cravat was of the finest white cambric, his coat of black silk and his ruffles of old lace. His waistcoat and his stockings were of white silk. At the first aspect of him strangers were reminded of some person unknown. On second thoughts the likeness vanished ; on the third it reappeared, especially in taking a side view of his face. The person whom he resembled was none other than the unfortunate monarch, Louis the Sixteenth of France, whose murder, with that of his unhappy and virtuous consort, and the other brutal murders, so disgusted and terrified the world, and ruined the previously fair prospects of the British friends of freedom. He had the Bourbon face—I know not how —nor has either of his children inherited that face from him. He resembled both Louis the Sixteenth and his predecessor, but the former especially in his high but receding forehead and the lofty arch of his nose.

After the taking of Calais, Hammes, and Guines by the French in the reign of Queen Mary, it is well known that many of the inhabitants came away with the English and settled in the vicinity of St. Katherine's, where they have lived ever since. Nay, one of the streets in the Precinct, formerly called after the town of Hammes or Guines, has now the two names run together, and is called Hangman's Gains. Among those who were thus brought to England were two families, named respectively De Comines and Bayssallance. My father, and consequently I myself, was descended from

the former; the Lieutenant, and therefore George, from the latter. It was also maintained by my father that the former family was noble, and the latter was not. This distinction naturally pleased us to remember, and greatly displeased the Lieutenant to have it recalled. We who have the great privilege to be born of an ancient family do well to be proud of it; on the other hand, it is at all times becoming to ourselves and considerate towards the lowly born to disguise or to conceal this pride, and I confess that my father did not always observe this consideration. As for that other tradition, which my father nourished and carefully preserved, that our own ancestor, who came over with the English garrison, bore the title of the Vidame de Guisnes, while the ancestral Bayssallance arrived in the capacity of valet to that nobleman, I have always believed that it wanted confirmation, and I should now be willing to let it be forgotten. Nor, indeed, would I press my father's contention that while the De Comines (now Cummins) were always regarded as belonging to the gentry or quality of the Precinct, and resided from father to son in St. Katherine's Square without any soiling of their fingers by trade, the Bayssallances, on the other hand, took up their quarters in the obscurity of Hangman's Gains, and by trade, and even base mechanical handicrafts, gradually pushed themselves forward.

It was to the latter family that George belonged, his father being the Lieutenant who now sat at cards with the Prebendary and the Marquis. The boy was, like ourselves, a native of the Precinct, and for some years knew no other part of the world. His father's sister, and therefore his own aunt, was Sister Katherine of the Foundation. He was born in the Precinct, brought up in the Precinct, taught at the Hospital School; he played with us while we were all children together, about the cloisters and the close, the gardens and the orchard, of the venerable place; he sat on Sunday in the ancient church, gazing upon the carved woodwork of the stall, the tracery of the great catherine-wheel in the east, the old pulpit with its pictures carved on the six sides, and the ancient monuments in the chancel, while the preacher read the discourse, which was far too learned for children to comprehend, and far too closely reasoned for the rude people, who know no other argument than a command and no other reason than the stick. These children played about the ancient place, quiet and secluded amid houses and streets filled with

the baser sort; about its cloisters the pigeons flew and walked, tame and not afraid; in its burial ground cawed the rooks and built their nests; the sailors and watermen came never, not even on Sundays, within its sacred enclosure; the venerable church rose in the midst, worn and gnawed by the tooth of time, grey and black; a church far too large and ample for its little congregation: where daily prayers were read to a few schoolboys and bedes-women—the efficiency of daily prayer must not be measured by the number of the worshippers. Within the hospital dwelt dignity, peace, learning, piety, and good manners. Outside . . . . well, those who live and are brought up by the riverside, east of the Tower, have to become very early inured to the rude and rough manners, the profligacy, the horrid blasphemies, and the wretchedness of the people. Here Arcadia becomes Alsatia; it is a very sink of all iniquities. At first sight it would seem as if the long narrow strip of land covered with houses, which begins at the Irongate and ceases not until you reach Limehouse Dock, is filled with nothing but rogues and villains. This, indeed, is not quite the case. There are righteous men even among the Wappineers. There are honest tradesmen and manufacturers, boat-builders, mast-makers, rope-makers, sail-makers; there are here and there, as at Ratcliffe Cross and in the fields between Whitechapel and Wapping, substantial merchants' houses, with large gardens, built in this quarter for the benefit of the air, which is keen and yet sweet, and free from the smoke of London. But there is also a vast multitude who live openly by plunder; they make no secret that they are rogues and the friends of rogues. Some steal, some carry, some receive, buy, and sell. You may here buy tea for three shillings a pound which you cannot get in the City for ten. You may drink Spanish wines and French brandy at a price lower than that for which it was sold at the vineyard. Why go on? All are rogues! The women match the men, and are rogues as well. The very boys glory in the title of mudlarks and light horsemen (that is, plunderers by night); the men take pride in being known as dexterous scuffle-hunters; that is, labourers engaged in lading and unlading and in stealing all they can. They live by robbing the ships. Sometimes they call themselves rat-catchers, under cover of their business, thieving all day long; or they are day-plunderers, called heavy horsemen. The tradesmen are copemen or receivers; the very officers, who should protect the

property, join in the conspiracy, and are called gamemen. The general quarry, I say, is the shipping. It lies in the river to be the prey of all these villains, who are all day and all night engaged in stealing. And such a quarry as no pirates or buccaneers ever dreamed of; a quarry lying ready to hand; no occasion to venture forth in a crazy bottom across an unknown ocean. No, these happy robbers have but to put on a waistcoat filled with pockets, and a big apron lined with pockets, and to go on board as lumpers, dockers, coopers, holders, glut-officers, coalheavers, lightermen, and journeymen, there to find their plunder ready to hand, while the watermen and mudlarks are under the ports waiting to receive it. And nobody is ever the richer by these robberies, because all is drunk up at the mughouse or the tavern.

Wherever ships lie, there will such boys as George be found, whenever they are not at school. They cannot keep away from the ships, even though to get among them they must needs encounter such gentry as these. I suppose there never was any danger that the son of one who bore the King's commission could be led into the ways we witnessed daily. But for such a boy the way of safety lies through apprenticeship. George was apprenticed at fourteen. By two-and-twenty he was already third mate on board an East Indiaman. He was now, having been away three years, engaged in what is called the country trade, homeward bound, his ship overdue.

Three years is a long time with the young. Sylvia, who was sixteen, and little more than a girl when George kissed her and said good-bye, was now nineteen, and a tall young woman. There was no doubt that when he should return he would, with the greatest eagerness, press forward his suit, and be married with what speed he might. There was an additional reason, apart from the natural impatience of a lover; and this was, that on his return he would find himself the possessor of a noble dock—Oak-apple Dock—at Rotherhithe, a little down the river. He would be a solid and substantial merchant. He would, as I have said, exchange the rolling deck for his own snug counting-house. This inheritance had come to him during his absence from his mother's brother, a great merchant, whose town house was in Cold Harbour Lane, over against All Hallows the Great. He left a great fortune in money and lands among his nephews and nieces, and to George he bequeathed the Dock. It seemed to us purblind mortals as if this good fortune would be the making of him. Alas! it only proved,

but by ways that we could not expect, the undoing of him, as you shall learn.

'Can you one?' asked the Prebendary.

'I can,' replied the Lieutenant.

'Treble, single, and the rub,' said his reverence, laying his hand upon the counters.

'Who,' asked the Marquis, taking up his snuff-box, 'can contend against the Church of England on the one side'—here he bowed to the Prebendary—'and the armies of King George on the other?'—here he bowed to the Lieutenant.

Sylvia sprang to her feet and left the room.

In five minutes she returned, before the gentlemen who had now risen and were talking over their game had walked from the card-table to the fireplace. She bore in her hands a bowl of steaming punch, the ladle lying in it ready for use. The bowl was of silver, and was that which tradition assigned to Sir Julius Cæsar, formerly master here. It was acquired and presented to the hospital by the learned antiquarian, Dr. Ducarel, commissary of the hospital. Molly the maid came after, bearing a tray with glasses.

My father began to ladle out the punch—Sylvia carried round the glasses to the company.

'After labour,' he said, 'refreshment. Prebendary, you have always held that milk punch, made with care and taken in moderation, is sovereign against many evils.'

'The creature called rum,' said his reverence, 'hath the strength of an elephant—his madness too, unless he is curbed and made gentle by the addition of milk, water, spices, lemon, and sugar. Madame Comines, you have, I always maintain, a light and skilful hand. Nowhere, not even at Cambridge, do I taste better punch. Let us drink—madam, you will permit me?—let us drink confusion to all revolutionists, enemies of the country, radicals, corresponding circles, and preachers of a fond and vain equality.'

All raised their glasses. As for me, I hesitated. Sylvia came to my aid. 'I must taste from your glass, brother,' she said, and so I escaped. If I drank the punch, I did not, as the others, drink it to the confusion of my friends.

'There is,' said the divine, 'an equality among scholars, as of those pursuing a common object; among gentlemen, as all knowing and obeying the laws of politeness; among private soldiers, the rank and file, mechanics and tradesmen,

as being all expected to fulfil certain duties and to obey authority. There is an equality among all men in respect that we have all one life, one soul, and one salvation. There is an equality among those in high office, as in the Bench of Bishops all may be called equal. So the Cherubim are equal with each other, and the Seraphim each with each, and as servants of the Throne all are equal, yet, as hath been fully demonstrated by Hooker, one of our English fathers, there are degrees and ranks in high heaven itself. Wherefore, why not on this earth, which we should strive more and more to make the humble counterpart of heaven?'

What more he would have said I know not, because at this moment we heard a manly footstep on the stair, the door flew open, and before us stood none other than the sailor himself—George Bayssallance—home again.

We all cried out. We should have rushed to welcome him. The words of welcome and of joy were on our lips, when . . . . 'Twas the most surprising thing—the most unexpected—it is still the most mysterious—Sylvia shrieked aloud, as in deadly alarm, put out her arms as if to ward off an evil spirit, and fell headlong on the floor.

CHAPTER II

THE HAPLESS LOVER

This is how George was received on his return. It was at night—at ten o'clock when he came. He returned unexpectedly; we were talking and thinking of other things; suddenly he threw open the door and stood before us—and at the sight of him, Sylvia sprang to her feet with a terrified cry: the colour forsook her cheek—she fell to the ground upon her face.

The poor lad got not so much as a grip of the hand, or a 'Welcome Home!' even from his father or Sister Katherine. We all crowded together round the girl in a swoon—one was for sending for a surgeon to bleed her; one wanted to burn feathers at her nose; one wanted to lay her upon her back; one called for brandy, one for smelling salts; one would bathe her forehead with cold water—and, as always happens when girls faint away, she presently came round without the exhibi-

tion of any remedy. But then another remarkable thing happened. George it was who supported her head—no one had a better right. She opened her eyes and looked about with the bewildered eyes of one who slowly recovers from a swoon and wonders what has happened. She saw us all standing around her ; then she lifted her eyes and saw George bending over her. Instantly she started to her feet with another cry, and once more she fell fainting at our feet.

Again she recovered consciousness ; again she saw George standing over her ; again she screamed as if in fear, and pushed him from her violently with both her hands. Then she covered her face as if she could not bear so much as to look at him.

At first we thought that excess of joy had produced this swoon—the sudden and unexpected appearance of her lover turned her head ; but what did this second phenomenon betoken ? We looked from one to the other perplexed and dismayed. Why did she push George from her ? Why did she cover her face with her hands as if she could not bear the sight of him ?

'She is in some grievous pain,' said my mother. 'Let us take her quickly to her own room.'

We partly carried, partly led, her to her own chamber, where we left her with her mother. But as we closed the door we heard her burst into crying and sobbing in a manner most pitiful to hear.

All that night she lay awake, ceasing not for a moment to wail and to weep, wringing her hands, and at times crying out that she was lost and abandoned by God, and asking what she had done that this heavy punishment should fall upon her, and, when she was quieter, moaning and turning her head from side to side, so that my mother, who sat with her, and Sister Katherine, who would not go home, but sat also by the bedside, knew not what to do or to think, the thing being altogether beyond their experience.

In the morning, when day broke, she ceased to cry, being now clean exhausted, and able to do no more, not even able to feel her misery—so, they say, that the wretch who receives two hundred lashes feels nothing after the first fifty. She fell asleep, therefore, and into so deep a sleep that she did not awaken till midday.

When she awoke at length, she seemed, at first, to be returned to her right mind. She lay peacefully, her eyes open, her breathing quiet and regular, to all appearance in health.

'My dear,' said her mother, 'you are awake at last; you have had a long sleep. You are feeling well, I hope? You are in no more pain?'

'I am not ill,' she replied. 'Nothing is the matter with me. I have no pain. I wish I had. I wish,' she added, with strange vehemence, 'that I was torn with red-hot pincers rather than suffer what I have suffered.'

'It is over now, my child. You have slept well; you hardly moved in your sleep from four o'clock this morning till now—and it is noon; you have had a long and refreshing sleep. You shall have some breakfast—a little hot milk and bread in it—or an egg, perhaps, if you would fancy it—or, indeed, my child, whatever you can eat. And then you shall get up and dress. And we will take care of you for a day or two, my dear; yes—we will take care of you. And you shall do no work—I will do it for you. You must get well again.'

Sylvia replied: 'I cannot eat. I want nothing but to lie here till I die.'

Then her mother ordered her to get up and dress without any more words. And this she did obediently. Yet she trembled and shook.

'Now, my dear,' said her mother—'oh! child, it is for your own good that I have taken you from your bed—come downstairs to the parlour and take a little food, and I will tell George that he may now come to see you, but that he must be gentle and forbearing, and—child! child! in the name of God, what is the matter?' For Sylvia fell on her knees before her, and with cries—even shrieks and lamentations and tears—besought her not to call George, nor to suffer him to come in her presence.

So that you see what the night had done for her. She was all the more confirmed in that strange condition into which his appearance had thrown her. And in this frame of mind she continued. To return to George. You may well understand that this strange welcome dashed and confounded him. Never was there a more sudden transformation from the confidence of the happy lover, joyful over his own return and expectant of a tender welcome, and his crestfallen, rueful visage after the event. Well, I hastened to tell him while he looked from one to the other, asking what this might mean, that Sylvia had been seized with some sudden disorder, the like of which we had never seen, and at the very moment of

his arrival. It was therefore caused doubtless by excess of joy. This everybody was agreed upon. It was the sudden and excessive joy that caused it.

'But,' said George, 'it was not joy that I saw in her face.'

To-morrow, everybody assured him, he would find all changed—his mistress in her right mind. He should have been considerate; he should have prepared her mind—all our minds.

'I suppose,' said George, incredulous, 'it was all to show her love that she pushed me from her with both hands and turned her face from me.'

'There are cases on record,' said Dr. Lorrymore, 'where men have been driven mad by sudden joy: or by an unexpected accession of wealth: or by receiving some honour, civic or military: or by attaining suddenly to the object of their ambition. The thing which we have just witnessed is remarkable, and happens but seldom, even among women, who are more prone to passion than men, and therefore the more readily lose the equilibrium or exact balance of the mind. Yet it is not impossible, as is proved by the cases in history.' He then proceeded to enumerate certain cases gathered from the pages of Plutarch and other writers. As is the way with scholars, this learned person considered that the Romans and Greeks were the only people worthy of consideration, except it might be the nation of the Jews, whose privilege it has always been to practise backslidings so numerous as to afford texts for the instruction and training of the common people ever after. I am no great scholar; and I have now, I confess, forgotten the examples adduced by this divine. He concluded, however, with certain words of hope: 'As for this poor child, George Bayssallance, rest easy. A night's sleep; a day's rest: the kind remonstrance of her mother will calm her fluttered spirit. What? She is but young. Maidens are easily terrified at the sight of their lovers. Give her time. Nevertheless, Mr. Comines, this is a case which should be laid before some learned physician if we do not find her in the morning sufficiently recovered. There are many forms of ecstasy. Some are easy to cure, and of short duration; others are more obstinate, and resist medicines. And now, my friend, this, which should be a house of joy, because the wanderer has returned—no prodigal son, George: no need to kill the fatted calf—has become a house of sorrow. Let us, therefore, finish the punch and take our leave. Sailor George,

I drink thy health, and a speedy recovery to thy lovely mistress and my sweet god-daughter, Sylvia.'

Next morning, which was Sunday, George came early, before the house was roused and opened, and waited outside, coming in with the barber, whose business it was to dress my father's hair. Sylvia was then sleeping. That was all we could tell him. After a night of tears and agitation she was now asleep. She was still asleep when the bell ceased, and all of us, except my mother, who still sat by Sylvia, walked across the Court to Church, where Dr. Lorrymore not only read the service, but also preached. The prayers of the congregation were asked for one grievously sick—that I remember very well. But of the learned discourse which followed I remember nothing.

Sylvia was awake when the service was over. But, my mother said, George could on no account be admitted, nor must he expect to see her that day. She did not tell him how, when she mentioned his name, the girl instantly fell into another kind of fit, crying and trembling, and beseeching that her lover might still be kept out of her presence.

In the afternoon we walked in the garden and orchard, George dumpish and heavy, as might be expected, considering what had happened. For he could not be persuaded nor made to understand that this untoward event was as unexpected by his mistress as by himself. She no longer loved him, he said; nor could anything tear out of his mind that persuasion. He asked nothing more, he declared, than to hear from her own lips what had changed her mind. If there was another man he should like to fight that man with any weapons he should choose, from a blunderbuss to a cudgel—but he would refrain for Sylvia's sake. If it was because he was a rough tarpaulin kind of man—why, there was no more to be said, and he would go to sea again, and the sooner the ship was cast away the better.

I endeavoured to make him talk about his voyages and the things he had seen. He was commonly fond of relating his adventures, especially when they had in them some spice of danger. He would spin a yarn, as sailors call it, against anyone, and could entertain the company by the hour, making them laugh, though he never smiled, and imitating the actions and voice of those of whom he was speaking to the life. But this afternoon he was quite dumb; he would tell none of his adventures. And yet he had sailed in the far East, over

Chinese waters beyond the Spice Islands ; and he had fought with pirates, not only the Chinese devils, who come out in junks, but also those others who put forth from the river mouths of the narrow seas with stinkpots, and must be shot down before they draw too near the ship, or it is all over with that ship's company. No, he would tell us nothing.

There was also much to tell him that had happened since his departure, especially the events in France, and I greatly longed to tell him of a certain Society to which I now belonged, and with what great hopes we looked forward to the advance of humanity. But I could not make him listen or show any interest in what I told him. My father presently joined us.

'I am truly grieved, George,' he said, with dignity, 'that your return has been marred. But fear not. To-morrow all will be well.' He offered his snuff-box, which George declined.

'Ay, sir, 'tis a bolus to swallow.'

'You have heard, I hope, of your good fortune.'

'My father has told me. I need go no more voyages. Instead of mate in an East Indiaman, I am now the Master of a Dock. At your service, Mr. Comines.'

'Truly, when this storm blows over, George, you will be envied by everybody. It is now nearly two hundred and fifty years since our two families'—here my father drew himself up and so closely resembled the murdered King Louis the Sixteenth that he seemed like one of his portraits stepped out of a Louis d'Or —'crossed the Channel together on board the same ship, flying from the death which awaited all those who remained. The De Comines who represented that noble House in his generation, came over with that Bayssallance who represented your—your—your stock, George. We have since lived from father to son in this same Precinct. I am happy to think that from father to son we have maintained our gentility—our hands have not been soiled by trade. If we chose to resume the title, which would be incongruous in the Precinct, there would be once more a Vidame de Guisnes. But of that we need not speak. The family of Bayssallance has been steadily rising during the same interval ; your father has held the King's commission, you have been in the merchant-service, and are now in the rank and station of a substantial merchant. The time has at length come when a De Comines may, without derogation, marry a Bayssallance.'

'I hope so, sir, if this storm blows over.'

My father walked away and I breathed again, because I did not think that George was in a mood to be reminded that on board that ship which brought the emigrants from Calais and Guines to Dover, the valet of M. de Comines was a plain Sieur Bayssallance.

'Why, George,' I said, 'never hang a head because a girl has got a fever upon her. Sylvia is strong, and will recover. It will pass away. You should rejoice, man. You looked in church as miserable as a condemned criminal.'

'Did you mark, lad, when the organist—is it that black-avised fellow, Archer?—played us out, how the organ rolled and thundered in the roof? It seemed to threaten me. Why, I am of all men, I hope, the least given to superstition. Like Captain Cook, I would sail on a Friday. I would sit down thirteen to table. I would whistle in a gale of wind, but that the crew would mutiny and murder me. But now I feel as if something were hanging over me. Something will happen. Sylvia will not return to what you call her right mind. She no longer loves me—something, I say, will certainly happen.'

'Nonsense; you will think differently when Sylvia holds out her arms once more. Besides, you must think of your goodly Dock. Who would not be owner of Oak Apple Dock, Rotherhithe? You can put off your sailor's jacket and go to church in broadcloth and silver buckles. And some day we shall see you churchwarden of your parish.'

Alas! the promise of this preferment gave him no joy. He would give his dock, he said, to any one who should restore Sylvia to his arms, sound in mind and body, as loving and tender as when he bade her farewell at St. Katherine's Stairs.

'Tom,' he groaned, 'it was not for love that she pushed me from her. I could get over the fainting. That may happen to any girl. They are delicate creatures at best. But to push me away—that is what sticks—to push me away from her with both her hands. Sylvia—my Sylvia—to push me from her—with her own hands—her pretty hands—that I have kissed a thousand times. Was that to prove her love?'

'Nay,' I said, repeating this assurance for the tenth time. 'But her mind being disordered for the time, what matter, lad, for what she said or did? Make allowance for a sick girl's delirium.'

He shook his head. Still he could not understand how

his mistress, even with the most disordered condition of mind, could push him from her. It was useless to assure him that she was like a mad woman. 'Why,' he said, 'her eyes were not mad. She knew me. She knew what she was doing and saying. You cannot persuade me that she was mad. Yet if she was not mad, how could she do such a thing? My Sylvia—my Sylvia—to push me from her!'

He began to look for reasons; because there was no denying that he had been thus treated, whether by a girl in her right mind or no.

'She can no longer love me,' he said. 'Of that I am persuaded. But I must hear it from her own lips when I am alone with her. In three years I suppose a woman may change her mind—any woman may—more especially a girl so lovely as Sylvia, who must have a hundred suitors.'

'Whence should they come, George—these hundred suitors!'

'She must have found another lover. Nevill, why not tell a man at once what has happened, and so make an end?'

'Truly, George, I would tell if aught had happened. But there has been within our doors not a single man since your departure younger than Dr. Lorrymore. Are you jealous of his Reverence?'

He shook his head.

'You know how we live—in what retirement—among what people. Should Sylvia—should my sister find a lover among the mast-makers of the Precinct, or among the scuffle-hunters of St. Katherine's Stairs? Nay—George—to think thus of her is unworthy. Would she make friends, think you, in Hangman's Gains or Cat's Hole?'

'If she no longer loves me, she must love another. I ought to have known that such a divine nature was too good for a simple suitor.'

'There is no other. Put that suspicion out of your mind, George. I believe that Sylvia has not spoken to a man, except to those you know, since you went away. More, she has not thought of any other man. More again, George, I do assure you that every day, until the last few days, since your departure she has spoken of you, and always with the same affection—every day we have talked about you; now it would be your picture which hangs up in her room: now a book given her by you, in which she would still be reading, though she knew it by heart, because to read in it seemed to be hearing your voice: now she would walk in the orchard, saying,

"Here George used to sit—here George talked to me before he went away."—Oh! here I confess, thinking of her present condition, the tears came into my eyes. 'Twas always the most loving heart—the most affectionate soul, George.'

He was moved at this, and said nothing for a while. Then he began again: 'Since there is no other lover in the way, yet reason there must be for her scorn and wrath—what think you? Has some one said something concerning me? Women, even the best, are apt to believe all they hear.'

'I know of no one who is your enemy. Why—who should be your enemy? Some of the Wapping lads whom you have fought and pounded in the old days? These are not the fellows to bear malice for a bloody nose—who else? Find me any man who is your enemy. No, George, it is not backbiting that has done this mischief.'

'Then find me a reason, if you can. Why did she regard me with looks of hatred and push me from her—twice, not once—with both her hands? Why, it is no use telling you the same thing over and over again. She was not in her right mind. When people become demented, whether for an hour or two, or whether for a whole life, they begin to hate what they previously loved, and to love what they previously hated. I have heard that the mouths of persons, once pious and virtuous, may thus become filled with foulness and blasphemy, and that those who were formerly the greatest sinners may become new, to outward appearance most religious.'

Certainly Sylvia had not returned as yet to her right mind, nor unhappily did she come back to her right mind for a great while. Yet—not like some poor lunatic people who are happy in their madness, and know not that they are thus afflicted—my unhappy sister remembered what had happened, and was conscious of her own unhappiness. She refused at first to take any food; she would not get up; she would not leave her room; and if the name of George was so much as mentioned, she fell into another fit of crying and weeping, with less violence than at first, yet with greater sorrow, so that no one dared so much as to speak of him. Nay, she would even pray aloud, and that with the greatest fervency, that she might die and so forget her misery. In all times of trouble we think of death as bringing not only oblivion but also rest, and therefore consciousness, because rest that is only the repose of a stone is not a thing to be desired except at the last extremity.

Yet, in spite of her misery, she never for a moment changed her mind concerning her lover, or desisted from speaking or thinking of him without the greatest pain or suffering. Never in the history of lovers was it heard that a woman should so change, in the twinkling of an eye, and at the mere aspect of her lover. But that she who was thus changed should think of the change as a miserable thing, so miserable that she now desired nothing but death, is a stranger thing still. Most women, when they dismiss a lover, think of him no longer, and regard his sufferings not at all. Perhaps it was her conscience that accused her of broken faith and perjured vows—yet the conscience in matters of love is not too tender. Perhaps it was pity for him that moved her—pity to think that he who had come home thinking to find his mistress's arms outstretched in welcome and in love should be so cruelly and rudely treated.

Well, if it was pity she felt—pity is nigh unto love—why could she not even now hold out her arms? Her lover would fly into them. Or, if it was conscience that upbraided her, there is always room for repentance—why should she not repent and go back to constancy and faith? Why, seeing that she wept so much over what had happened, could she not send for George, make her peace, and so go on as before?

I ask these questions in order to show how we thought and how we talked at this time. Nay, we talked of nothing else, we discussed these questions all day long. But, seeing how great were Sylvia's sufferings when we pressed upon her to see George, if only for once, for very pity, we were forced to abstain, and, in a day or two, we ceased altogether to mention his name. Then her tears ceased, but still she sat in languor, doing nothing all day long and going nowhere, not even to church—refusing even to walk in the garden.

Twice only did Sylvia see her lover after that night until the great catastrophe that followed.

The first of these occasions took place a week after his return. Every day George hung about the house, sometimes sitting with my mother, inquiring over and over again what might be the cause, what the cure, how the patient found herself, whether she had asked for him, and so forth. One morning, however, he found no one in the house. Yet he knew that his mistress sat in the room upon the ground floor, looking into the Brothers' Close. It was the Blue Room, but we called it the Parlour, using it for a living or keeping room. He knew,

I say, that Sylvia was there. He knew also very well that she would not see him or speak to him, or send him any message. He was, therefore, bound not to force himself upon her. But passion proved too much for the laws of honour—which are besides unwritten things, and change from man to man. He therefore very gently pushed the door open and stepped into the parlour as softly as if he went on velvet.

Sylvia was alone : she sat in an arm-chair beside the fire, with a pillow to support her back. Her attitude was feeble and languishing ; she was pale ; her cheek was thin ; her eyes were hollow. Her hands lay crossed in her lap ; she had no work to do ; there was no work-basket on the table ; there was no book in her lap or on the table ; during this time she never worked with the needle, or read, or did anything for the house. She could do nothing but sit beside the fire, silent and motionless, wrapped in her sorrow, while from time to time a tear stole down her cheek. Her sorrow had passed into despair.

'Nevill,' cried George, telling me of this, his visit, 'what do these things mean? What have I done? Am I changed into a blackamoor? Am I grown humpbacked? Is there some alteration in my face?'

'Nay, George,' I replied, 'there is no change in you but for the better. Your face is larger and broader ; but it is the same face. No change in you that can account for the change in her.'

He opened the door of the parlour very gently, so as not to disturb her. He opened it, and he stepped into the room so quietly that she heard him not. He stood beside her before she moved or lifted her eyes from the fire. He stooped, and murmuring, 'Sylvia! Oh, my love!' he kissed her forehead.

Then she sprang to her feet with a shriek, putting out her hands again to push him from her, and would have fled from the room, but that he stood in the way.

'Sylvia!' he cried, 'What is this? What does it mean? What have I done? What is in your mind?'

'Go out of my sight!' she cried, wildly. 'Go away. Leave me. I cannot bear even to look upon you.'

He went on his knees to her, and caught her by the sleeve of her frock, because she would not suffer him to take her hands.

'Sylvia!' he prayed to her, 'in the name of God tell me what I have done that you should thus treat me. Nay, my

dear—tell me for your own sake. You are weak. You suffer: the thing that is in your mind is killing you. Tell me—tell me what it is. If there is anything real in it, we will bear it together, or I will lighten your load and bear it all myself. If there is nothing real, I will chase it away for you. If you will not let me love you, my dear—my dear—that I love so much—you will let me share your suffering. Nay—'tis not you yourself, Sylvia—'tis some one else who has taken possession of your soul. Those are not thine eyes. Since when have they looked with terror upon those who love you? Nay, then'—he let her go, and rose to his feet—'have your own way. Poor child! Poor child!' She fled into the corner of the room, where she crouched, gazing upon him as a hunted mouse gazes upon the cat before the last spring. 'I will not touch thee. No, child—have no fear. I will stand here by the door. Come from the corner and sit down. I will not stir. Nay—I promise.'

It seemed as if she could not even trust his promise, for she remained in the corner; but she rose up and stood upright, her eyes fixed upon him.

'I will not move from this spot, Sylvia,' he repeated. But still she made no reply, but stood in the corner shrinking like a hunted animal.

'Speak to me! Tell me something, if it is only that you hate me! But how can you hate me? What have I done to work this dreadful change? I will stay here till you speak. Why do you order me out of your sight?'

'Because,' she made reply, slowly and deliberately. 'Because you are loathsome to me—loathsome to look upon—loathsome—oh!'—she shivered and trembled—'most loathsome to touch.'

When he heard these words he said no more, but bowed his head and turned and left the room.

In the evening I saw him. He was in the Sisters' Close, on the flagstones, walking backwards and forwards as a sailor walks the deck. His hair was loose about his neck, his coat was soiled, his shoes were muddy; he looked as if he took no thought or care about himself.

Now when I look back upon that time I wonder not so much at what did happen as at what might have happened. For in the house sat one who was visibly pining away for grief—and that of a kind which no one suspected or understood—and outside the house was one who grew daily more

desperate and reckless. You shall hear presently what he did; if you knew how desperate he had become you would wonder at his waiting so long.

He told me what had passed in the morning.

'She raves, George,' I said, 'she raves. Bear with the poor girl.'

'Doth she rave!' he replied. 'Why, I have seen a mad woman. One such we were bringing home from India. She was a gentlewoman, and the wife of a nabob, but she had a sunstroke and a fever, and so went raving mad. She was chained on the main deck, but one day she slipped her chain and ran up the companion and leaped overboard, and so was drowned. I remember her wild eyes. But Sylvia has no such look. She is in her sober senses, if looks say anything.'

'Yet she raves, George.'

He made no reply for awhile. I kept him company, and so for an hour and more we walked up and down in silence.

'It is no madness,' he said again, after this space. 'She knows very well what she says and what she means. It is no madness. And I cannot understand it. Why, we have always loved each other, from the very first, when she was a little toddling child who could hardly walk—I remember her pretty coaxing ways—always we have loved each other. And who so happy as I—homeward bound—thinking how she would fall into my arms and I should kiss her pretty cheeks and her rosy lips? Why, the time would be come when we should speak of marriage. What! we might be married before I sailed away again.' He heaved a deep sigh. 'We had a fair weather voyage all the way home. That promised good luck: every day I considered how two people could live on the pay of a third mate—'twould be a narrow thing, and when one is married there may be more mouths. Yet I had saved my pay for three years, and that was something. Saving is easy work when one saves for Sylvia. Everything is easy that is done or endured for her. And now—what is left?'

'Nevill'—he laid his hand upon my shoulder—'if she dies in this mood, I will die too—if it is only to follow her to the place where dead men live, and ask her there what it means. I am resolved. I cannot live without her. If there were another man, I would kill him rather than suffer him to possess my girl.'

'There is no other man, George.'

Then I began again—but it was weary work—to assure

him once more that this change was as sudden and as unexpected as it was full of mystery. For until the last few days she would ever be talking about him: not a day but she talked about him, and never with the least prejudice to him or to the love which she bore to him. It was a sudden change. I said again an unexpected change, and it was, as he knew, accompanied by such torrents of tears and so much sorrow as left no room for doubt that it was a disorder of the brain which would presently and of its own accord vanish away, and, with it, all the terror of his presence and her touch.

'But she loathes me. She loathes me who once loved me, and whom still I love, God knows, with all my heart and with all my soul and with all my strength.'

And to this he returned again and again.

'She loathes me—sight and touch of me she loathes—she who loved me.'

CHAPTER III

THE GRAVE PHYSICIAN

The Sunday having brought no improvement, and on Monday morning, the unhappy girl showing no sign of returning to her right mind, it was resolved to seek the advice of a physician. The learned person recommended was one Samuel Ambrose, M.D., who resided in Harp Lane, next door to the Bakers' Hall in that street. He was at that time already advanced in years, although he lived to become very ancient indeed, and past his faculties. No physician in the City enjoyed a greater reputation, or had a larger practice, among the rich merchants and their families; this was shown when he died, leaving a vast fortune behind him, wholly created by the fees which he received. He still wore the old-fashioned full wig which the younger brethren of the profession were beginning to exchange, like the younger clergy, for powdered hair and bag, and he still carried the gold-headed cane with the pomander box, an emblem and outward token of his profession; his coat was of black velvet, his stockings of white silk, and the buckles of his shoes were of gold. His face and carriage showed the gravity of his profession. Indeed, a laughing or a comic physician would be as incongruous as a Bishop grinning through a horse-collar or a Tom Fool at a fair exhorting the

crowd to piety. He came, this learned Doctor, in his great coach, rumbling through the narrow streets of the Precinct—we learned afterwards that it was out of friendship towards Dr. Lorrymore that he condescended to give so much time to a case from which he would gain so little profit.

He first conferred privately with my mother, and learned from her the history of the case—namely, the unexpected return of the girl's sweetheart and her sudden seizure or fit, with the crying and weeping which had followed it, and the dejection in which she was now plunged. Unfortunately, my mother knew nothing of certain symptoms, monitory and warning, which I had observed, but neglected, so that the physician was led to believe that the thing came upon the patient without the least warning—a thing which was not wholly true. Had he known the real truth of the case, it is possible that he would have effected something.

When he had quite arrived at an understanding of the facts, and had inquired into the general health and habits of the patient, he requested to be conducted to her. He then sat down beside her, felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue.

'You believe, my dear child,' he said, 'that one who has been beloved by you has now become an object of disgust?'

She bowed her head.

'You cannot for a moment think of him without pain—it hurts you, I say, to think of him?'

'It is worse than a knife plunged into me,' she said.

'Your dreams are terrifying, and by day your thoughts are to the full as uneasy as your dreams?'

'Yes.'

'You have tried to say your prayers, but your heart does not go up to the Throne with your words?'

'Alas!—no.'

'You are, therefore, in terror lest you have become a castaway, and, in losing your earthly love, have also lost your Heavenly love as well?'

She assented, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

'All this is sad, my dear,' he went on. 'Yet there have been many such cases, and they have ended well. You are now passing through an attack which will most certainly pass away, and leave you—given a little time for recovery—no worse than before. Courage therefore. At the worst, if there should come anything worse than what you have already felt, say to yourself, "This is part of the disorder. This will

wear itself out and pass away." Be of good hope. To preserve hope is by itself to encourage and to assist in recovery. Be cheerful, therefore, and hopeful. Soon this disgust at your lover which now fills your heart will fade away and be forgotten. Be of good cheer, I say, and be obedient to your physician, and do exactly what he shall order.' He then left her and returned to my mother, who was waiting anxiously for his opinion.

'This,' he said, speaking with great deliberation, 'is a case of extreme rarity. The patient is a girl whose imagination is easily affected and quickly awakened. She is also one whom sudden agitation, unexpected fortune, whether of depression or elevation, might easily disturb from that equal balance of the soul, neither inclining to this direction nor to that, which we call the exercise of right reason and true judgment. I should also prognosticate, from such diagnosis as I have been enabled in this brief space to conduct, that she is a girl easily moved by the affections, and capable of strong affection.'

'Indeed, sir,' said my mother, 'you could not speak more truly.'

He bowed gravely, as if he knew the fact but acknowledged the appreciation of the speaker.

'Therefore,' he went on, 'when the heart was suddenly called into violent action by an unexpected event appealing strongly to her affections and her imagination, there occurred a determination of the vital fluid to the brain. That, madam, is the cause, and that the explanation.'

He paused. Then he went on, still more slowly,

'The fountain of life has been driven violently to the seat or native residence of the imagination or fancy. The brain is therefore crowded with images, terrifying, grotesque, and unnatural. For instance, the name of the young man she loves, and to whom she is betrothed, causes her to shudder—she is afraid of the very name. Further, the sight of him has produced upon her an effect exactly opposite to what would naturally be expected. Instead of love, her disordered mind can only entertain the feeling of loathing. Your daughter, madam, is at this moment very strongly seized by these delusions. I have seldom seen a more obstinate case.'

'Is my daughter mad, sir?'

'Heaven forbid, madam, that I should call her mad. Though many unhappy persons are chained up in lunatic

asylums who began by being no more mad. But courage madam'—for the tears began to flow—'you have not lost your daughter yet. Medicine is strong. We shall do something for her. She is also young; Nature will do more. You are pious. I need not, therefore, recommend you to Help which is stronger than Science, and quicker in operation than Nature.'

'Oh! sir,' murmured my mother, 'you are surely all goodness.'

'Nay, madam, we can do much; but we cannot do everything. Some trust, as I have said, may be placed in us; but not all. I will now leave you; but I will return in the afternoon. In order to cope with this disturbance, and to restore equivalency, or the balance of contending humours, it will be necessary to remove blood. I will bring with me, madam, a surgeon—a skilful member of the lower branch of my profession—who will carry out this little operation of the lancet under my own directions.'

When one considers, the information conveyed by this learned person amounted to no more than we knew already. For whether one says that the poor child fainted, or whether one says that the vital fluid was driven to the head, and the fountain of life was forced to the mainspring of fancy, surely makes very little difference; and between calling in an apothecary to let blood, or inviting a skilful surgeon to come with a learned physician in order to restore equivalency with the lancet, there seems very little difference. However, our hearts were lightened merely by having our own knowledge translated for us, so to speak, into the language of medicine. Our patient, if she was no better, was at least no worse for the visit of the doctor.

In the afternoon he returned, bringing with him the surgeon. My sister was sitting up, now partly dressed, in her bed, supported by pillows. Heavens! Was this poor, wan creature—her eyes heavy, her cheek white, her look like that of one in despair—my sister Sylvia—the most sprightly, the most cheerful of girls?

'The main seat of congestion, madam,' Dr. Ambrose began, while the surgeon was arranging his tools, 'is the neck. But since even the prick of a lancet may leave a slight scar, we prefer in the case of a young gentlewoman to bleed the arm. I shall require the left arm to be bared—so. Young gentleman, you will support your sister. Sit beside her, and lay one arm about her waist; let her left arm rest on yours—so

The surgeon will now bind a ligature tightly—but he will not hurt you, young lady—about her arm above the elbow. That is right. We are now ready—and because the sight of blood does sometimes cause by itself a fainting or *defectio*, we will drop a handkerchief or napkin over your head to cover your eyes. That will do. Take now this ball of worsted in your hand and squeeze it with your fingers. Keep on squeezing it —so.' The veins in the arm swelled up. The physician took a basin, and held it. The surgeon with his lancet just touched one blue vein, and a fountain—a veritable fountain—started out in a single jet, which the physician dexterously caught in his basin so that not one drop should be spilled.

'We bleed your daughter, madam, *ad plenum rivum*, as we say,' he went on talking while these things were done. 'Eight ounces we take from her—namely, two ounces and a half for health and five and a half for fever. We bleed her *ad defectionem*, until the loss of blood cause her—cause her—yes—she is weakened by the attack. We have now finished.'

Sylvia's head fell back. She had now fainted from loss of blood.

'We shall administer, for the expulsion of evil humours,' he went on while the surgeon tied up the arm and removed the ligatures, 'taraxacum tea—or tea made, as you housewives very well understand, of the dandelion root. For the comforting of the nerves and the removal of melancholy I shall order broth with borage, and Rhenish wine in which borage hath been steeped. And so, madam, for the present, I leave you. Your daughter will continue in her chamber for two or three days. I will again visit her, and mark the action of the taraxacum and the effect of the blood-letting.'

He came again, in fact, two days afterwards. Our patient, always docile and obedient, had done everything that she was told. Yet she was no better in her mind; her melancholy was settled; her delusion held her obstinately, and in her body she was weaker. Yet the physician said that he was satisfied, so far. And he came no more. He was satisfied with little. For, alas! what a change had fallen upon the poor child in three or four short days! She was now weak and trembling in her steps; she was pale and thin; her eyes were filled with a kind of terror; she burst into tears if one but looked at her. The most cheerful of girls had become the most melancholy—the most sprightly girl in the world had become the most silent. And all this, as appeared to

most of us, quite suddenly and without the least warning. For my own part, I presently remembered certain signs which I had observed in her before her seizure—signs which might have given an alarm, except that at the time I was fully occupied, as you shall learn, with my own thoughts. These signs, I remembered, were certain fits, or periods of silence, most uncommon in a girl who talked as much as most of her sex. Then I remembered how she seemed to be from time to time lost in thought, as if perplexed with something. And she had been easily put out, though commonly a girl of the sweetest temper. I know very well now what these things meant. They were signs of warning. I should have observed them. Had I questioned her at the outset all might have been prevented; but at the time I was full of my own importance, and with my friends—fine friends they proved to me!—I was going to reform the world and make all mankind happy. But it helps us not to remember things too late.

Again, the most candid and most truthful girl in the world had become the most reserved. She concealed something. She would tell no one, not even her own mother, what ailed her. If the questions were put to her she either answered them so as to tell nothing or she put them aside. And this with eyes so full of sorrow that it cut me to the heart only to look at her. Once my father commanded her, by his paternal authority, to confess if she had aught to confess—the causes of her continued disorder and her refusal to see her lover. Then she fell into such a passion of tears that we thought her grief would well nigh rend her asunder.

'For my own part,' said Sister Katherine, 'I cannot see that the physician has done any good to the child at all.'

'None that I can discover,' said my mother.

'Let us then,' said Sister Katherine, 'consult the wise woman. Oh! we need not tell the men what we are going to do. My brother would cry out upon me for an encourager of witchcraft. Mr. Comines would think it beneath his dignity that his daughter should be seen by the old woman who ministers to Poll and Doll and Moll. And the Prebendary would order that nothing of the kind should be so much as thought of, I know. Yet, my dear soul, there is the child—you see in what a condition she is—and there is Margery Habbijam, and we know how wise she is. Nevill shall fetch her, and no one shall know anything about it. Witch or no witch, if she can cure the child, let us call her in.'

CHAPTER IV

THE WISE WOMAN

Everybody who remembers St. Katherine's in the year 1793 remembers Margery Habbijam. She is now dead, and is buried in the ground behind the church without a headstone, although in her lifetime her fame extended far beyond the Precinct. Even the wisest of wise women cannot keep herself alive. She was not a native of our parts, having been born at a small village called, I believe, Rowner, near the town of Gosport, in Hampshire—her mother and her grandmother and her great-grandmother (who was burnt for a witch), having been wise women before her. But she left her native place, and, for a very good reason, which you shall hear, removed to St. Katherine's, where she set up in business as a professed wise woman.

In course of years—whether she herself let out the story, which I doubt, or whether, as is more probable, some of her old friends of the King's Navy found her out at St. Katherine's—a very strange history began to be told about Margery's earlier years.

Many women there are, especially among our people of the river bank, whose husbands have been hanged. That is no uncommon accident. Nor did I ever perceive that they concerned themselves greatly about this calamity and disgrace. It happens to so many in this place, and of their station in life, that it seems like one of the ordinary perils which surround mankind—in a certain station of life it may be reckoned upon as much as fever, putrid throat, or imposthumes, for carrying off a husband. But Margery was the only woman I ever heard of who was made a widow through her husband escaping death by the rope. It happened in this manner. Her husband was an able seaman on board His Majesty's ship *Shannon* in the year 1740. The ship was commanded by a certain Captain, the Hon. Stephen Archer, second son of Lord Aldeburgh—he afterwards succeeded to the title. It was said that the Captain was harsh in discipline and cruel in punishment. However that may have been, the unfortunate John Habbijam, able seaman, fell one day into sudden wrath and mutiny, and actually knocked him—his own Captain !—senseless on his own quarterdeck. This was at Spithead—the

fleet being then under sailing orders. For such an offence death was certain. The mutineer was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Then an unexpected thing happened. For the man escaped. How he escaped no one could discover. Perhaps he got out of a port and swam ashore. But he escaped, and was no more seen.

They searched his wife's cottage, which was at Gosport, and watched the place for a while in the hope that he would be found lurking near his friends. But the man was not caught, and presently the woman sold her things and went quite away, and no one at Gosport knew whither she went. Nor do I know how the story of her husband came to be known in the Precinct, where she took up her abode—a widow, yet not a widow.

When anyone spoke of Margery Habbijam, he always related this story first, because anything strange or unusual seems to confer some kind of distinction upon a place. He then, with greater pride, told how she was reckoned the wisest woman to be found anywhere. Since there are in London and on its borders a great many wise women who live by the exercise of their wisdom, Dame Margery should be very wise indeed. To begin with, she cured all diseases, having herbs good against every one. She also sold children's cauls, charms against lead, steel, fire and water, fortified with which the greatest coward might venture into the hottest fight by sea or land. She also made and sold spells, love potions, philtres, and amulets, by means of which girls could bring the falsest of lovers back to their arms; and she knew secrets by which they could preserve their good looks, remove blemishes, and restore—it was pretended—lost youth. Did the hair begin to turn grey, Dame Margery restored it to its proper colour. Did the hair fall off, the Dame repaired the disaster. Now, as Moll and Bet of Shadwell are every whit as anxious to preserve their good looks—and therefore their lovers—as any fine lady in Bond Street, Margery Habbijam was much sought after. She was, in short, full of knowledge, especially the kind of knowledge most desired by her own sex. Besides her skill in herbs, and in the making of charms, she knew how to foretell the future, whether by cards, or by coffee-grounds, or by spilling beer on the ground, or by the lines of the hand. It was not only Moll of Shadwell, I promise you, that came after Margery Habbijam, but many a fine City madam, disguised as a country wench or a riverside wife.

'Prentices went to seek her advice : sailors for the charms I have spoken of ; young men of all kinds for advice in love matters. Why, if it were known and certain that the future could be truly divined and foretold, or that things otherwise unattainable could be attained by witchcraft, sorcery, and other means such as these, forbidden and contrary to Divine Law, there would be a flocking of thousands to the wise woman, not to be deterred by any threatening or promise of future consequences, to hear and learn for themselves. With one consent all the universe would sell their souls, or wilfully throw them away, could they thus secure wealth, ease, and immunity from labour for a lifetime. We suffer the witch to remain in our midst only because the better sort no longer believe in her power. She is not universally and openly consulted, even among the baser sort, because those who secretly believe openly laugh at her pretensions. Moreover, she no longer professes to be in communication with the Devil, and no longer pretends to be able to cause, as well as to cure, disease. She plays tricks with cards, she reads signs in the coffee-grounds, and finds the history of a life written in the palm of the hand. The Devil has nothing to do with these things. They are done by rule of thumb, and anyone may learn how to do them.

This is very true ; anyone may learn rule of thumb. But in these matters there is more than a mere rule of thumb. We might as well say that anyone may learn how to write poetry. So he may—the rules of scansion and of rhyme. Or that anyone may learn tricks of conjuring or sleight of hand. It is, however, very well known that, though any scholar may learn the structure of verse, it is given to few to become poets. Also, that though anyone may learn how a trick is performed, few can ever achieve the swiftness of hand and eye and the dexterity which must be acquired before the trick can be successfully performed. So in the trade or profession—I may not say the calling—of witch or fortune-teller there requires a certain rare quality of insight, so that the person who possesses it can observe from the face, voice, eyes, manner and appearance of anyone his character, disposition and inclinations. These things once known, I say that it would be very easy to predict what will happen, supposing that these inclinations are indulged and these dispositions encouraged. Nay, we may consider with what certainty the future of a boy can be read by those who watch and observe him, and are not

led by undue affection to undervalue the dangers. I believe that the only witchcraft—as well as the only power of prophecy—lies in knowledge, and the mysteries of the wise woman are nothing more than the idle, rattling words with which the conjurer carries off his tricks.

The wise woman was prosperous. Her clients were numerous and paid her well; she lived in a two-roomed house or cottage (one room below and one above) in Helmet Court, where only the better sort of tradesmen and mechanics live; not the common lumpers and deckers, but the skilled men employed in mast making yards, boat building, rope making, and so forth, men who have a trade and get good wages. She was so well off that she could afford a coal fire all the year round, and sat at night with the light of a good solid tallow candle, while her neighbours sometimes had to go to bed because there was no fire, and not even a farthing rushlight[1] And everybody knew that she fared every day off the best; not even the gentry of the Hospital fared better. She lived alone: no one ever got further than the first room. Yet it was whispered that voices had been heard there late at night. No doubt voices of dead people who came to talk with the witch.

She was a little old woman, shrivelled up and shrunk within her own skin: her face was fresh-coloured still, of the kind which has often been compared to a withered apple in the winter: her white teeth showed behind her shrunken lips: her nose had the sharpness of age: her hair was white, and covered with a thrum cap: she always sat all day long in a great arm-chair, between the table and the fire, with a wrapper over her shoulders. But she was not decrepit: on occasions she was active: and though so small and withered she was strong. As for her mind, that was known to be keen and vigorous by the brightness and eagerness of her eyes. She could neither read nor write, and I know not where she learned her wisdom. She took tobacco, not in the polite form of snuff, but in that nauseous way practised by mechanics and the lower class, namely, by means of a short clay pipe. She generally had this either lit, or ready to be lit, at her elbow, and when she was not divining or answering questions, she would still be smoking this pipe all day long, so that her room was always foul with the smell of the tobacco, which she affirmed to be the best preventive that exists against fever and sore throats. In a word, when one talked with her one

perceived that she was a woman of very uncommon parts and of quick understanding. She used language of a style above the rudeness of the people to whom she belonged: she spoke, though, as I have said, she could neither read nor write, like one who had read many books; she had arrived at the choice and knowledge of words by mother-wit and the necessity for finding language in which to describe and speak about the various diseases she cured, the remedies she ordered, and the fortunes she told. When one heard her talk and marked the brightness of her eyes, one perceived that she was indeed a very wise woman.

If we got little help from the physician we got less from the wise woman, as you shall see. I went to her house (or cottage) with orders from these two ladies, my mother and Sister Katherine, to bring her with me. It was in the morning, because at that time Dame Margery was most easy of access, and her coming and going were less liable to observation than in the evening. It was also a convenient time for her to come to the house when my father was engaged upon his business.

I found her in her room, her pipe ready to her hand, practising some of her tricks with the pack of cards. There was no ceremony of introduction necessary, because she knew me and I knew her, very well indeed; when we were boys we often ventured a penny upon the hazard of the cards to learn our fortunes, which we speedily forgot again as fast as the old lady revealed them. As they changed, and were different every time we inquired of the oracle, that mattered little.

She was sitting, then, at her table, her pipe between her lips, intent upon her greasy pack of cards, when I exposed to her the trouble we were in, and the nature of the service we required of her. When she had heard me out, which she did with a strange impatience, she dropped the pipe from her lips, so that it broke to pieces on the floor, and began to shiver and to shake, crying,

'Oh, Lord! If I had but known! If I had but guessed! I thought it was some common wench! Does he dare? Does he dare?'—gazing upon me all that time with searching eyes.

'Dame,' I said, 'it is of no use putting questions to me, because I know nothing.'

'I have heard talk of it,' she said. 'But I paid little heed, because the people must still be talking. Some say one thing, and some another. They say the young lady arose, and cursed

her lover, praying that the vengeance of the Lord might fall upon him, as happened to Captain Easterbrook, of Deptford, thirty years ago.'

'Nonsense. What matter what silly folk say? Cursed her lover! Why should my sister curse her lover? She swooned away, I say, at sight of him, and she has not yet recovered her right mind.'

'She swooned away! Why should girls swoon at the sight of their lovers? Young gentleman, I can do nothing in this case.'

'You must come with me, nevertheless.'

'How if I will not come?'

'Then, Dame, I shall carry you.'

'I will afflict your arms with weakness, so that you shall drop me: and your legs, so that you shall totter and fall: and your head, so that it shall reel, and you shall stagger——'

'Come, Dame,' I repeated, 'or I shall carry you.'

'What! you are not afraid of me?'

'Not a bit. Will you come, or shall I carry you?'

'Well, Nevill Comines, you are a bold lad not to be afraid of the witch. I will go with you.'

So she locked her door carefully, and we walked along together, she muttering to herself on the way, as old women, wise as well as ignorant, often do. One must not, however, call an old woman a witch because she mumbles and mutters as she goes along.

'Now, Dame,' said my mother, sharply, 'you have often been called a wise woman. Here is my daughter. What is the matter with her?'

The old woman took Sylvia's hand and looked into the palm; but that, I apprehend, was only part of her pretence. Then she lifted her head and looked upon her face: then she bade her lift her eyes and look into her own. All this I suppose to have been the mere outward tricks of her trade.

'She is bewitched,' said the wise woman, when all this pretence had been accomplished.

'She was startled out of her five senses,' said my mother. 'No other witchcraft has been used upon my girl. That I dare swear.'

'She is bewitched, I say,' the wise woman repeated.

'Then, in the name of the Lord,' said Sister Katherine, 'if she is bewitched, take off the spell.'

'Those who caused may cure. Those who gave may take away.'

'Nay, Dame,' Sister Katherine persisted, 'you are, everybody knows, a very wise woman indeed. People talk of your wonderful cures for miles round. There is old Nan, the bedeswoman—you cured her rheumatism last winter when she could hardly crawl——'

'Ay, ay. Many have I cured, and many more I hope to cure.'

'Why, then, we will cross your hand with a golden guinea, Dame. A guinea you shall have to begin with, and another when the child is well. Consider, 'tis a delicate child, and in sad case.'

'Ay, ay. Guineas are guineas; and yet, what can I do?'

'Why—you know spells and charms, as well as drugs. If it is witchcraft, drive it out.'

'Witchcraft it is, and that sure enough.'

'Then drive it out. And all the world shall know what a wise woman you are.'

'It is done, then, by some one stronger than me. What a wise woman can do I can do. My mother was a wise woman, and my grandmother, and her grandmother—who was burned for a witch. We have all been wise women, mother to daughter, I know not how long. But we cannot cure everything. When a man is going to die, he must die spite of all. When one stronger is in the field what can we do? No, no. In this case, those who caused may cure. I can do nothing.'

'Then,' said my mother, impatiently, 'why come here at all?'

'Because I was bidden. I was told that if I refused to come I should be carried. Yet I knew before I came what had happened. She is bewitched. But courage, pretty. Be not too much cast down. This witchcraft shall not destroy thee. It will presently pass clean away and be forgotten. Pray that it pass quickly before more mischief happens.'

'What witch is there who would overlook this innocent child?' asked Sister Katherine.

'Witch! witchcraft!' cried my mother, angrily. 'What stuff is this for Christian folk to hear? We know, without any wise woman to tell us, that the Lord will cure what the Lord hath caused. Since you cannot help us more you may as well go.'

Stay a moment,' said Sister Katherine. 'Do not anger her. See, Dame, the girl is weak. Can you give her nothing that may strengthen her body until it shall please the Lord to restore her mind?'

'One may be as wise as the Queen of Sheba,' said the old woman, 'and yet not be able to help in such a case. How long this disorder may last I know not——' Here Sylvia lifted her head and raised her eyes, as if in hope. 'Yes, pretty, cheer up, it will go away—whether in time or not, I cannot say. It will work itself out and vanish. If you must needs try herbs, throw away the borage'—thus will physicians still contradict each other—'it is rank poison to her. Marigold is your only herb. Give her marigold and tea of hops. But as to her mind, what can we do? Those who gave may take away; those who caused may cure.'

So she departed, and we were left as wise as before.

CHAPTER V

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

SEEING, then, how little profit we took from the physician or from the wise woman, it was natural that we should proceed to lay the matter before the Church. And if we asked the counsel of the Church, to whom should we go except to the Reverend Prebendary Lorrymore, not only because he was a most learned Divine, but also because he was a Brother of our Ancient and Religious Foundation, and godfather to Sylvia, and the private friend and well-wisher to us all?

Apart from these considerations we could go to no person of greater repute. No one, even on the Bench of Bishops, enjoyed a higher reputation for scholarship and divinity. This is proved by the many offices which he held. I cannot enumerate them all. But I remember that of honorary offices, such as are bestowed upon men as a mark of distinction, he was a Doctor of Divinity; a Fellow of the Royal Society; a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; Professor of Sacred History at the Royal Academy, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to His Majesty the King. Of the more solid rewards open to Churchmen he had also received many. For example, he was Prebendary of St. Paul's; he was Rector of St. Ben'et, Walbrook, commonly called St. Ben'et Sherehog; he was

Vicar of the united parishes of Milton-cum-Wanborough, in Suffolk; he was Rector of the village of West Hayling, in Hampshire; and he held the living of Ashendene, in Nottinghamshire; he had also a living presented to him by his College, but indeed I forget where this was. He was also Chaplain to the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers; Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College; and one of the Brothers of St. Katherine's by the Tower. Other appointments he held, but these were the most important. He had enriched the controversial literature of his time by many solid and weighty volumes, and by sermons delivered on various great occasions. It has been charged against him that he took everything greedily, and still held out his hands. That is not true. He accepted each gift as it devolved upon him, not in the spirit of rapacity or greed sometimes charged upon pluralists, but as a proper tribute to his learning and his great deserts. Conscious worth approved each successive honour. When, indeed, a man of good birth and undoubted learning accepts the responsibilities of the cloth, the least that he can expect is that the prizes of the Church should fall to his share. Prebendary Lorrymore, therefore, took all that was offered him and waited for more. The crowning reward of the mitre never, however, came to him, though as each vacancy occurred he looked for the news of his approaching consecration. Men of obscure origin, and of learning certainly not greater than his own, were always preferred to him. He died before reaching his grand climacteric, while as yet this ambition, laudable and natural in so great a scholar and divine, had not been gratified.

He was never one of those fat and lazy shepherds who hand over their flocks to the care of hirelings. Therefore he did not suffer the duties of his sacred office to be wholly discharged by the inferior order of clergy. Conscience ruled all his actions. He spent a week or two every year either at his benefice in Hampshire or at that of Suffolk, or at that of Huntingdon, giving once in three years, at least, to the rustics of those villages the advantage of his presence, with an excellent discourse, such as might have been pronounced before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London. He was tender, also, towards his curates, apprenticed their boys in the City, and for their girls found places suitable to their station and their abilities. He also set apart every year a certain sum to be apportioned among the sick and the aged of the

poor in his various parishes. In the months of August and September, when the air of the City is close, and its heats are oppressive, he exchanged the narrow streets of Walbrook for the open courts and gardens of St. Katherine's. Here the air blown up the river from the German Ocean is fresh and wholesome ; north, south, and east are broad spaces of garden ground or open fields, and although the lanes of the Precinct are narrow and its people for the most part rude, one living in the Hospital need not visit these narrow lanes or see their people ; while the fields beyond are open for those who desire to enjoy the country, air and the gardens, in the Hospital are places for those who wish for moderate exercise and meditation.

At this time he was at a period of life when, even if the powers of the body begin to show some signs of fatigue, those of the mind are in their full vigour happy is it for man that the strength of his mind doth not always correspond to the strength of his body, and the stores of learning and wisdom are still accumulating. That is to say, he was between fifty and sixty. Like most scholars who contract sedentary habits, he was a man of a full habit and corpulent ; he was of a good stature ; his person and his carriage were imposing ; his face was full, his cheeks red, his chin double ; he wore a full wig ; his voice was loud but musical, and he spoke with authority, as one who loves not discussion ; and, indeed, he was seldom angry, except when some person, ill-advised, ventured to dispute with him, or to contest his opinion.

Since a scholar and a divine can nowhere be better consulted than in his own library, it was there that I repaired to confer with him and to ask his advice.

His library was an upper room of his Rectory, looking out upon the court where stands the Church of St. Ben'et Sherehog, Walbrook. The streets outside may be noisy, but the court is quiet, and there are trees standing among the crowded graves in the churchyard, so that in spring and summer the sight of green leaves is grateful to the eye. The books covered the walls from top to bottom, leaving a space only for windows, for fireplace, and for door. All else was covered up and hidden by books. I suppose that they were books of learning, and were principally concerned with Greeks and Romans and Hebrews, and all the things they did and wrote. Well, for my own part, I confess that the histories of these latter days seem to me as full of instruction as any told by the historians

Livy and Thucydides. What, for example, shows the danger of mob government more than the history of the French Revolution—its dreadful massacres, its horrid murders, and the vengeance which fell upon every one of its leaders? Where is there any story more full of pity and indignation than the treatment by the French nation—call it rather the mob arrogating to itself the will of the nation—of that most unhappy lady Queen Marie Antoinette? Where in ancient history is there a more dreadful wickedness to be found than in their treatment of that poor child, her son? Yet, again, where is there found, apart from the crimes of the leaders, a more noble uprising of a whole people? But scholars think otherwise. According to their judgment, it is not in the events of this day and in the lives of the men around us that we are to look for lessons and warnings in the conduct of life, but in the history of Athens or of Rome, and in the lives of those who belonged to those cities.

Well, I laid the whole matter before this learned Divine; the opinion of the physician; the obstinacy of the disorder; the unhappiness of the patient; the despair of her lover; and the sayings of the wise woman. As for the fact itself, the passion into which the poor child fell at the sight of her lover, that he had himself witnessed.

'Sir,' I said, 'it is the very life of my sister that is at stake She wastes visibly. She is growing weaker in body, and still remains under the strange delusion of her brain.'

'The case is serious. Let us, therefore, talk it over seriously. It may be that, in considering it from many points of view, we shall arrive at some clue by which we may explain it. For to understand the cause of a malady may suggest the remedy.'

'You have laid the case,' he went on, 'before a physician. And apparently to no purpose. Yet a wise physician. Well, physicians are useful only when they can discover the nature of the disease. In disorders of the mind they have hitherto discovered nothing but the external signs and symptoms. It may be that as knowledge advances many things now hidden will be laid open, and many remedies now unknown will be discovered. In this case, however, a physician can do nothing. You have also called in your wise woman—your Margery Habbijam, of whom I have heard. 'Tis a superstitious custom, but one must not expect to uproot superstitions suddenly even from the minds of the better sort. She has also proved

useless. That was to be expected. As for her *dictum*, or opinion concerning witchcraft, we will consider it presently. What to do next?'

'Indeed, sir, we know not what next, and are at our wits' end. And still my unfortunate sister grows worse instead of better.'

'I have been married three times,' said his Reverence. 'Each of my wives was of a different complexion and disposition. One, born under Saturn, was dark of skin, prone to silence and solitude; the second, born under the influence of Mars, was quick of temper and of tongue, fond of company, and inclined to strive for the mastery—in which,' he added, 'I may affirm, without boastfulness, that she did never succeed. The third, born under Venus, was affectionate, disposed to merriment, loved music, would willingly go to the play, and was of a lively, sweet, and pleasing temper, though sometimes lighter in her conversation than is becoming to the wife of such a man as myself, so placed, and of such a reputation. I have, therefore, enjoyed more than the usual chance of studying and observing the ways of women. More than this, I have read, I believe, all that has been written by the ancients on the subject, which has constantly engaged the attention of scholars from the time when men first treated of Love, and of its cause—namely, woman.

'This premised for your satisfaction, let us proceed to the matter in hand.

'And, firstly, it is a case in which love has been violently, and against the will of the patient, disturbed or ejected. I say the first, because the girl's repugnance to the man is so manifest that it cannot be doubted. She now feels for the man she once loved a loathing so violent that she cannot endure even his presence. This may be a passing disorder, or it may affect her for the rest of her life, which, in that case, will be but short. These repugnances and loathings are not uncommon. As, for instance, there was formerly a woman—she is mentioned in Athenæus—who could not endure the sight or the smell of a flower. Wherefore, her husband caused the ground about his house to be planted with turf, and so made a trim lawn, carefully kept free from daisies, buttercups, primroses, or violets, in which his wife might take the air without offence to her dainty nose. And with regard to food and drink, nothing is more common than for one person to feel sick at the very smell of what to another is his dearest

food. In this case, there is no doubt that love—even love of the most tender kind possible—that of a maiden for a young man whom she has known all her life, has been changed into loathing. Next, it is a case where this change has happened against the will, and greatly to the sorrow of the woman in question. This is abundantly clear by the tears and the distress which she shows, and by the melancholy which is now causing her to waste away. It remains, then, for us to consider some of the causes which may produce this change.'

'I waited while he reflected for a moment.

'A most potent cause of the translation of friendship into hatred is the passion of envy. "Wrath is cruel," says the wise man, "and anger is outrageous, but who is able to stand before envy?" For example, Saul envied David and loathed him. Women, it is well known, in their endeavours to attract the admiration and the affection of men, do continually envy each other—yea, and will stick at no evil word or wicked deed to spite another woman who may be accounted more beautiful. There was once an Athenian maid who was murdered by her companions for no other reason than that her beauty did quite outshine their own, and made them look ugly. Again, women are more prone than men to this passion of envy; first, because they think more of themselves and their beauty; next, because they are always in extremes—*nihil est tertium*—and if they are injured they are implacable; they know not how to forgive.'

'Sylvia,' I said, 'has never been disturbed—not for a moment—by the passion of envy. She knows not what it means.

'I said not that she did. I am considering, in turn, the causes which may bring about her present grievous condition. Next to envy in the destruction of friendship—before envy in the destruction of love—may be taken jealousy. No more cruel passion can assail the heart of one who loves. It is true that King Solomon says little or nothing on jealousy, because, I apprehend, the Eastern custom of a harem or seraglio removes many of the causes of jealousy. Yet Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, represents the passion of jealousy as prevalent even in the sacred recesses of the gynæceum. The Book of Ecclesiastes, however, contains a clear reference to this passion, where it is written, "More bitter than death is the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands are bands." Now, if Sylvia had cause to doubt the faithful-

ness of her lover, that alone would be sufficient to account for all. Nay, this is a truth which you, my son, who are young, cannot understand—that in proportion to the innocence of the woman would be her horror and indignation at the crime, as thinking that to be as impossible for her lover as it would be for herself. So, to compare things human with things infinite, only one who is himself free from sin can understand the dreadful nature of sin—a reflection which should make every man humble. Your sister, therefore, a young woman of a sweet and virtuous disposition, and brought up by pious parents, would be even more likely than one of a more worldly mind to fall into that kind of jealousy. Therefore let us ask if she has, or fancies she has, any cause for jealousy.'

'But, sir,' I told him, 'there is not, I assure you, and could not be, the least cause for jealousy.'

'That there is not, I am ready to allow; that there cannot be, I am disposed to doubt. Let us, then, pass on. Another cause which may have brought about this sudden disorder is the discovery and the secret consciousness of some bodily vice or defect which may have made the girl ashamed.'

'That,' I said, 'her mother would know. Had such been the case—but, indeed, I am certain it is not. My sister is as perfectly formed as any woman, and as free from any deformity or defect. A more healthy girl never stepped, nor one of a more healthy constitution.'

'I mention all the causes, possible or not. My pretty god-daughter, I am certain, possesses every charm that may attract and fix the affections of her lover. Let us set this point aside. As for jealousy, I am not convinced. However, there is a fourth cause, of which instances have been recorded by some historians. I mean the repugnance to marriage itself—to the holy state of wedlock, rather than to the person of a lover.'

'How, sir, with submission, should man or woman be loth to enter into marriage, which is commanded by our Creator and hallowed by the Church?'

'In many ways. Thus. A woman may be piously inclined by nature. Sylvia herself is so inclined. She obeys the Rules of the Church: she attends the services on Sundays and Holy Days:—she fasts in Lent and feasts at Easter; she reads devout books, as well as the Bible; she converses willingly on grave and religious subjects, and her life is wholly in conformity with her profession. She is virtuous, she is truth-

ful, she is not given to slander, she is not envious, she is charitable: in a word, Sylvia is a young woman who leads the Christian life as ordered by the Church of England. What more? Such a woman is naturally anxious (who would not be so?) not so much for the salvation of her own soul (of which she may be reasonably assured) as for the salvation of others' souls, and especially for those who are near akin and are dear to her. Now, there is a case recorded, I think by Thuanus, of a woman in Germany who, because she could not endure the thought of bringing into the world children whose souls might perish everlastingly, refused to marry at all. And there is another—that of a woman who, to prevent her tender offspring from such a fate, did herself, with her own hand, slay them while they were yet little more than babies. Every clergyman is a kind of confessor, though not after the Roman manner; for men and women of all kinds come to him with doubts and questions which torment them. I can very well assure you, from my own experience, that this fear is common. And I am also well assured that while few indeed—even among sinners—have any doubt as to the mercy they themselves shall obtain, being convinced that their place is kept for them in Heaven, each thinks the case of the other doubtful and dangerous. So that I have had wives asking me what may be done for their husbands, husbands for their wives, sisters for their brothers, mothers for their children, and children for their parents. This anxiety is natural, and will continue as long as the Protestant Religion—that is, until the Last Day. It is natural that each should feel the mercy of God extended unto himself, and should mark what is dangerous in his brother's walk. Think of these things, Nevill. Do we not see here a solution of the difficult problem before us?'

Well, one thing was certain. Sylvia was always religiously disposed. That could not be denied. At the same time, had she entertained these fears on George's account, I think she would have told me; and, as few girls before marriage think much upon the children as yet unborn, I could not believe that Sylvia was in any doubt or anxiety on that score. And so I told my learned adviser.

'Yet,' he said, 'it may be so. You yourself know only what she told you. Have you held with her of late any close and confidential conversation on the subject of religion?'

No—I had not! But remembering how my time and my

thoughts had been lately occupied (of which you will have to hear presently), and the disapprobation—nay, the condemnation—which the learned Divine would pronounce upon that occupation, I hung my head.

'If then,' he continued, 'there has been no envy, no jealousy, or no religious terror, and since we may take it that there exists no *vitium* or radical bodily defect, we must consider some other cause. It may be, for instance, that without knowing or feeling it, this girl has been gradually changing her mind during the absence of her lover, so that, when he returned unexpectedly, his appearance caused her to understand too suddenly for the equal balance of her mind that she would no longer regard him with the affection which [illegible] expected. This may have happened without her perceiving the fact, seeing that the object of her thoughts was [illegible] from her; and it may have been due to causes which we need not inquire into—or early familiarity, which might make him a brother indeed, but not a lover; or the perception of certain habits or faults which might deprive him of attraction. For, look you, young man, in marriage there must be likeness in many things, and also unlikeness, as a wife for instance likes her husband to show a manly, and not a womanly, spirit in all things; and there must be what we call physical attraction, it being quite certain that some persons attract each other, and some repel, as the magnet may drive some things away while it attracts others. And if anything happen to destroy this attraction, love may easily and suddenly turn into disgust. Witness the story of that Crusader—it is related by a contemporary chronicler—who carried with him to the Holy Wars a lovely mistress to whom he was firmly attached. But learning that she was a Jewess—a thing which she had always concealed from him—he was so violently turned from love to hatred that he gave her over to the Church, and even witnessed without a pang the cruel burning by fire of that lovely person—that sweet woman—whom he had so long worshipped—a case which proves clearly that such violent transformations as those which we are now considering have already happened, and stand on record for our edification.'

'Sir,' I said, 'we have talked so often of George, and my sister has so constantly spoken of him as one who had her whole heart—without any concealment—and has so constantly betrayed her thoughts—namely, that they were at sea and with him—that I cannot believe such a change as you suppose.'

'But it is not impossible. Woman is a variable thing—"Fol qui s'y fie"—even the best she knows not her own mind; she will and she will not—she is like a weathercock. However, we suppose that Sylvia has been constant in his thoughts. We may therefore pass on to the next possible cause; and this, I take it, is the voice of slander. "The words of a talebearer are as wounds;" and again, "He that hateth dissembleth with his lips, and layeth up deceit within him." A calumny is started: it passes from lip to lip, growing as it flies; it becomes exaggerated, monstrous, horrible, amorphous. Has anything, think you, been repeated to the disadvantage of George?'

'Nothing, that I have heard.'

'Something may have been written. He may have—he must have—enemies. What honest lad can get to two-and-twenty without having enemies?—some active, who would bite like a serpent did they but get the chance; some passive, who only lie and wait and watch and hope to see his discomfiture and downfall. I know for a truth, and have learned in my office as a humble minister of the Church of England, that there is no man in any place of honour or dignity who has not a hundred enemies, and that though he be of the greatest integrity, of the most generous disposition, and the highest benevolence. No virtue is safe against the voice of calumny or the tooth of the backbiter. Find me, then, these enemies.'

'I have never heard that George had any enemies at all.'

'Why, some woman in the Precinct itself—George was brought up in the Hospital—may think herself passed over in favour of Sylvia. That would be quite enough to create a slanderer and talebearer of the first water; or some one may have expected a share in that inheritance of the Dock at Redriff. No one so bitter as your disappointed expecter of inheritance. Calumny naturally springs full-grown from the brain—I shall not be satisfied that calumny is not at the bottom of this mischief until I am also satisfied that George has no enemies. What? and he a ship's officer! Think of the mutinous dogs he has knocked down, the lazy skulks he has smartened with a rope's end, the fellows he has flogged—even his brother officers over whose heads he has risen—no enemies for such a man? And think of his comeliness, his strength, his jolly face! Think you no other woman covets that jolly face and envies Sylvia? Go to. And now, young

man,' he concluded, rising from his chair, 'I here make an end. We know what has happened, we have considered what may be the cause or reason of this unhappy event. We have arrived at no conclusion, but we have cleared the ground. In all such deliberations, the first thing is to limit the area or field of controversy. The next thing is to keep within it. I propose now, with the permission of your parents, to visit this poor girl myself. It may be that in conversation with me, whom she has always regarded with more than the respect due to my cloth and to my years, she may open out her heart and make a confession or exposure of all that has happened.'

He walked with me—it is no more than half a mile—to St. Katherine's, and after a short colloquy with my mother he sought the patient, while we waited expectant.

He remained with her, the door shut, for the best part of an hour.

When he returned, his conversation finished, his eyes were full of tears, and his face was greatly troubled. At sight of him my mother began to weep.

'Oh, sir!' she cried, 'let us know the worst. Is my daughter mad?'

He sat down and heaved a deep sigh. Then he uttered these terrible words, laying his hand upon the table—

'I have this day, and for the first time, conversed with a soul in despair.'

Why should Sylvia be in despair?

'I say,' he repeated, 'that this poor girl, whom we love—this unfortunate child—hath fallen into a state of despair which is as terrible as it is inexplicable.'

'Oh! Sir—Sir—what have we done? What has my poor child done?'

He went on without answering this question.

'Were I not assured that it is an innocent soul and precious in the sight of its Maker, and a soul which is as pure and good as that of any mortal now breathing these upper airs, I should even be shaken in my faith by the sight of so much despair and so much suffering.'

'Sir,' said my mother, weeping, 'your words cut into my heart like a knife.'

'Madam, your daughter's case is serious indeed, and most grievous. It is so grievous that I hesitated not to read for her, without calling you into the room, the service ordered by the Church for those in sickness and peril. I cannot pretend

—I wish I could—that she prayed with me, or that the gracious words of Mother Church were of avail to soften her soul. She suffered me to read, but the prayers touched her not. In a word, she is convinced that she is under some curse or heavy sentence—she thinks that she is abandoned by God. Many such cases have been recorded. Nay, rules have been laid down for the treatment and cure of despairing souls—such as resignation, confession of sins, repentance, prayer, bodily medicine, and faith. Yet this poor child hath no sins to confess, save the light and venial sins of youth. What are they? Rebellious thoughts, impatience, a hasty temper, an undutiful word——'

'No—no,' cried my mother. 'Never an undutiful word—never a hasty temper. My girl was always the most obedient and the most loving daughter possible.'

'Would to God my own heart was as free from sin!' said his Reverence. 'Why, then, should her faith fail? None of the causes which we have been considering will meet this case. There is here no room for envy or jealousy—there is no fear as regards her children to come. There has been, I am convinced, no slander. What is it, then? How to prescribe for such a condition which we cannot even put into words? No rules will meet such a case. Prayers? Well, we must pray without ceasing. Repentance? Yes; there is still room even with the most innocent for repentance. Bodily medicine? Yes; if such can be found where the body is enfeebled by the tortures of the mind rather than by disease. Against such a condition as this where shall we seek the true alexipharmacum—where find the sovereign remedy? When all is told, we can but pray, and put our trust in the Lord.'

We sat in silence and in sorrow.

'She has grown thin and weak to a degree which I should have thought impossible in so short a time. If she do not shake off her despair she will grow weaker—she will fall into a wasting away. Our child, who is already lost to us, will be wholly taken from us. Madame—my sister and my friend—weep not to think that your child will be better with her Saviour when she has passed through the narrow Gate of Death than living this death in life, under this—this—what can I call it but an accursed, Diabolical Possession? I know not what else to call it.'

I had never seen Dr. Lorrymore more deeply moved. The tears rolled down his face while he spoke. Truly this was

become a house of lamentation and of sorrow, which but a week or two before had been a house of joy and peace.

Then I ventured to ask him if he had asked her anything concerning George.

'I told her, remembering what I had heard—I mean her tears and distress when his name was mentioned—that there was one who had been greatly loved by her, and who still loved her, and desired nothing more than to visit her and console her. She wept at this, saying, "Sir, it is the chief mark of my wretchedness that I must not suffer that person near me—no, not so much as in the same room." I asked her why, but she would tell me no more. Wherefore, my reading of the case is this. It is one of religious despair. For some reason, which she probably does not now remember, this poor girl has conceived the notion that she is abandoned by Heaven. Perhaps, therefore, or perhaps from some other cause, I know not, she cannot endure to hear of love or her lover—she cannot bear even his presence. She thinks herself perhaps unworthy to be touched by him; a kiss maddens her, so great is her shame and abasement. Yet she loves him still. Of this I am well assured, though she will not confess the fact. Nay, this obsession of hers closes her speech, while it hardens her heart and blinds her eyes. She is as one in a rage. When she returns to her right mind she will return to a right feeling towards her lover.'

'What—oh!— what shall we do for her?'

'Truly, I think you can do nothing. I will think and meditate upon the matter. The question of Diabolical Possession, whether it is still possible in these latter days, has been much debated. For my own part, with such an example as this before my eyes, I cannot doubt that, for some wise purpose, of which you must never doubt——'

'Nay, I doubt not,' said my mother. 'But I wish it had pleased the Lord to manifest this wisdom in some other woman's daughter!'

'I say that I cannot doubt it is still permitted. Nay, how are great crimes possible but for Diabolical Possession? However, with great criminals the Devil has been long courted and invited. What can you do? In old times I should have exorcised the spirit. Even now—but I doubt whether my Bishop would approve. Rather let us trust to prayers, and in your prayers when she is present dwell largely on mercies promised and bestowed. As for things physical, give her

such food and wine as she can be persuaded to take ; preserve in her sight a countenance of hope and cheerfulness. Persuade her to play a little upon the harpsichord—music has great power over the soul. She should be taken to walk abroad, or in the orchard now that the spring is advancing and the sun is warm. Even let us show in our faces the faith that should be in our hearts. What? Augustine—even Augustine, accounted by all a Saint, was once nigh unto despair, but he, too, came safely out in the end.'

'Must George be still kept from her?'

'Assuredly. Let him not so much as look upon her. Let him leave her alone. It would be best for that young man to go clean away. Let him go, and that quickly ; while he remains, there is the chance of more mischief. When he is gone she will have a better chance to recover. And as for him, the longer he remains near his mistress the more he will be tortured by pity and by love. There is no remedy against the melancholy and the despair of love better than to go away. He is a sailor. Let him quickly go abroad again and sail to some distant port, and not return for two years and more. If in that space she hath returned to her right mind she will have had time to recover her strength and cheerfulness. If in that space she hath not recovered—her soul, I foresee very well, will have returned to the Lord who made it. The sequel of this history will then be known. I hear that he now rages against Fate, and is consumed by a burning furnace of love. If I know anything of history, mischief will come of it unless he go away. Sister Katherine, he is your nephew. Have a care. Send him back to sea again, lest such a madness fall upon him as all the hellebore of Anticyra cannot cure, with such mischief as neither physician nor divine can remedy.'

CHAPTER VI

IN THE PRECINCT

MEANTIME the bruit and rumour of this strange thing had gone about among the streets and courts which lie around the old Hospital of St. Katherine's.

They are a rude and rough people, who live in these streets —scarce any above the station of mechanic. They are boat-builders, mast and block-makers, lightermen, watermen,

curriers, chandlers, ballast-men, carmen, rope-makers, hoymen, stevedores, labourers, and the like. They are for the most part, however, honest people, because the Society will not tolerate within the Precinct any who are notorious drunkards, thieves, or evil-livers. The men, we may well suppose, took but small interest in a mere love-story—were half the maids in England crossed in love, they would care nothing ; it is their trade which fills their thoughts, and drink with tobacco occupies their leisure. This kind of people when they are not at work for the greater part do not, I believe, think at all.

Among their wives and daughters, however, these events caused the greatest excitement and interest. In every street, lane, and court, wherever two or three were gathered together, they talked of Sylvia's misfortune ; from door to door, along the court, on the flags of the court, from window to window across the court, they asked for news, and imparted the latest they had heard or imagined. Never before or since have I heard of such exaggerations, distortions, and inventions. Nothing was too foolish to be believed. Nay, a ballad was written on it, I know not by whom, and printed with a rude and horrid woodcut, belonging to the time of Queen Anne, at latest, representing a woman lying on her back, apparently murdered. This kind of woodcut, we know, serves for every sort of ballad, any connection between the picture and the verses being in no way necessary. Scansion and rhyme are also unnecessary.

> St. Katherine's Precinct is all of a blaze;
> What do you think is the cause of the rout?
> A sailor has come home from the seas;
> And they say that his true love he hath found out.
> Sing hey for the lover, and hey for his girl!

There were twenty verses of this filthy doggerel, the nature of which may be guessed by those who will from the above sample. They bawled it in St. Katherine's Lane, and as far East as Limehouse.

There was also a chap-book, but that came later, when there was more to tell. What most struck the imagination of the people was the fact of the sudden appearance of her sweetheart causing a girl to fall into a disorder of the brain, from which she could not be recovered by any means. That, the capital or cardinal fact, could in no way be denied. No one could understand how such a thing could possibly happen. Many

explanations were proposed. It was said that my unfortunate sister was struck with the blow while denying some infidelity charged upon her by her lover. This again was contradicted by others, who maintained that on the other hand it was the lady who, while imprecating the wrath of Heaven upon her lover, was herself struck down. The very words of her curse were reported and believed, and the consternation of her lover was described in detail. To be sure, George was as well known in St. Katherine's as Sylvia. The public sympathy, it must be confessed, was mostly given to him, because in lovers' quarrels, where the men are connected with the following of the sea, if it is only as watermen or stevedores, a greater license is felt necessary than is accorded to those who work on *terra firma*. Told any way, however, the history should have pointed a useful moral to the ladies of Nightingale Walk or Shepherd's Row.

It matters nothing what those people said or reported; but I must needs set down the fact that one and all believed—whatever might be the truth as regards the young lady—that something dreadful was bound to happen to her lover. This belief may have been due to the desire for justice inherent in the people—a desire which sometimes swells up into madness. Or it may have been due to the feeling that witchcraft was at the bottom of the business.

During the time of the trouble the church was crowded with those who never came at any other time. The pews which generally stood in empty rows were now filled, and the aisle was filled with those who could not find a seat. They came to gaze upon the girl thus struck down by the Hand of the Lord or by witchcraft. They did not see her, because she came not to church. They could see her lover, however, who sat in the pew with Sister Katherine and the Lieutenant. When the service was over they made a lane outside, through which he passed. It was like the passage made for the mourners at a funeral.

The wise woman it was who chiefly told me these things, because one would not commonly care for what was said in the streets of the Precinct. My mother consulted her no more, but because one was accustomed to regard her wisdom as a thing proved and assured, I sometimes went and sat with her, talking over this strange thing. She was anxious about it. She asked us much concerning George and Sylvia. She seemed always expecting something more. What made me go

oftener was her manifest anxiety. She was afraid of something—I knew not what. Indeed, the anxiety was felt by all alike. One feels the thunder coming before it breaks. It was a time of fearful expectancy.

'They say there has been witchcraft,' she told me once. 'The young lady is bewitched. They come to me asking why I do not remove the spell. Alas! I cannot. I would if I could. When the worst has happened things will mend.'

'They mostly do,' I said. 'Otherwise things could not be at their worst.'

'The folk are uncertain what has been done. They hear a thousand rumours and reports, which are contradicted every day and replaced by others. But they are certain it is witchcraft. But whether she has bewitched him, or he has bewitched her, or someone has bewitched both, they cannot learn. Tell me all, Master Nevill; come and tell me all. As for me, I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head.' She protested this with strong oaths, unnecessary to repeat. 'Well, what must come will come. The Enemy can injure, but he cannot destroy. Let it come quickly, and so be over. And whatever happens, that shall fall upon his head as well. He knows it. He is warned. Let him beware!'

I knew not then what she meant, though now I understand very well.

You have heard the opinions of the physician, of the churchman, and of the wise woman. They advanced us a very little way beyond what we knew before. You shall hear now the opinions of one of our own society—I mean those of Mrs. Katherine Bayssallance, Sister of our Foundation, and one who had known Sylvia from infancy.

She lived, having been one of the Sisters for more than twenty years, in the third or last house of the Sisters' Close; at that end of it, namely, which overlooks the entrance of St. Katherine's Stairs—a place all day long thronged with watermen, sailors, lightermen, and lumpers. One may sit upstairs, and, with the window open, not only gaze upon this delectable company, but hear their choice and polite conversation, which consists of little else than cursing and swearing. Strange it is that men should so little regard the uses of language as to seek thus to reduce it to a few words and half a dozen oaths. Three hundred words, it has been computed, make up the whole language of such men as these. One could also, beyond

the stairs, catch a glimpse of the Pool, crowded with ships, loading and unloading, amidst the swarms of barges. No one can say that the house was dull. And as for the people and their talk -why, one who lives in the Precinct expects what he hears, and becomes used to it, and ceases to regard it. Besides, we of the Foundation must never forget that the place is not for the rich and wealthy, but for the poor, and for the poor of this part of London, which lies without and east of the City—to stand for ever as a light and beacon to them, their own Church, in the midst of them, teaching, showing an example, and leading as well as pointing the way. St. Katherine's, above and more than any other church or college, belongs to the poor of London east of the Tower. It is their inheritance, conferred on them by two good Queens, whose memory shall never be lost, nor their Hospital taken from the place and the people to whom it was given. It was not to hear the language of the polite that Sister Katherine lived in the Sisters' Close.

The Sisters were formerly, perhaps, nuns of some kind. Sister Katherine Bayssallance was no nun, except that she was still, at forty-five or fifty, in a state of celibacy. One thinks of a nun, despite the horrid stories sometimes told of convents, as of a woman saintly in appearance as well as by profession—she should be pale, austere, and thin ; Sister Katherine, on the other hand, was plump of figure and rosy-cheeked, fonder of mirth than of tears, and of a cheerful piety. In all respects she was the exact opposite of the nun as we are apt to think of her. She was also voluble exceedingly. Yet not foolish, like most voluble persons, who so long as they can still be talking, care not greatly what they say or who listens. In every respect she was unlike her brother, the Lieutenant, who lived with her. For while she was easy, he was stiff ; while she was plump, he was thin ; while she was merry, he was grave ; while she was voluble, he was sparing of his words. But such opposites are common in families. George, for his part, took after his father's sister rather than his father.

The good lady, espying me one day—'twas on a Sunday, after dinner—wandering in melancholy mood about the place (there was little joy at home during those days), opened her window and hemmed, and bade me come in.

'I am alone,' she said, when I obeyed. 'Come in and let us have a comfortable cry—that is, I will cry. I am alone.

The Lieutenant has gone to the Crown and Anchor for his pipe and his glass. George—poor lad!—has taken sculls across the river, and is now, I take it, sitting glum, all alone, in the Dock; and even that brings him no comfort, though he ought to think that it is worth—ay?—a good six hundred pounds a-year. Think upon that! Six hundred pounds a-year for him, who was yesterday but a mate of an East Indiaman. And yet no happiness to go with it! What is fortune without happiness? His case is like a text for a sermon. Yesterday but a poor unconsidered swab of a third mate, whom nobody regarded; and to-day the rich and prosperous Owner of a Dock! 'Tis a change such as one may dream and fortune-tellers prophesy. He could wish for nothing better, and yet with it comes also this great misfortune. Poor boy! my heart bleeds for him. You will take a glass of my ginger, Nevill: you were always fond of a glass of good wine. The pity of it! The pity of it!'

'The pity of it!' I repeated.

'Sit down, Nevill. This bottle of ginger wine of my own making—I offer my friends nothing less—longs to have the cork out. Wait a little. It is a twelvemonth old—ginger takes a whole twelvemonth to mellow.' She bustled about, and presently set on the table the bottle, a couple of glasses, and a plate of dried Smyrna figs. 'There, Nevill—and I only wish that Sylvia was here too. The good wine—it is heady for a girl's drinking—would cheer her heart and loosen her tongue, and help her to tell us what she now conceals. Drink it, my dear. To Sylvia's better health and George's better luck!'

I drank the toast, sipping the wine slowly. One must not gulp ginger wine, or it will burn the throat and bring the tears into the eyes. Taken in sips, it is an excellent stomachic.

'Your mother's raisin is good, I admit, and in cowslip she has no equal,' said Sister Katherine; 'but think of this for ginger! And yet men must be yearning after port, and sighing because the war will keep claret off their tables!'

The Sisters' houses are not so commodious as those of the Brothers, nor are they placed round a court or quadrangle. Yet they are comfortable, the rooms wainscoted, and the stairs ample. Sister Katherine's parlour was large enough for her purposes, but low, as happens with ancient houses. The windows were of the old-fashioned kind used before the

invention of the modern sash; unsightly compared with the breadth and the neatness of the modern window, flat with the wall, and affording abundance of light. On the wall hung an old plan or map of Calais, the town and fort, drawn two hundred years ago and more in a colour now brown and faded, by some one of the English garrison in that place before the French took possession of it. There was also an engraving, very fine, of Hogarth's Gate of Calais. A portrait of the great French commander and Protestant hero, Coligny, also hung upon the wall. These things, with two or three old books in shabby leather bindings, such as Clement Marot's Psalms in French, a Treatise on the True Doctrine, published at Geneva, showed the origin of the family and their religious opinions when they left their country. Probably they thought it prudent to conceal the latter until the death of Queen Mary happily set Protestant tongues wagging again. There were other decorations on the wall, such as worked samplers, figures and landscapes cut out of black paper, and framed, and the drawing in pencil, beautifully coloured, of a ship in full sail. On the mantelshelf beside the Lieutenant's tobacco jar was a model of a ship's launch filled with marines standing together, the sailors rowing them ashore for the attack.

'Take another glass, Nevill. It won't hurt you. Now what have you got to say about it?'

'She mostly sits in her own chamber,' I said, 'unless my mother calls her downstairs. At meals she eats nothing. She is pale and trembling; but she says she is not ill. I know nothing more. And you already know this. As for her work, she seems to have forgotten how to do any. She sits with her needle in her sewing, as if she knew not what she was to do. If she is asked to make a cake or a pudding, she bursts into tears. She cannot be torn out of her sorrow. Truly, Sister Katherine, we know not what it means.'

'I found her yesterday morning,' said Sister Katherine, 'in the orchard, wandering slowly up and down. She would have run away; but it was too late, and she is too feeble to run. "Sylvia, my child," I said, "if a body may not speak to an old friend, better say so." She began to cry. Well, crying does no harm that I ever heard of. A girl cannot cry her eyes out, or cry away her good looks. "Go on crying, my dear," I said; "I can wait your time. Cry as long as you please." So I sat down on the garden bench. "When you have done I am ready to talk," I said, "or I am ready to

listen." Of course, if you put it to a girl like that she gets ashamed after a bit—she can't go on crying when she keeps people waiting for her. So Sylvia left off, but she looked so miserable that I was very near beginning on my own account. Dear Heart! how pale she is, and how wan are her pretty eyes! Surely something has happened which we suspect not. "Child," I said, "we must talk over this. George"—but when I mentioned his name she shuddered—"is well-nigh distracted with love and disappointment. You can't send him away without telling some of us—if not George himself—why? Come over with me, my dear, and tell me everything. George won't be there. Don't be afraid. I've got a kidney stewing with onions. It will be done to a cow's thumb, as they say, by one o'clock. Come over. We will talk first and eat our dinner afterwards." But, no; she couldn't eat - she wouldn't come. "Well, child," I said, "I can't make you eat; that's very certain. You may tie your horse's head in his nosebag, but that won't make him eat. But consider. You won't marry George, who loves you with all his soul. Why? Nobody knows. Then what troubles you? Is it pity for George? Then why not marry him? If it isn't pity for George, it must be pity for yourself. Then, still, why not marry him?" She shook her head at this, but made no reply. "Well, but," I said; "there's a reason for everything, if it's only for sucking eggs. If you want to marry him you can. He bears no malice. Take him and make him happy. If you don't want to marry him nobody can force you, so what's the good of crying?" There was the whole question in a nutshell, Nevill. A Doctor of Divinity couldn't have put it better, though I say it myself. "Whatever you want done," I said, "say it out, and so an end, and no more crying. What's the sense in crying?"'

'And what did Sylvia reply?'

'I sometimes think if we could imitate the swallows we should be happy. When the winter begins they go and lie at the bottom of the ponds, and sleep till spring. When trouble begins for us we ought to lie down and sleep till it is all over. Troubles are like storms—they blow over and are gone. Very soon Sylvia will be laughing and singing as before, as merry and as light-hearted. But at present—pity she isn't asleep. Troubles are all around her. She is in a hagoe of trouble.

As mighty mountains huge and large
Jerusalem about do close.

If I had my will with her I would put her to bed and to sleep in the turning of a pork griskin, and so keep her snug and warm till the fit left her. Sleep is the best remedy for all the troubles that assail us. So all spices do grow on the same tree. Well, what did Sylvia reply? She shook her pretty head—oh! the nonsense in it! And at last she said, "I want"—it seemed as if she couldn't say the words without a struggle—"I want to make him happy if I can, but I cannot." "Why not?" I asked. "I cannot," she replied, "and yet I would." "Sylvia, my dear," I told her, "you are now talking, as they say, like an apothecary, whom no one can understand. You would and you would not—you can and you cannot. What sense or reason is here?" She began to cry again. Lord knows, Nevill, I am sorry indeed for the girl, because I love her purely, and she is in such trouble. Yet was I angry because I can see no reason for the trouble. When you have known a girl all her life you may be angry with her and yet love her all the time, as mothers love their children though they whip them. If Sylvia was a child again, and could have a good whipping, 'twould doubtless do more than all the talking in the world. No more could I get out of her; so I left her in the garden and I came away. Well, Nevill, what have you got to say to that?"

I had nothing to say.

'Sylvia is not like one of those giddy girls who will have half a hundred beaux after them, and send them all away without a thought for any. Otherwise, one might think she was playing a game. But no. That won't do. And again, she isn't a girl who could take up with another man while her old lover was sailing over the sea. Not so.'

'Sylvia knows no other man,' I said.

'Of course she doesn't. Don't interrupt, boy. It's little, indeed, that I have to say, and I must collect my thoughts as I go along.'

She paused for a few moments, thinking how to arrange what was in her mind. When I came to think of it, what she said was mighty like what his Reverence said.

'If Sylvia,' she went on, 'was one of a troop of romping girls—if she had many friends—we might know where to seek for the cause, because, Nevill, though you suspect it not, girls still follow each other. If one has a toothache all teeth must ache. I have heard that in convents, if one of the nuns has fits, they all get fits, and if one has Visions, nothing will serve

but all must have Visions. They run the same way—like Tantony pigs. So that if one of her friends had got a bee in her bonnet we would find it out and look in Sylvia's bonnet for that and perhaps some other bee. But she has no friends at all. There isn't a young woman in the whole Precinct she can consort with. Yet her head is filled with some whim or another, and for the life of me I can't find it out. If she won't tell, what use asking her? What matters talking, says the exciseman, when you mean pudding and I mean pork? She might do worse than tell me, though I am an old maid, and never had a sweetheart. Why, I was young once, and had my own whimsies like the rest, ready for the discomfiture of any poor wretch who might come a courting. But no one came. Most young girls, before they know the world, must have a man made a-purpose to suit their notions; they would like to take the clay and make him with their own hands—a very proper young fellow he would be, the girl's man. He must be tall—they like him tall; he must have large eyes and a soft voice; he must make love as gently as a cat on velvet; he must not be rude or rough about it; his discourse must be as gentle as his love-making; he must not swear; he must not drink; he must not laugh with other young men; nor must he play their rough sports. He must not fight either. The young girl loves a soldier who is a hero, but not the man who will willingly off coat and fight a waterman, a sailor, or a carter in the street; nor one who will sit in a Wapping tavern and sing a song and take his glass and his tobacco. Oh, no—he must wait at the tea-table. In his behaviour he must be as demure as a bride at church; he must prefer the talk of the girls to that of the men; and, above all, he must not be in a hurry to get married. In a word, Nevill, if the girls had the making of a man, they would make him exactly like themselves, only bigger. Oh!—the sweet, big, pretty, strong, soft-cheeked, gentle, dainty Jemmy Jessamy of a man he would be! Well,' she went on again, 'I don't know—she won't say. Very likely Sylvia, who is but a slip of a thing, almost a child yet, ignorant of the world, has found out that George isn't like a girl, and a good deal bigger than herself, and she is frightened. Give her time, therefore, and she may come round.

'Or she may have other fancies. Lord!—there's no end to the fancies that get into girls' heads. One girl'—note, I say, how Sister Katherine followed in her own way, and of her own accord, almost the same lines as the Prebendary—

'one girl I knew, long ago, who would not marry her lover for a long while, making a great fuss and to-do because a married woman sometimes has children, and children always have souls, and unless they get election they perish everlastingly, poor things! Nothing, not even the admonitions of the minister, could make this girl consent to be the mother of a soul that might be damned. She said she would not bring into the world any such poor miserable wretch. It was in vain that they pointed out to her that thus she might also keep some poor shivering soul out of the joys of Heaven. Well, she kept her lover off and on, until at last she consented, and became the mother of twelve, and now leaves the issue to the Lord. And another there was who would not for a long time consent because she could not truly promise to obey her husband. She knew her own masterful disposition and her lover's meekness. Well, Nevill, a tender conscience ought to be respected, and in such a case the bishop might grant a license, because as for a woman obeying her husband it is half of one and half of the other, and most wives both give and take. "I love you," says the girl, "and I will do all for you; but you must do all for me." One hand washes face, two hands wash each other. Certain it is that if the woman had drawn up the Marriage Service, which did not come down from Heaven like the Ten Commandments—don't pretend it did—this promise would not have been required of them to the peril of their immortal souls. Well, this girl I speak of did at last consent, and gave the promise in a loud and clear voice, so that all who were in the church heard. But she kept it no further than the church door, and now rules her husband with strictness, and for the poor man's good. Well, Sylvia may be like these two girls.

'Another kind is she who does not understand the nature and the vehemence of love in man. They think it is a poor, weak sort of an inclination—as if one girl would serve them very nearly as well as another. So they take up with one man and then with another, and they will and they will not. And they encourage a man till they have kindled in his heart a raging furnace hotter than Daniel's, and then they wonder—oh! La!—to see him storm, and rave, and fight the other men with savage blows and the ferocity of a lion. Sylvia is young. Perhaps she knows not, and cannot suspect, the strength of love. Alas! poor George! for the inward fire consumes him.

'Or, again, there are other girls, who, seeing some wives

neglected and forsaken by their husbands, tremble for themselves, and, rather than fall into this misery, will never marry at all. This I have myself often considered; for to see your husband's love die away, and be followed by nothing but neglect or contempt, must be a terrible thing. Yet we should all hope that this misfortune may not fall upon us, but rather the long continuance of love to the very end, when youth and strength and beauty have long gone, and the man's skill of hand is forgotten, and he can only sit in the chimney-corner. There the two old folk should comfort each other; and, I think, they might then bless the Lord for the institution of marriage. I speak not against wedlock. I—though I am an old maid whom no man has ever wooed. What then? So much the worse for me, not so much the worse for wedlock. Shall I cry out that grapes are sour? Not so.

'Nay, and there are other girls—but these are rare—who look about them and consider the misfortunes of the world, the dreadful calamities which fall upon people: the wives made widows; the mothers robbed of their children; the husbands broken and bankrupt; terrible diseases; and rubs, jerks, flouts, and scorns of fortune. And these things they ponder over until they are unwilling to obey the voice of Nature and to take a husband. What? Are we not to venture out because it may rain? These calamities do not happen to all, but only to some. The ships go forth to sea, and some get wrecked. Are the rest never to leave the port again? Why, most of them go out and return again in safety, cargo and crew, all for the enrichment of the owners. We must take our chance. We cannot go into a nunnery and fly from fate. If it is the Lord's will that our children die, we are in the Lord's hands. Better to live and die like the rest of the world than to run away and hide. Besides, who would live at home when the rest are gone? And what is the old maid—unless she is a Sister of the Hospital of St. Katherine—but a drudge, to mend the clothes and make the beds? And what can a woman do better for herself than to make a man's life happy, and to bring up her children in the fear of the Lord?'

'I wish,' I said, 'that Sylvia had been here as well as myself to hear this excellent discourse.'

'Oh, I am no fool. Though I have never been married, I have looked on and listened. Many things happen in the Precinct. Human nature is much the same everywhere. Take off the duchess's satin petticoat and her frock and she is much

the same, to look at, as the milkmaid. What is done in Hangman's Gains is done in St. James's. Even a princess may have her whims and fancies. I know a great deal more than you think.

'Again, about Sylvia. What is in her head? Mind you, she does not hate George. No, she loves him still; yet, for some secret reason, she will not marry him. She loves him still, I say. I can see it in her looks: she is crying herself to death for love of him. If a remedy be not found, she will die of love. She will die, Nevill, because she cannot endure the sight and the thought of her lover's misery. Yet she will not have him. Why?'

'Then, if she loves him still, why cannot ——'

'Ta—ta—ta! How you talk, you young men! What do you know of a girl's heart? 'Tis a most delicate piece of work, let me tell you, Master Nevill; not like your great clumsy man's heart. It is more delicate than the spring of a watch. Let a little speck of dust get into the spring, and the whole watch stops. It will not go. So if some fancy gets into a girl's heart—that stops, too; or if it keeps on beating her affections are choked and her brain stands still. How to find out what it is when she will tell no one? Has some one been maligning George? She says no. Does she suspect him of some secret vice, as gambling or playing? She says no. Does she think him over fond of strong drink? She says that she is not afraid of him in that respect. Has he offended her by word of mouth or by any incivility? She says, again, no. Or has a secret enemy accused her of some fault some lightness? Many girls, you know, are slandered by other girls. Smoke still follows the fairest. And when girls are jealous of girls, their tongues, for inventions, hints, and suggestions are always ready, like the old woman's tripe. But Sylvia knows of no such accusations. Well, boy, the end is that I know not what bee hath stung the child, nor what fancies have seized her pretty head; and as for asking her questions and expecting to get an answer, you might as well expect to talk the leg off an iron pot.'

She stopped, not tired, but out of breath.

'Nevill,' she went on after a while, and now more earnestly, 'there is only one way to explain it. Oh! I know very well! We laugh at it when we are not in trouble. It is when the trouble is actually upon us that we feel it; and I've seen a woman swum for it before now. I have, indeed, till she was more dead than alive. Nevill——*it's witchcraft!* The girl's

bewitched! Old Margery was right. Don't tell me! Nothing else will account for it. Why a girl should love a man and yet refuse him; why she cannot take him though it costs her pains untold to say him nay, is only to be accounted for by witchcraft. We think there are no more witches? I know better. There are witches as sure as there is a Devil going about seeking whom he may devour. It is witchcraft, pure witchcraft. Who is the witch? I do not know. Where is the woman who would do an injury to Sylvia? I do not know. Perhaps it is the injury done to George! A man can hardly be a ship's officer without making enemies. We've one witch in the Precinct—Margery Habbijam, I mean. But that good old soul would never do a mischief to anyone. And there's no other witch within our bounds. Therefore we must look further afield, and how to search London through and through I know not. Yesterday, when I came home, thinking that it must be witchcraft, I broke an egg-shell for protection. I've got a horseshoe over my door and a hare's foot in my pocket. The poor girl is welcome to the hare's foot if it will do her any good. But, Lord! when the mischief is done, you may just as well take a pig's pettitoe as a hare's foot for all the good it will do. And where is the witch? Who is she? Why has she overlooked our girl? How can we find out, as the saying is, the thief that gnawed the cheese? Horseshoe and hare's foot, Good Friday bun and Christmas candle, broken egg-shell and salt water—the child may have all my charms if only we can find out; but—when the boat capsizes, what good, says the sailor, is the caul in my pocket?'

CHAPTER VII

WAS SHE FAITHLESS?

I AM bound by every tie of affection and of nature to become the advocate of my own sister. I am well aware that much blame has been cast upon her, and that there are still many who speak of her with words of reproach, thinking her to be the guilty cause, by her wilful and whimsical ways, of all the trouble that followed.

If I am the advocate of my sister, I am happy in having no more to do than to represent the facts of the case—the bare,

plain, unvarnished facts, without suppression of any point, and without exaggeration. I ask for nothing but simple justice. Pity, I am sure, will be freely given to her, as unto one innocent and sorely tried. Wonder, also, that such things should be permitted; but then we know not, even the wisest of us, so ignorant are we, any sound and solid reasons by which we may vindicate the Wisdom which conducts the world.

We were all three, as I have said, brought up together; we were as two brothers and one sister; George and I sat on the same bench at school, and were flogged for the same offences; we played together in the gardens and in the Cloisters; we sat in the church together, and gazed upon the monuments of antiquity; we stood together in St. Katherine's Square, and marvelled at the language of the sailors and the watermen; when we grew older we ventured out in a boat among the crowds of barges and lighters in the Pool.

George was apprenticed at fourteen. Sylvia was then about ten. He went away proud and joyful to go to sea. When he came home, three years later, he was a tall and handsome lad of seventeen; Sylvia was still little better than a child.

Again, three years later, he returned, twenty years of age, now already a man—much more manly than most young City beaux, at the same age. He brought home, I remember, many pretty presents for Sylvia, things picked up in foreign ports—I think he had spent all his money on gifts for Sylvia. This shows that his affection for her did never waver or cease. He was always her lover, from the beginning. This I acknowledge in reply to those who charge Sylvia with fickleness and inconstancy. Yet no puling lover, who thought of his mistress, when he should have been thinking of his work. She was always in his heart; he was filled with her idea; she was *dimidium animæ*, half his soul, and that always. But it was not until his last return, when she rejected and refused him, that he perceived this fact. While he was assured of her, he was calm and easy: when he thought that she was lost to him, he fell into fury; he raged; he became, as you have seen, little better than a madman.

Now, since you have heard what was said and thought of this unhappy event by others, so that you know how it appeared to all of us, I would now ask you to read what my sister herself told me. This, you will perceive, throws a very different complexion upon the business. Most unfortunately, this confession or revelation was made to me the evening before the

most disastrous day in my whole life, when I was deprived of all power to control what followed, even though my knowledge of what had happened gave me such power. Had it not been for this disaster, I should have laid the whole business before the Prebendary in the first place. The schoolmaster would have been cited before the Chapter House of the Foundation; the wise woman would have been made to confess what she knew; George would have been told the whole truth, and we should have seen then what would have happened next.

I take it as unwise of me—though, Heaven knows, I acted for the best—to have delayed speaking to my sister for so long. I suffered a fortnight and more to pass by, hoping every day to see a change for the better. Finally, when there came no change, I resolved to appeal to her sisterly affection, and to pray her to tell me all that was in her mind. It was an evening late in the month of April when I found my opportunity. The evening was soft and calm, the air was warm, though the season was as yet but little advanced. There was a gentle breeze from the west, the sky was clear. Sylvia had been sitting all day long in her chair, inanimate and pallid; there I found her, and proposed to her that she should come out with me to breathe for a little the freshness of the evening. Always docile, she rose and consented to go with me. So I wrapped her in her hood and led her forth, walking slowly, because she was now feeble.

Outside she breathed with pleasure the fresh and fragrant air of the garden. 'Alas!' she sighed, 'what things have fallen upon me since last I stood here!'

The moon was already up, and now shone in great splendour upon the east end of the church, lighting up the broad and lofty window, and showing the tracery of the great Katherine-wheel, emblem of the saint and martyr, patron of this place, which stands in the upper part. The narrow windows below glowed like burnished silver; the two towers of the north and south angles stood out against the clear sky in distinct outline; the whole north side of the church was in blackness. The Gothic pile, venerable always, but especially in the moonlight, filled the soul with admiration and awe; it has been a holy place from the days of King Stephen to our own time. For six hundred years and more the living have flocked hither for worship, and have brought their dead for burial; here Queens have knelt to offer gifts, and Princes have been buried. What

matter for Queens and Princes? All the dead of six hundred years lie around and within this sacred pile. Save the Cathedral churches of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, there is no more venerable or sacred spot than the ancient and beautiful church of St. Katherine's by the Tower.

We were standing in the Master's orchard, beside the Master's house, and behind the burying-ground of the Precinct. 'Tis a pleasant place in summer, and at all times when one can walk abroad and enjoy the warmth of the sun in a fenced garden sheltered from the wind. There are old fruit-trees in the orchard—everything is old—apples and pears, cherries, and medlars, and mulberries; peaches and vines are trained against the high wall at the back, which has a southern aspect—it is said that before the Reformation the Brothers made wine from their own grapes. There is a bowling-green on that side nearest the house. Here from the time of King Stephen downwards has that ancient game been played. There is a garden-house, with glass windows and a glass door, where one may sit snug even in winter; and there are also, on the side near the house, beds filled in summer with most kinds of sweet flowers. On this night the trees were white with spring blossoms, and the air was fragrant with their delicate breath.

It is in a garden—a garden of fruit-trees as well as of vegetables and flowers—that we may most profitably meditate on the course of life and its meaning. This has been often set forth by wise men. Here, in spring, we see the earth awakening from its sleep, which is the type of death. A new year—a new life is begun. Thus life ever follows death, and after death life begins anew. It is as if there were but one man, and he every night lying down and every morning again uprising. He does his work—between the morning and the evening—and he dies. Then a new man—who is the same—is born again, with conditions of life all the better if the last man has done his work well. He, too, in his turn advances the work a little. And so on; now falling back a little, now advancing a little, until in time to come man shall be so strong, so long lived, that he will look back with wonder even upon the polite age of George the Third, and ask himself how, being exposed to so many perils, he could ever have been happy even for one single moment. Can Heaven itself, by the Divine assistance, thus be reached?

To this spot we were wont to repair by long use and

custom. Naturally our feet turned towards the garden and the orchard. Here as children we could play, being both of an age, and here, when we grew older, we could walk and talk. It is one of those places in which, however great may be the noise outside, it seems always quiet. The lanes and narrow alleys of the Precinct were full of people who sang and laughed, quarrelled and reviled each other, shouted and fought, and made all the noises that delight a rude folk. Yet the noise came not into any part of the Hospital. From the river there still arose from some belated ship a yo-hoing and bawling, but we seemed to hear nothing—not even the firing of the ordnance from the Tower or the salutes of the ships which arrived at Deptford Yard or sailed away.

We walked there hand-in hand without speech, but each knew very well what was in the heart of the other.

Presently Sylvia stopped at the little door which opened upon the Burying Ground.

'Let us leave the garden,' she said. 'Let us go into the burying ground—here is spring, and that means love and hope. I have nothing more to do with spring. There are graves—and they mean dust and death.'

She lifted the latch and we stepped out into the crowded graveyard behind the church. Here the stones, standing thick together, grey by day, were now silvery white in the moonlight or black in shadow. The grass grows long in summer, but it was now still short, and under foot it was soft and damp. Among the graves Sylvia told me for the first time the truth of what had happened to her.

Sylvia sat down on one of the tombs and threw back her hood. The evening breeze played in her light brown curls, and the moon made her blue eyes shine large and ghostly. It might have been a ghost among the graves. I believe it is not lucky to sit on a grave, but nobody, surely, could be more unlucky than my sister at that period.

'Brother,' she said, holding my hand, 'I am, indeed, the most miserable creature in the whole world.'

'It will pass, my dear. Everybody is agreed that it will go away. You will awake some morning and find yourself in your right mind.'

'Never—my mind is not disordered. I know very well what I am saying, and what has befallen me.'

'That,' I said, 'is what no one can understand.'

'Everybody blames me—I know that everybody calls out

upon me for a wicked wretch thus to throw over the bravest lover ever woman had.'

I could not say her nay. I blamed her myself. I thought that if she even now were to resist this devil, he would flee from her.

'My father looks upon me with reproach, though he says nothing. My mother rates me morning, noon, and night. These reproaches sink into my very soul, brother, yet I can do nothing to escape them. What have I to say, she asks me, against that poor fellow? Is he not my old companion—my old friend—my old playfellow? Have I not known him all my life? Is it not certain that he loves me fondly? Do I want a man sent down from heaven direct? What am I to do, Nevill? What to say? Oh! What to do or to say?'

'If I were you, Sylvia, I would send for George and say yes, without more ado. You would thus make him happy, and yourself too; because, sure I am that you could not be happy unless he, too, shared in your joy.'

'I cannot—oh! I cannot. For the very life of me, I cannot.'

'Why not? What is to prevent you? Why, sister, you were not wont to be so dainty and whimsical. You cannot expect a man to be made on purpose for you. Besides, you were always so fond of him.'

At these words she fell to crying pitifully; but for some time would say nothing to the purpose. So I waited, only begging her to tell me all, if only to lighten her heart—which this kind of confession sometimes does wonderfully.

'You call it a whim, Nevill. When did you know me to have whims at all?'

No, nor anyone else—no one ever knew her to have whims. A more honest girl never lived, nor a more candid soul. Sylvia was never whimsical.

'I will try to tell you,' she said, 'what has befallen me. I will tell it as well as I can. You won't laugh at me, Nevill, because it is as true as death, and more dreadful to me than death itself. But I am afraid—I shall tell the story badly—you will not believe me——'

'I shall believe you, sister. Be sure of that.'

'It began a month ago——'

'What began?' because here she stopped short.

'Brother, I must tell you that every day I thought upon George. Never a day passed but he was in my mind.

"Now," I said to myself, "he is eighteen, and a tall lad: now he is twenty, and almost a young man: and now he is twenty-two, and a strong and a proper man." I followed him in my thoughts, seeing him grow, and thinking where he might be—what he was doing—what he was thinking. You know—I can surely tell my own brother—I always loved him.'

'I know you did, my dear, which makes it the more wonderful——'

'Wait. About a month ago my thoughts began to be disturbed—and that so strangely that I thought I must be dreaming. You know there are dreams, sometimes, which last after a person wakes up.'

'What kind of dream was this?'

'A dream about George. I thought that he had come home, strong and well—just such a handsome man as he is. I saw him open the door, and stand there for a moment; and then, just as he stepped forward with his eyes bright and his lips parted, and his hands outstretched——'

'Well?'

For here she stopped again.

'It was a dream of the night, first of all,' she repeated, as if trying to explain the thing to her own mind; 'only a dream at first—only a dream. I said to myself that it was nothing more; but then it wouldn't go away. The dream grew bigger. I saw in my dream the ship sailing home, with all her sails set, with a fair wind. Oh! and I saw George himself on the deck handsome and strong. He was laughing and talking with his shipmates as is his way; I saw his face quite plain! Oh, quite plain! His handsome, lovely face! Oh, I loved it!—I loved it!'

'Why, there, there, Sylvia!' I cried, interrupting her; 'you see that you do love him still—you confess it!'

'Alas! I have always loved him, and yet——. But you shall hear. I even seemed in my dream able to read his very heart, and it was full of love—oh, full of love!'—here her voice choked—'of love of me! And then, as the ship came nearer and nearer to the port, there grew up in my mind a horrible, a dreadful feeling—unnatural. It makes me shiver and shudder only to think of it, and yet I could not put it from me. That was at first in the night only. But when I awoke in the morning, though I knelt and prayed that it might be taken out of my mind, in my heart it never was, it remained. It stayed and it grew—it grew, it grew—yes, day

and night it grew more and more, until my whole mind was full of it!'

She shuddered and trembled, and caught my hand again.

'But what feeling, Sylvia? Tell me more.'

'I know not why, or for what cause—nay, there was no cause. God knows—Nevill—how will you believe me? George became to me—what shall I say? I came to tremble at the thought of him—to shudder and shiver—to think of him with a kind of sickness and disgust—why? why?'

'To think of George—George—with disgust?'

'Yes. There is no other word. He whom I have always loved became in my mind, and against my will—against my prayers—though I strove against it with all my heart—became an object of loathing to me, so that—I say again, solemnly—to think of his face made me shudder, and to think of his touch caused me such shame and disgust that I cannot express it in any words at all. My soul is filled with loathing when I think of him—and that is day and night.'

You may believe that by this time I was amazed indeed. I knew not what to think, or what to say. At first I could only stare open-mouthed into the stars above us.

'Oh! But this,' I presently told her, 'is a case for a physician. It is a disorder of the nerves, Sylvia. It is some disease which has fallen upon you.'

'Perhaps—but you have called in to me physicians of the soul as well as of the body, and they have availed nothing. Did one ever hear of a girl who loved yet loathed her lover? I know not who put this thing into my mind, nor why. I know not why it will not leave me for all my prayers.'

'Well, but seeing it was like an evil dream, it should have vanished when George came home.'

She cried out as if I had struck her a violent blow.

'Oh! you saw—you saw. All of you saw. When he stood at the open door, it was the very face which I had seen in my dream. Oh! the same honest face, bright with joy. And then, when I should have been moved to tears of joy, I was seized with a loathing worse—worse—far worse than I had ever felt before. My soul turned sick only to look at him. And when he would have taken my hand—I—but you were there—you know.'

'You swooned, sister. You fell into a dead faint, not once, but twice.'

This was her story, and a very strange story it is. For

you are to believe, if you can, that a girl of calm temper, good judgment, balanced mind; not a whimsical girl; not given, as some girls, to hysterics, or to vain imaginings, or, as I have heard of some, to the invention of fables, lies, and false charges against innocent persons; such a girl as Sylvia, quite suddenly, and without cause or motive, conceived in her mind a deadly loathing of a man whom she had previously loved—such a loathing as is not hatred, but a natural shrinking back from contact, as one shrinks back from a snake—so that for him to touch her hand filled her with disgust unutterable, and had he kissed her she would have fallen sick. This is what you must believe. Why? For my own part, I am not a physician, and I pretend to no opinion at all except that I think there may be, perhaps, diseases of the mind which correspond to those of the body, could one find them out. For instance, one falls suddenly into a fever, or boils and blains burst forth upon the flesh without apparent cause, or one falls into a fit without knowing why. So correspondent disorders may fall upon the mind, and if one could discover the correspondent treatment they might be dealt with just as their cognates or similitudes in the body. But I know not unto what disease of the body I would liken Sylvia's case. That is for a physician to consider.

You may understand that this confession was not made without many pangs and tears and sighs, that seemed to tear the poor child asunder. When she had finished, and had somewhat recovered her composure, I told her she should sit no longer thus among the tombs, and I led her out of the burying-ground into the Sisters' Close.

Here a light in the window showed that the Lieutenant and Sister Katherine were sitting together, doubtless talking over their trouble. I, for my own part, was too much astonished to attempt any judgment. Consider the strangeness of the case thus submitted to a young man of no experience, and that this was also the case of his only sister. What we had mistaken at first for disorder of the brain, caused by sudden joy—or even for a girlish whim, coquetry, or skittishness—was nothing less than a dreadful possession overmastering the poor child's soul.

We stopped for a few moments in the Close to rest her limbs. Then I asked her whether she had perhaps suffered her mind to dwell upon something unworthy of George. Because I had read of men being punished by their own evil

thoughts becoming their masters. But, indeed, her pure soul was incapable of dwelling upon thoughts of wickedness. I asked her, further, if she had communicated this matter to anyone—to her mother, for instance, or to her reverend godfather when he called upon her.

She replied that she had not dared to speak of the thing to anyone; that she had not been able to speak of it; that when she tried to tell Dr. Lorrymore she had been prevented by some means or other, so that she could only give him to understand that she felt as one abandoned by God Himself, and therefore a lost, despairing soul; but only this evening had she felt able to speak to me.

'My dear,' I said, 'this is a case for one much wiser than I. Shall I lay the whole matter before your godfather? Give me permission, and I will seek him to-morrow evening at his Rectory House, in Walbrook. I will tell him all, and ask his counsel. It may be that in a matter which belongs to the soul, a learned divine, when he knows the whole truth, may prove the better physician.'

She said I might do as I pleased; but that I was to tell no one else, for she feared greatly lest there should be idle gossip over her—and indeed there was already, as you have seen, plenty of talk, and everybody knew that George had come home full of love, and that his mistress scorned him.

'Come, my dear,' I said, 'you have now told me all. Let us go home, and you shall rest. You will be happier for having told somebody. Nay—this evening may prove the beginning of betterment.'

She took my hand again, and we walked round the west-end of the church, where the school is built against the wall. There is a place called the Queen's Close. It is a little court containing certain houses, where reside some of the inferior officers of the Precinct—among them the schoolmaster, Richard Archer. A light was in the window, and as we passed we heard him playing upon the violoncello.

But, Heavens!—what playing—what music was that! Heard one ever such music? It was now like unto the cursing of a man in a rage; now like the shrieking of one in torture; now like the wailing and weeping of a woman in sorrow; now it showed the desperate courage of one who leads a forlorn hope; now the madness of fighting; now the subdued whisper of one who plans revenge; now repressed hatred. I know that this may seem incredible—but to us the

violoncello spoke this way, as clearly as with a voice human. The music seemed to be to me from unwilling strings, as if the instrument was compelled against its will.

We stopped and listened. None had ever heard such music. Yet I remembered how once, seeing the church doors opened, I walked in and heard this same man playing upon the organ—he being at the time organist to the Hospital—music which seemed half-lamentation, half wrath. The music revealed all the passions conflicting together. I knew the man, we were at school together, he was of my age, man and boy he was always the same in temper—morose, harsh, and gloomy. He lived in the house assigned to him with his mother; he consorted with no one, he had no friends or associates.

'Why,' I said, 'it is the music of a man in a rage. Is the schoolmaster in a rage with all the world?'

'Come away,' cried Sylvia, dragging me. 'Come quick. Oh!—that music drives me mad.'

We stopped in the Brothers' Close to listen again. The sound was softened by the distance, and now the music seemed as if children were sobbing and weeping.

'Let us stay here a moment,' said Sylvia. 'There is something else that I must tell you.'

The Brothers' Close of St. Katherine's is a quadrangle running round three sides of a square. The Sisters' House is on the north side, an ancient timbered house with gables; on either side are the Houses of the Brothers and the Commissary; on the south side, separated by an open flagged court, stands the Church; and on the east side, adjoining the Brothers' Houses, is the Chapter House of the Society, where the Brothers and Sisters meet to conduct the business of the Hospital. A deep cloister, over which stand houses, runs round the three sides, and in the midst is a fair lawn. Here, but with other buildings, was the principal court when the place was a monastery, and the Sisters were nuns, and the Brothers monks, or at least clergy. The Brothers have always wandered round and round these cloisters; it is a place venerable alike for its age and for the memory of the pious and learned men whose footsteps have lingered day after day under its shelter and in its sunshine. On such an evening as this, one may almost, methinks, hear their feet still softly treading the flags. When on this night the moonlight falls upon the place one may even see thin ghostly forms flitting about among the pillars and across the lawn.

Such a place—so quiet, so ghostly, so retired—formed a fitting spot for what Sylvia had now to tell me.

'Brother,' she said, earnestly, 'what have I to do with that man?'

'You, Sylvia? Nothing.'

'Have I ever associated with him? Have I ever spoken to him?'

'You, Sylvia?' I repeated. 'How should you know such a man? His mother was a laundress: afterwards she became a dressmaker. She lived at first in the cheapest and vilest lane of the Precinct. As for his father—the Lord knows who he is. And as for the character of his mother—but that has been condoned by her good conduct. He is no companion for you, my dear. Why do you ask?'

'It is strange. How can I understand it?'

'Tell me, Sylvia—what more has happened?'

'This man—the schoolmaster—the man who now makes that music——'

'Well?'

'He can tell what is in people's minds.'

'Nonsense, Sylvia. You are dreaming.'

'No, I am not dreaming. He can read thoughts: he knows what I am thinking about.'

'But, child, he is the schoolmaster and the organist only. He is not even a learned man. How should he know anything but what he has learned in order to teach in school?'

'Listen, then, brother; and then doubt me if you can.'

'Are we all gone mad?' I replied. 'Sylvia, how should this man know anything about you at all?'

'Nevill,' she said, earnestly, 'that man knows what is in people's minds.'

'What man? The schoolmaster?'

'Yes. He has spoken to me; he knows what is in my mind. How does he know?'

'Sister!' I repeated. 'Are we all mad? What does this mean? How should Archer know what nobody knows except yourself?'

'That I cannot tell you. But this is the fact. When did George come home? A fortnight ago. Well, it was on a Saturday evening. On the Sunday afternoon before that day this man spoke to me and read my thoughts.'

'What? The schoolmaster. The organist?'

'Yes—none other. He spoke to me then.'

Go on, Sylvia,' I said, with increasing wonder. 'What did he say?'

'I was walking alone in the orchard after dinner. I was greatly disquieted, by reason of this dream, which never left me night or day, and because, though I must be continually thinking about George, it was with pain and suffering indescribable.'

'Well?'

'You know, Nevill, I never liked the man, though I have seldom spoken with him. Besides, you never liked him. That set me against him, perhaps. He has a hard, morose face, and he looks revengeful.'

'He hates his father for the injury done to his mother, and he hates the world because of his own origin and his obscurity.'

'Promise me, Nevill, that you will not fall into a rage.'

'That, my dear, is as it may be.'

'Nay—promise—I have so much else to bear that I cannot endure to think of leading you into trouble.'

'Well, Sylvia, I will do my best. There are some things—but go on.'

'I was walking alone there, in the orchard. And suddenly I met him in the path before me. It was just as if he had dropped from the skies. He did not offer to get out of my way; he stood in front of me as if resolved not to let me pass. Then a very strange thing happened. When I saw him standing before me in the path I felt for him the same—exactly the same—loathing as in my day and night dreams I felt for George. Why? For I have never thought of him except as the organist and the schoolmaster. He has been nothing to me—why should I feel anything about him—either to be drawn towards him or to shrink back from him?'

'Indeed, Sylvia, I cannot say that I understand anything at all in this business.'

'He stood before me, I say, holding out his arms so that I could not pass. Then he smiled, and said, "A change has come upon your heart, and love has turned to hatred. Love will never come back when hatred has once occupied the heart." "What do you mean, sir?" I asked him. He smiled again. "Since," he said, "you can no longer endure to think upon him, be content to put him out of your mind altogether. Then you will be happy again." I asked him once more what he meant. "Surely," he said, "you know what I mean. I

know what is in your heart. It began about a week ago. It will grow and grow until it entirely occupies you." How should he know this, Nevill?'

'Nay, do not ask me. I am bewildered.'

'But that was not all. He went on. He said, "Sylvia, when love is turned to loathing, all is done. The old love is dead. Time, then, to think of new love to be born in the ashes of the old. I am as yet only the schoolmaster and the organist. Wait a little. Give me time. Give me a chance. A splendid future opens out before me. You would like to be a great lady! You shall. I have had my fortune told. You shall if you like." More he would have said, but I pushed him from me, and turned and ran back home.'

'We are indeed all mad together. Richard Archer to read your thoughts? But how? Richard Archer to dare make love to you? Why, Sylvia, if George knew this he would cudgel the man to a bag of broken bones. Archer offer to make you a great lady?'

'Brother,' she replied, 'I am possessed—I am sure I must be—possessed of the Devil, and this man knows it. He is perhaps in league with the Devil. For, indeed, what else can this mean but possession? For indeed, as you know, I still love George with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength, yet I loathe to think of him—I cannot endure his presence—I would rather be pierced with a sword than feel his hand in mine. And just in the same manner—exactly in the same manner—I loathe the schoolmaster. Oh! brother—who will save me? Who will help me?'

I could neither help her nor save her, nor advise her, because I was wholly lost. I understood nothing. I could only promise that I would lay everything before her reverend godfather, and this promise I never performed on account of the trouble that befel myself the very day after.

Sylvia wrung her hands and sobbed and cried. We wept together for the pity of it and our helplessness. When I thought of it afterwards, I concluded that she must have been mad and dreamed these things. The schoolmaster had not, in truth, met her or spoken with her. She must be mad.

'Let us go home, dear,' I said, presently. 'You shall sleep the better for telling me this. It will prove,' I repeated, 'the beginning of your recovery.'

Again we heard the music of the schoolmaster's violoncello plainly, as if he had opened his window so that we might

hear the more clearly. The music was like the agonised shriek of a soul in torture.

'Listen!' cried Sylvia. 'Thus I cry aloud night and day. Thus am I torn with pain—thus am I abandoned to the torments of devils. Oh, brother! it is my very soul that cries out, and not music made by man!'

CHAPTER VIII

EVIL EYE AND EVIL HEART

Now you have heard all—even Sylvia's own confession, or narrative, of what happened to her. You have seen how this strange and mysterious event affected us all, from a reverend Prebendary of St. Paul's to the simple inhabitants of the Precinct. It was a thing to strike the imagination of all alike, because there is no man or woman so humble or so rude but can understand such a story of love thus crossed. I have told you how their tongues wagged, inventing this and that reason; how they recalled the fate of Captain Easterbrook of Deptford, about thirty years before, and compared it with the mishap that had just befallen George Bayssallance. The former had grievously injured and deceived a woman, who most solemnly imprecated Divine wrath upon her false lover; but it was never pretended that George had injured any woman, least of all the woman he loved constantly. Upon Captain Easterbrook there was laid a curse for his deed; but upon George, as honest and Godfearing young man as could be found, there was never any curse.

One thing remains to be told. I have kept it to the last because I would not have my readers think that I attach too much importance to the fact. The things which followed, however, do seem strangely to fit in with the wise woman's words. At the same time, it was six years and more after the events that she unfolded to me the story which, according to her, explains and unravels the whole mystery. According to her, there was witchcraft, and that of a very strange kind, most uncommon in this country, where even if men or women possess such power diabolic they are ignorant of it, and therefore practise it only unconsciously.

Margery Habbijam, that Solomon of her sex, was sitting

alone one evening in her arm-chair beside the fire, snug for the night, her pipe alight and between her lips, ready to receive any who might call. But this evening she expected no one, because the night was cold and wet, with a driving wind—a night when the most anxious inquirer into the future would willingly stay at home. Her greasy old pack of cards lay on the greasy table, stained with beer, rum, and I know not what. A box containing herbs also stood upon the table, and she had some herbs in her lap. The outer shutter was up, and across the window within was nailed a blind which wanted washing. Truth to tell, the dame's room was none of the cleanest. The kettle was singing on the hob—but not for tea, I promise you. As some ladies love tea, so this good old lady loved another kind of infusion or mixture. The door was shut; but a string tied to the latchet was conducted round the room, and hung within reach of her hand. It was nearly nine o'clock: the court was quiet: most of the people were gone to bed.

Suddenly she started and sat upright, listening. She heard a step in the court—an uncertain step, as of one who hesitated, or knew not the way—perhaps a stealthy step. The old woman knew this kind of step well: it was that of one who came to seek her counsel, or to learn the future, but was ashamed of his desire, and anxious that no one should see him coming thus to consult a vulgar oracle. Many such steps she heard outside her door. Now it would be a young girl, to ask about her lover, if he truly loved her, if he would be constant, and what she should do to fix his affections. Now it would be a young man, asking similar questions about himself and his girl. Now, again, it would be even a solid merchant, asking about the safety of his ship or the prospects of his new venture. Most of her inquirers came after dark, walking slowly, hesitating, ashamed. But they all stopped at last before her door.

Margery reached out her hand and pulled the string. The latchet was lifted, and the wind blew open the door.

'Come in,' said she. 'Come in quickly and shut the door.'

At the door stood a man wrapped in a cloak thrown over his shoulders: his throat was muffled up, and over one eye was a black patch. There is nothing unusual in wearing a cloak on a winter evening, nor in muffling up the throat when the wind is cold and the sleet is driving. And, in these days of fighting in the streets with fists and cudgels, it is certainly not uncommon to see a man with a patch over his eye. Yet all

these things together suggest a desire for concealment. Dame Margery knew the signs. Those who came for the first time always endeavoured to disguise themselves.

'Come in,' she repeated. 'Shut the door and tell me what you want.'

She glanced at him with seeming carelessness; then she took up her pipe again, and puffed the smoke of it in clouds.

'I came,' the man began; 'I came,' he repeated, and then stopped.

'Why don't you say what you want? There is no one here but me.'

'If you have the power which you pretend——' But he stopped again.

'Let me look at you again. Closer, closer. Stoop down.' She clutched the candle, pushed back the man's hat, which fell upon the table, looked into his one eye and into his face.

'I know,' she said, presently, 'why you have come here. I can tell you that, and I can tell you more.'

'If you can only tell me what I know already, I may as well go away.'

'Very well. If you think you will get nothing more you can go away.'

The man hesitated.

'What were you going to tell me?' he asked.

'I was going to tell you that you hate a man—perhaps more than one man—and that you love a woman. You hate the man partly on account of the woman, partly for other reasons. You hate many men—you are angry with fortune—you are discontented.'

'How did you find that out?' he asked, not apparently displeased to hear these solid truths.

'I read these things in your eye and in your face.'

'Well, suppose they are true?'

'You would do one man, at least, a mischief, and you would make that woman love you if you can.'

'That is right, Gammer; quite right. You have guessed truly,' he laughed, and rubbed his hands. 'I would do both these things. Give me the power. I am not rich, but I will scrape some money together. Come.'

'I don't sell these things,' she said, taking up her pipe, and leaning back in her chair.

'Come. You can sell them, if you please, and nobody will know. I live'—he looked very cunning then—'three miles

away. Over there—Charing Cross way. No one will ever find out.'

'I will not sell you that power,' she said; 'but give me five shillings and I will tell you something that you don't know. Oh! if you are dissatisfied afterwards you shall have back your five shillings. Lay them on the table.'

The fellow lugged out his purse; there was not much in it, and found the money, which he laid on the table between them.

'Now,' said he, 'give me my crown's worth.'

'Why,' she said, 'I think you will confess that you have got more than your crown's worth. You come here for some charm or spell that will give you the power to do mischief to a certain man.'

'Yes; and to get power over a woman.'

'Power, you shall have. As for love, I cannot say. Maids' hearts are fickle things. But as for power, that you shall have, and plenty.'

'How shall I have it? Do you sell it? Is it a charm, or a piece of paper, or a prayer read backwards? Do you want me to sell my soul?'

'No—no—it is none of these things. Man alive! You have the power already, and you know it not.'

'How can I have it and not know it?'

'Did you never hear of the Evil Eye?'

'What is that?'

'I will tell you. Very few people in this country know about the Evil Eye—and it is rare to find it—though in foreign parts I have been told everybody knows of it, and it is common. The man who has the evil eye brings sorrow upon all he loves, disaster upon all his friends, misery upon all who trust him, and bad luck to all who deal with him. It is a terrible misfortune to have the Evil Eye. Sometimes it happens to good and pious men. Then, it is said, the sorrow that follows in his footsteps becomes repentance for sin, and so his Evil Eye is turned into a blessing. When Evil Eye joins with Evil Heart, as is commonly the case, woe to the friends of such a man! Woe to the woman who loves him!'

'This is old wives' talk—I cannot part with a crown so easily.' He laid his hand upon the money, but he did not take it up.

'Very well, master; but I have not done yet. Your crown's worth is coming.'

'Let it come, then.'

'Why, then, what do you say to this? *You've got the Evil Eye yourself!*'

He started, and changed colour.

'No —no,' he said. 'It is nonsense; there is no such thing.'

'I will prove it to you. Consider: you are two-and-twenty years of age. By that time every man has been in love. What became of the girl who loved you a year ago?'

He changed colour, and made no reply.

'What became of her?' the old woman repeated.

'She took small-pox,' he replied, unwillingly.

'The Evil Eye. Then you deserted her.'

'What if I did? She had lost her looks.'

'The Evil Eye. That brought her this misery. She drowned herself.'

'What if she did?'

'The Evil Eye. It followed her. Again, you had a friend once only once—because most people shrink from you by instinct. One friend you had where is he now?'

'He is in prison for debt. Did I put him there?'

'The Evil Eye. You have a mother. What happened to her when you were born?'

The man swore a deep oath for reply.

The Evil Eye. Never doubt it, man. Doubt what else you please, but never doubt that you have the Evil Eye.'

The man was staggered; he had received more than he expected. He came in the wicked hope of getting one of those charms which work mischief; he did not get that, but he got more. He was staggered —he looked amazed. Then he tried to carry it off with a laugh.

'Evil Eye! Evil Eye!' he said. 'What nonsense is this? Why not the Evil Hand?'

'Why not?' the old woman repeated. 'Why not? You have that as well if you like.'

'Come, Gammer; we no more make our eyes than our legs. I can't afford five shillings for being told a cock-and-bull. Keep such tales for the women.'

'Nay,' she said, 'you know it is true; you feel it. Well, master, that is all. A man who has the Evil Eye wants no witch. He is a wizard or warlock by birth. Why come to me then? You are more powerful than any poor old wise woman.'

'How?' he asked, restlessly.

'What do you want, I say, with a witch? I can do nothing for you. All you want you can have if you choose. The Evil Eye, with one other thing, which I am sure you have as well——

'What is that?' he interrupted, eagerly.

'The Evil Heart, young man; if you have the Evil Heart as well as the Evil Eye, you will go far.'

The man opened his mouth and gasped.

'Poison berries kill because it is the nature of the plant. You can scatter mischief about because it is your nature. Being such as you are, the power of doing mischief is in your hands—or in your Eye.'

'If I thought that—but you talk wild,' he said, irresolutely.

'I never talk wild.'

'Then tell me more—tell me more. If I have this power, how am I to use it?'

He threw off his cloak, pulled the muffler from his neck, and tore the black patch from his eye, impatient of disguise or concealment. He now presented the appearance of a man still in early manhood. He had black hair, tied behind, but not powdered. His face was in no way remarkable except that it was not at all the face of a common man, but might have been that of some great lord for the strange pride of it. He wore a plain brown coat, and waistcoat of drab cloth, sober and simple, without lace; his stockings were of worsted, and his buckles steel. His eyes—those eyes in which the old woman thought she read that terrible quality called Evil—were bright and piercing, they never rested for a moment, glancing about while the man stood, spoke, or listened. Never have I seen eyes stranger, more restless, or brighter.

'Tell me how I may use the power,' he repeated. 'Tell me—teach me—and I will pay you handsomely, as soon as I get any money. I will scrape and save. I want all the power—all the power I can get. I am famishing for power.'

'Na—na—how the man talks! Should I sell you this secret? Why, you may go murdering with it, and never be discovered. Not so, master. It is sufficient for me to know it. Find out for yourself.'

'Tell—me,' he said, 'I order you to tell me. If I truly have the Evil Eye and the Evil Heart—if I have this power—I will drag it from you.'

The wise woman lifted her face, and met his eyes. But before them her own dropped. She bent her head. She was overcome.

'I will tell you,' she said, reluctantly. 'If you want evil to happen, order it to happen. Order it in your own mind. No need of words. No one should hear; no one should suspect; no one should ever know. If you will it—the thing shall happen.

'Yes—yes—if I will it—if I command it.'

'No man can have this power without a price.'

'What price? What price great enough for power? Why, old woman, I was born for power, and it was snatched from me at the moment of my birth. Power? I have dreamed of power all my life. Give me power. Why, I am a slave, because I am poor. No slave in the world more in slavery than myself. Give me power—give me power—at any price.'

'It is a terrible price to pay. It is this—whatsoever mischief you compass for another, that shall fall upon yourself, in equal measure. If it be murder, then shall you be murdered in your turn.'

'If I have a long rope—what matters how I die?'

'If it is a gaol, then shall you, too, be clapped in prison. If it be loss of fortune, then shall you be ruined; if it be loss of love, then shall you, too, lose love; if it be disgrace, then you, too, shall be disgraced.'

'Oh! Price—the price? What is all this stuff? Sufficient for me if I have the power. As for the men I hate, they shall feel it. As for the woman I love——'

'I said that you would do mischief.'

'It would be mischief enough, if you are right, to cause any woman to love me.'

'Yet you cannot compel love or any good thing at all. All that you can do by means of your Evil Eye and your Evil Heart, is mischief. But remember, there is the price to pay. Always the price. Never forget the price.'

'Ho, ho! The price! As if I believe in the price!'

Strange! This man who was ready to believe in the Evil Eye and in the power of the Evil Heart and the Evil Eye would not believe in the certain retribution which was to follow. Thus wonderfully are men made! Thus are they suffered to run into their destruction!

The old woman when she told me all this said, further, that she could not choose but tell the man when he commanded

her. Such was the force of his will, though he knew it not. She went on to maintain that this knowledge, and nothing else, was the cause of all that followed. For my own part, I think that the supposed knowledge had nothing to do with it, that the Evil Eye does not, and cannot exist, and that such powers have never been conferred upon any mortal, even with such a price attached to them as a condition.

When she had told him all she lifted her head and faced him again.

'I have nothing more to tell you,' she said. 'You made me speak. The man who has the Evil Eye and the Evil Heart as well should be taken away and hanged like a dog. He is a devil.'

'Oh! It is good—it is sweet—to have power,' he said. 'To have power I must plan and think. You have got nothing else to tell me?'

'Nothing else.'

'Very well,' he picked up his cloak; 'you can keep the money. What you have told me is a good crown's worth.'

She clutched the five shillings and placed them in her purse.

'You tell fortunes,' he said, pointing to the cards. 'Read me my fortune. Oho! It will be the fortune of a great and powerful man, able to kill and maim all he hates, and to cripple every one who offends him. Read me my fortune, I say.'

He sat down again. The old woman took up her pack of cards. 'You are not afraid?' she asked. 'After what you have heard, you are not afraid?'

'I afraid of Fortune! Why, Fortune has done her worst. I defy her to do worse than she has done. I afraid of Fortune! I am no more afraid of Fortune than I am afraid of you and your tricks.'

The old woman nodded her head and shuffled her cards. Then—but everybody knows exactly how a fortune-teller handles her cards. Sometimes she deals by nines. Then every combination of nine yields part of the truth she is seeking. This learned, she makes other groups of nine. Then she makes combinations of three cards, sometimes of seven cards, sometimes of the whole pack displayed in a certain order upon the table.

For half an hour she played with the cards, noting in silence this and that, nodding her head, pointing, but always in silence,

with her forefinger. At last she picked out certain cards, and reserved them in her hands, throwing the rest away.

'This is you,' she said, showing the King of Spades. 'That is your card. Now I will tell you what I have learned from the cards.

'You have been very unfortunate. Misfortune has pursued you from your birth. Your mother is married, yet not married: she has a husband, yet is a widow. The man who should keep her in luxury leaves her in poverty. You are very poor, who should be rich. You fill a mean station, who should be exalted. You are ambitious, but you can see no way of rising. You are ingenious, and have great parts, but you have neither the education nor the manners for a higher place. You rail at your fate daily, but you are powerless to raise yourself. As for the power which you do possess, it is the power of mischief, and cannot help you. And yet a day will come—the signs are clear—when you will possess wealth. It will come to you. There will be wealth and position; and yet—yet a stranger fortune I never read.' Here she stopped.

'Well? Go on. What did you see?'

'The signs are clear. They have never been clearer. But they may turn out wrong. Man! I have seen terrible things. A more terrible fortune I have never read. Best go away and hear no more, and forget what you have learned.'

'Read on—I am not afraid.'

She held up the five of spades. 'Do you see this card? You must take it for a warning, all the things that follow will be caused by neglecting this caution. Avoid evil designs and plots against the happiness of others, or dreadful things which I have seen in the cards—shall happen to you.'

'Are you a preacher, or a fortune-teller? Tell the fortune and leave the preaching to your betters.'

'Very well. I will tell you your fortune. What is this?' She held up the four of diamonds. 'It means a faithless friend and a secret betrayed. You are the traitor and the faithless friend. And this?' It was the ace of spades. 'This means malice and misfortune—your malice and the misfortunes of others. And this?' It was the tray of diamonds. 'Misery brought first upon others by you, and next upon yourself, by yourself. And this?' It was the ten of clubs. 'This means crime, the prison, and the gibbet. And see—these two cards fall together—the ten of clubs and the ten of spades. The first I have told you. The second—it came

with the first—interpret it as you please—the ten of spades with the ten of clubs—the second means wealth, sudden and unexpected. Interpret that as you please. Wealth with prison. Riches with the gallows. Remember—think of the five of spades. Avoid devilish wrongs and dark designs.'

She gathered up her cards and laid them aside.

He got up and put on his cloak and muffler.

'That Power,' he said. 'Will it get me money?'

'No. But money will come.'

'Will it get me love—station—authority?'

'No. But station will come; it will get you nothing but mischief—revenge—and misery.'

He put on his hat. 'Since,' he said, 'it will get the second, I care not much about the rest.'

He opened the door, stepped out into the court, and was gone.

When he was gone, the old woman got up hurriedly, and locked, bolted, and barred her door.

'He is a devil,' she said. 'He is a born devil. And he shall hang.'

Then she went to the foot of the stair and called out, but not very loudly, 'Jack, it is half-past nine. You can come down now.

There slowly descended the narrow staircase an old man. He was older than the woman by ten years or so, being as much past eighty as she was past seventy. His hair was all gone, and his bald pate was covered with an old thrum cap; he had on a thick flannel jacket such as sailors wear, and he had the loose leggings such as sailors wear; his feet were bare. His face was quite white, as if—which was the case—he never went outside the house. His step was feeble; he sat down before the fire and shivered, spreading out his hands before the bars for warmth. In his face, in his carriage, you could clearly read the old sailor. It is a profession which can never be hidden. He looked like the ghost of a sailor—a ghost grown old on the other side of the Styx.

'It's late, Jack. But I've had a visitor. Not a profitable visitor, but such a visitor as doesn't often come. There's something about him you'd like to know, Jack.'

'Ay—ay! Maybe—maybe,' he replied, feebly.

'First, you shall have some grog. The kettle is boiling She bustled about, got a bottle of rum out of her cupboard, a basin of sugar, and two glasses. Then she proceeded to brew,

first for the old man and then for herself, two stiff glasses of hot rum and water. The old man drank off half the contents of the glass. Then he sat up in the chair and straightened his back. He drank half the remainder. Then he smacked his lips and nodded his head.

'Ay—ay,' he said. 'You were saying, Margery—what might you be saying, now?'

His wife—it was his wife, and this was none other than the man who had escaped the gallows thirty years before—took her chair, and began to drink her grog, but more slowly.

'The schoolmaster has been here—the man called Richard Archer. He thinks I don't know him; he believes I never go outside the house. Ho!—ho! I knew him the moment he came in. I've looked at him before and had my suspicions; but I never knew before the whole truth. He's a devil, Jack. It was a devil that sat here and went away five minutes ago.'

'A devil was it? Don't bring devils here, Margery. We've had enough devils to last our lives—haven't we?'

'And whose son is he? Aha, Jack, I haven't told you that. I know it, and I've never told you—why? It would do no good, and he knows nothing of what happened aboard the *Shannon* thirty years ago.'

'Whose son is he? What d'ye mean, Margery? The *Shannon*?' He looked round here with apprehension. 'I thought they had forgotten it by this time. Are they looking for me again? Don't let them find me, Margery—don't.'

'Not forgotten nor forgiven, Jack. But no harm will come so long as you keep snug. He's the son of the Captain—your captain—the Hon. Stephen Bullace, who's now my Lord Aldeburgh, the man you knocked down on his own quarterdeck.'

'I truly did,' said the old man. 'I knocked him down with a belaying pin; I knocked the sense out of him: and since I had to die for it, I am truly sorry that I didn't knock the life out of him. A man can be hanged but once, and if you want to murder a devil and be hanged for it, better murder him outright and be hanged for it. Hanging at the yardarm is a nasty thing, mind you. Best do something worth the trouble. Not that it hurts so much as you think—but there's the dangling, and the feeling for the deck which you can't reach with your feet, and there's the rope about your neck getting tauter, and——'

'Finish your glass, Jack,' said the wife. 'You wasn't hanged after all.'

He obeyed. 'No more I was—no more I was,' he said cheerfully; 'though sometimes I think I really was turned off in the presence of the ship's crew. Well, and so this man's his son. How can the son of a noble lord be a schoolmaster?'

'Because, don't you see, you old fool you—his mother wasn't married. If his father was a devil, the son is a worse devil.'

'He was a cruel devil, a hard devil, a flogging devil, an unforgiving devil. He thought nothing of six dozen, nor twelve dozen either. He lashed and flogged all day long. I've always been sorry I didn't kill him. The pity of it!—the pity of it!' He shook his head and looked as if he was going to shed tears over the spoiling of a good cause.

'If you and me live, Jack,' said his wife, 'you shall see his son swing at Newgate. If there is any truth in cards, he will die on the gallows. Evil Eye and Evil Heart. He will be hanged.'

Both the old man and his wife are dead. Everybody knows the truth now, though for thirty years no one suspected it. The old man was the sailor who should have been hanged; and all the time he was a prisoner in his wife's house. This was the reason why he was so pale and white; he never dared to leave the house even by night. This was the reason, too, why voices were sometimes heard in the cottage at night. And this was the reason why the old woman was so good a friend to butcher and baker. When he died his widow made no bones of confessing the whole.

This, then, is exactly what passed between the schoolmaster and the wise woman. If you consider it carefully, you will remark—first, that the wise woman knew the man as soon as he appeared; next, that she knew his history—which was, as you have seen, a particularly unfortunate one. For there can be no greater misfortune than to be born of a noble parent, heir to a great name and estate, but debarred because there is a doubt as to your mother's marriage. She knew the rage which devoured his soul; what she prophesied were the things that would happen should he continue in his evil dispositions. I am well aware that many will think that this prophecy was that of a witch. For my own part, I think, as I said before, that the power of foretelling these things came from knowledge, and not from any witchcraft.

END OF PART I

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF SNUGS

'Citizens'—one of the company, a young man of dark complexion and eager face, sprang to his feet—'Citizens and Brother Snugs, we waste words in vain regrets. King Louis is dead. So may all tyrants die! You think, that, because the country is struck with the magnitude of the blow, all our work is spoiled. Well, for a week or two we may have to lay by. Then the pent-up tide will flow again with greater force and fulness. Think! We have done too much—we have taught the people too much—for them now to stop, though all the Kings of Europe fall! What is the death of a King to the freedom of humanity?

'Consider,' he went on, 'the strength of our position. Why, it is impregnable. Where in the beginning was your aristocracy? Where were your kings? Where was property? Men joined together for protection. It was for the general happiness alone that they united; it is for no other reason that they live together still. If it were not for that we should separate once more. It was for the general happiness that Society was constituted; it is for the general happiness that it exists and holds together. It is true that kings and priests have combined to take from the people the fruits of their industry, and to rob them of the right of governing. But, once the people understand, the reign of king and priest is over! Well, we have taught the people of England to understand. Our societies number thousands—in every great town wherever there are intelligent men our principles are spread abroad and have taken root. What? Of our last address twelve thousand copies were issued and distributed. If every copy is read or heard by a hundred men, there are over a million readers, and

therefore a million converts. Think you that because a king has fallen all the teaching shall have been thrown away? Never!

'A king,' he went on, 'is but an ordinary man. Strip him—he is trunk, arms, and legs; anatomise him—his muscles and his veins are the same as mine. His brain is no different. Why, then, this awe because a king has fallen?'

It was the very day when the news reached London of the French King's execution. Everybody knew that he was in prison; he had been a prisoner for months. Everybody was certain that he would sooner or later be brought to his trial, and executed. The French—nay, rather the Parisians—had shown by this time that they were capable of every crime; nay, they pointed to us with the death of King Charles the Martyr (for which the Church performs yearly a religious service of penitence and fasting, to remove from this generation the sins of our forefathers)—what Great Britain did, they said, France could do. So that when he was finally brought before a tribunal no one was surprised; but when the news came that he had actually been taken out and beheaded a great awe fell upon everybody, even upon those who, like ourselves, held Revolutionary opinions, and were avowed Republicans. Men whispered the news to each other with pale faces; they met in the street and held up hands of horror; grave and substantial merchants asked each other what would happen next. The blow which struck off the King's head seemed to shake our own throne, and to strike at the pillars of the Church. That was in seeming only, for it really strengthened the Throne and made the Church secure, in awakening throughout the length and breadth of the land a greater horror for the crimes of the Revolution than had been caused by even the massacres of September or the murder of the Swiss Guards.

It was in the midst of the first awe caused by this event that our club was gathered together. If loyal folk felt that here was a blow at the throne, the revolutionary party felt more strongly that here was a blow which could not fail to prove disastrous to their cause. What had before been tolerated: freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the unmolested distribution of tracts, addresses, and pamphlets, would no longer be permitted. This, I say, we understood very well, and it was with apprehension and dismay that we were met together this evening.

The doors were closed and locked—we had exchanged gloomy forebodings, we were now listening to the voice of one who sought to restore confidence. There is no creature, however, more timid than a conspirator; and we were, in fact, all conspirators. True, we should not have allowed the charge. We were all for proceeding by constitutional proceedings. The people were to be fully represented in Parliament—the rest would follow. As in Paris the Third Estate constituted itself the National Assembly, so at Westminster the House of Commons, for the first time the true representatives of the people, would speedily put an end to King and Lords. So we thought.

'Remember,' the speaker went on, 'we have taught the people to understand that all men are born equal; all men are heirs to equal rights; all men are brothers. They will never forget this great lesson once learned. It has sunk into their hearts for ever. All men are equal.'

The company murmured approval. This was still a phrase by which you could always command applause. You had only to advance the proposition that all men are born equal. It was the first axiom with the Revolutionary party—to dispute it was unworthy of a reasonable being. We have now ceased to believe this doctrine; we are prepared to recognise the fact that of all living creatures none are created so unequal—in strength, size, courage, skill, in anything—as man. However, we were as yet only at the beginning of the year 1793, and the doctrine still flourished.

'Citizens and Brother Snugs,' the speaker continued, 'we have taught the people more than this. They have learned how governments began and laws were made. They have begun to ask themselves why things are as they are. To ask why is not only the beginning of wisdom, it is also the beginning of revolution. Will these men be stopped when they have once begun to inquire, by any rule of a corrupt judge? Not so. Why—we know now—men parted with their power when they chose soldiers to fight for them, so that they could in peace work at their crafts and their tillage. That was the first folly: all the rest followed naturally. They thought to wax fat, and sit in indolence, while others fought for them. They forgot that he who has the sword has the power. Very soon the man with the sword came along—but now armed with a whip as well. He took from the weaver and the tiller the fruits of his labour, leaving him a mere pittance on which

to starve. If the worker refused or remonstrated, he felt the whip about his shoulders : if he rebelled, he was murdered. He who can kill can make his neighbour obey. That is how oppression began, and why it continues. Those who can kill can command. It is the case with us to this day, and with all the people in the world, except the Swiss and the Americans. They can keep us quiet because we are not armed ; they can ride us down and slaughter us if we venture to meet openly ; they will not allow us to combine for the raising of wages, or for the protection of labour, or for any cause whatever. But what is society but a combining together of men ? They will not suffer the people to meet, so that they may speak with each other : they will not suffer them so much as to be taught to read and write ; and the few who can read and write they do not suffer to print for themselves what they please. Oh ! ' —(his voice rose, and he swept the air with a fine gesture)— ' that shall be all swept away, and before long. All swept away, I say, and destroyed. Give me a thousand men, armed and drilled—only a thousand men—and in a week I will have a million, and in a month I will have brought about a revolution more thorough even than that of France—a more complete clearance of rubbish even than our friends across the Channel have made as yet. Give me but a thousand men, armed and drilled.'

' Have a care, brother,' said the Chairman. ' Here we are all friends ; but walls have ears.'

' Well, from the soldiers came the nobles : from the nobles came the king. Then, to keep the people down the more surely, and to terrify them into obedience, came the priests, and they made laws. To enforce the laws they made punishments, tortures, floggings, executions, prisoners, officers of the law, judges, magistrates, lawyers, gaolers. When all was in the hands of the people, they only met together in order to divide the fruits of their labours. They wanted no laws : there were none. Laws are for tyrants, not for the people. If one man dared to take more than his share of the public store, they killed him. No law but that : they all rose together and killed him. No judge was wanted : the people were the judges. If one man kept aught for himself, they killed him. If one man refused to work with the rest, they killed him. They killed him, I say. That was the first and only law. If a man sins against the people, let him die. There is no other law wanted. Make that your only law, and

you sweep away everything—those who call themselves kings and nobles by hereditary descent, those who live by the superstitious terror of the people, those who live by the working of tyrannical and unjust laws, those who live by making others work for them, those poor devils who are kept in prison and hanged for helping themselves to their own—everything. All belongs to the people—everything that is found or that grows in the fields, the meadows, the orchards, the woods, the fish in the river, the cattle on the plains, the birds of the air—all—all belongs to the people. Why, gentlemen, in establishing the Revolutionary Tribunal—in killing the nobles first and the King next: what have our friends in France done but go back to the First Principles of Society? Let him, I say, who robs the people—die.'

'Have a care,' said the Chairman again. 'Have a care, brother. Walls have ears.'

The speaker was certainly a born orator. He had a fine musical voice, capable of varied intonation; his eyes were of piercing brightness; his face regular and singularly handsome; such a face as we call aristocratic, also possessed of the greatest vivacity—some might say it was restless and excitable. The cold sentences which I write down cannot in the least represent the fervour of his speech or the vehemence of his tones. The words poured out like a torrent; and he looked as if he wished that like a torrent they might overwhelm, destroy, and sweep away whatever lay in their way. He spoke as one who is deeply in earnest—indeed, at that time he certainly was in earnest; what he became afterwards you shall hear; now it is only a man in earnest who can carry his hearers with him, and while he spoke our hearts glowed within us. We thought no more of the crimes which had stained the cause in France; we thought of the cause itself—holy and glorious; the cause of humanity; the cause of the oppressed; we thought that Heaven itself was to be unfolded for the happiness of man even before his death, as soon as kings and nobles were finally done away with and murdered or banished, or reduced to equality with the rest. He gasped as he spoke; he seemed as if he longed to get rid of one statement before he began another and a more fiery one; he spoke as if he were addressing a vast multitude, or the House of Commons at least, instead of a small club of a dozen or twenty men; he banged the table with his fist; he swept the air with outstretched hands; his gestures corresponded

to his words; they were natural and spontaneous, they showed the harmony of thought and action; others might be lukewarm in the cause; there could be no doubt that this man was in earnest. In earnest, do I say? Why, he was, himself, a raging, roaring, fiery furnace.

'I have heard these very words,' said the Marquis, softly, 'in Paris herself. Our philosophers inquired into the reasons and the foundations of things. We continued the inquiry in our *salons*; even in the great houses of London I have taken part in these inquiries—nothing has been left undisturbed. When one stirs up foundations, one is apt to raise a dust. I have since heard the same words in the open Courts of the Palais Royal; in the markets and the cross-roads; in the *cafés* and at the clubs. The doctrines of the philosophers have been carried out by those practical gentlemen who represent the Sovereign People. It is well. I am here—and my wealth, and privileges, and power are—where?' He shrugged his shoulders and took a pinch of snuff.

I have never been able to understand when the Marquis spoke in earnest and when he was mocking. His air was always perfectly grave and his manner composed; he looked in the face of the person whom he was addressing with a countenance so serious as to disarm suspicion: and he was so noble in his carriage and deportment, a man of such good breeding and address, that no one ventured to question his sincerity.

Yet, consider. He was a Marquis in the French nobility; he was of very ancient and illustrious family; he had lost everything by the Revolution; he had every cause to loathe the cause of the People. Yet he came here; he sat among us; he was an honorary member of our club. What did such a man in such a company?

I have always thought that the French committed the greatest of all blunders when they executed the King and the Queen, and the most fatal of all crimes when they suffered the little Prince to be tortured to death. Nothing certainly more strengthened the terror of mob rule than these crimes. Why, they were useless; it could not seriously be pretended that the King, Queen, or Dauphin had committed any treason against the Republic. Further, they did not, by killing them, kill all the pretenders to the French Crown. There were still left the King's brothers, one of whom reigns at this moment. King Louis XVI. dead, King Louis XVII. succeeded in the

eyes of Royalists. When that poor child fell a victim to the cruelties of his guardian the cobbler, Louis XVIII. followed. Two courses were open to the French, either of which would have been dignified and worthy of a great nation. Had either of them been adopted, the Revolution in this country would, I am convinced, have followed. They might have made the King solemnly abdicate, and resign his sovereignty into the hands of the people to whom it belonged. They might then have invited him to retire with his family to the frontier ; or better still, they might have assigned him a residence, a guard for his personal safety, and a pension for life. Had they done this, the Revolution might have resulted in a permanent Republic, and the highest ambition of Buonaparte would have been to command a Division.

The speaker lowered his tone on the warning of the President. 'But,' he continued, 'we are all comrades here,' citizens of the British Republic which shall be proclaimed before many weeks are out ; we are members of this great Society which now covers the whole country. To speak in this club is more secret than to speak in a Freemasons' Lodge. Why, these clubs of ours are the only places where we can speak openly and freely and without fear. Outside they are slaves, with spies set over them to prevent them whispering to each other so much as the shame of their slavery. Slaves all. Slaves to their laws, their King, their nobles, and their priests. Here alone and in such clubs as these can we breathe the blessed air of freedom.'

We were breathing the blessed air of freedom after it had been itself confined in prison. No prison air could have been closer. To begin with, the room was low, and round the long table which occupied the middle were twenty or five-and-twenty men. It was a cold and wet night : the company had hung up their cloaks and capes on the pegs to dry : the reek of the damp cloth combined with the smell of flip, hot mulled or spiced ale, porter, punch, purl, grog, and every other kind of drink, and with the fumes, irritating and nauseous, of a dozen pipes of tobacco, and, lastly, with the snuffing of the six candles by which the room was lit, to make a most delectable atmosphere. Our members, however, appeared not to mind it—even to sniff the fragance with satisfaction. The place was the back parlour of the King's Head, Little Alie Street, Whitechapel : the windows, which were never opened,

looked out upon a large tenter-ground. The furniture of the room consisted of nothing but the table aforesaid and a number of chairs corresponding to the number of the company. The chair at the head of the table was provided with arms, as is the fashion in clubs.

There were at this time hundreds of clubs all over London. Says Timothy Twig :

> What a number of clubs doth this City contain !
> We have one for each street, for each alley and lane :
> Bucks, Albions, Friars, of Masons some dozens,
> Lumber Troops, Dr. Butlers, and Clerical Cousins ;
> Cockneys, Codgers, Gormigans, around us are spread.
> . . . . . .
> But of clubs there is none that's so useful, or suiting
> My ideas, as those that exist by disputing :
> Where the parties all meet and agree for to jar,
> Where 'prentices study for Senate and Bar :
> Harangue in the streets, on the wharves scarcely stop,
> And talk of Voltaire in the cheesemonger's shop.

Ours was none other than the Sublime Society of Snugs. Originally intended for convivial purposes—the earlier Snugs were renowned for their rounds, catches, and glees : to be a Snug in their days was to be a cheerful, harmonious, harmless toper—the club had since been converted into a political association. A Snug seldom now lifted up his voice in song. The new brethren were all sober and earnest men. They locked their doors when they met. The club was a branch of the great Corresponding Society whose members were numbered by thousands, and whose branches covered the whole country. This Society, and all its branches, warmly welcomed the beginning of the French Revolution, and ardently desired reform in this country of the same character, taking from the privileged classes all their power, and transferring it to a Parliament elected by the whole people. And there can be little doubt that, had the progress of the Revolution in France proved peaceful, it would have been followed and imitated in this country, though how far one cannot venture to say. The Society of Snugs, then, was one of these branches. We met every Saturday evening at this tavern, the landlord professing to know nothing more about us than that we were a club which talked or sung, smoked tobacco, drank a cheerful glass, and obeyed certain bye-laws, which were certainly innocent enough, and were hung up, framed, over the mantelshelf.

We had our officers duly appointed. I was myself the

secretary ; we kept minutes of our proceedings and resolutions. These, however, were locked up. We carried on our business with closed doors. At every meeting those were invited to speak who had any suggestion to make, or any information to impart. As happens in all such clubs, the members were all eager to talk, anxious, I suppose, to see how their opinions sounded when they were uttered. Every man paid for his own drink. It was a sober club, and the members rarely got fuddled. One ceremony was necessary before a new member could be admitted. He must be introduced by an old member, and must take an oath never to repeat, outside the club, sentiments, speeches, or opinions that he might hear in the club itself. This was an important precaution, because, though I have read Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man' and Joel Barlow's 'Address to the Privileged Orders,' I have never heard or read anywhere sentiments more revolutionary, or speeches more seditious.

The members of the club very well represented the class of persons who belonged to the Corresponding and other Societies of a similar character. That is to say, you would look in vain for any leading citizens of London—no substantial merchant was among us ; none of the clergy of the City, not even a Dissenting minister ; no officers of the army or the navy were with us ; no lawyers ; no physicians ; no scholars ; few shopkeepers, because of all men in the world the man who keeps a shop most fears and abhors the thought of disorder ; it is only when the streets are quiet and undisturbed, when ladies can walk about, that he can hope to sell his wares. He must always be the friend of order, that is to say, of the constituted state of things. Our people were mostly of the mechanical class—that is to say, they were men who exercised a trade requiring skill and intelligence : thus, in the Sublime Society of Snugs there were clock and watch-makers from Bunhill Row ; there were weavers from Spitalfields ; printers ; cabinet-makers ; carvers in wood or ivory ; shoemakers (who are always of inquiring mind), and others following trades of various kinds. We were not without a sprinkling of the better sort. There was a young gentleman from the Temple, not yet called, but studying for the Bar—he was very hot in the cause ; there was another young gentleman, equally fiery, who wanted to set fire to the City and blow up the Tower—he had been expelled from Oxford, and was an Atheist and a poet. There was an author who professed himself ready to

lend us the support of his pen, but his appearance failed to inspire confidence. If your pen is not strong enough to procure you a new pair of shoes, how shall it avail to subvert the Constitution? There was also a red-nosed man, who was called Your Reverence; but then there are people who will call an apothecary My Lord, and this man never wore the garb of Holy Orders. There were one or two clerks, but your clerk, as a rule, is too timid to trouble about Revolutions: he fears to lose his place; like the shopkeeper, his best chance of a living is in the piping times of peace. When the merchant, his master, grows rich, some crumbs will fall to him. In time of war and tumult, the man who can do nothing but wield a pen is apt to starve. Therefore, the Corresponding Societies numbered few clerks upon their lists.

You have already seen the Marquis de Rosnay. You have seen him playing whist at St. Katherine's. I do not suppose that his presence here was known to the Brothers. He came seldom. I do not know how he became a member. He never spoke except softly, and to the man who sat next to him; but he was greatly interested when, as often happened, one of the more fiery members harangued in the manner of the time. It reminded him, he said, of Paris.

As for the man who was speaking this evening, you have already seen him too. He was, in fact, none other than Richard Archer, schoolmaster and organist of the Hospital. Heavens!—if that venerable Society had known, the Cloister of the Precinct would quickly have lost an occupant. That their schoolmaster, supposed to possess the meekness of his calling—this sweet musician, supposed to be as gentle as his Church music—should be a fiery revolutionary and a red-hot orator, would indeed have astonished their souls, from the Master down to the Apparitor.

Richard Archer was brought to the Precinct when he was a baby in arms. His mother, still young, was a widow. She had her marriage lines to prove her character. Her husband, she said, had been in the service of a shipowner; she herself was daughter of a City tradesman. But her husband died, and she was left destitute with her child. People do not inquire too closely into the stories told by such people concerning themselves. This young widow first rented a two-roomed cottage in Cat's Hole, a delectable court leading from St. Katherine's Lane to Ditchside, inhabited only by the poorest and the rudest of our people. But, as she proved

to be dexterous with her needle, and a woman of sober behaviour, she became known among the better sort, and, obtaining work from them, was able to remove to a more respectable lodging. Her son meantime grew up, and was received at the school, where he proved himself a lad of quick parts and uncommon memory. As he grew older he also displayed a wonderful aptitude for music, and there seemed hardly any instrument which he could not quickly master as soon as he got an opportunity. In this he was encouraged by the Rev. Dr. Baxter, one of the Brothers, who always resided at the Hospital, and himself touched the violoncello with skilful hand. In the end, this young man was promoted to be schoolmaster's usher or assistant first, and schoolmaster a year or two afterwards, when this post became vacant. He was also made organist of the church, and a very fine organist he proved. Of his private character, I have only to record that as a boy he was quick-tempered, quarrelsome, always ready to fight, but not one of those boys who will fight to the death rather than give in. If he was defeated he took his beating quietly, and then waited till he felt courage enough to try again.

When he was about eighteen years of age he became morose; he withdrew from all companions, and never afterwards sought to make friends. He became one of those who hate the world: not as an eremite or a monk hates the world, but as a misanthrope—one who has been injured by the world.

What chiefly caused this change in him was certain information conveyed to him by his mother. She told him that the tale of her marriage was false; she had been married, indeed, in a church, and after the banns were properly put up; that she was never a lady's maid, nor was her husband a gentleman's servant; but that she belonged to a worthy and respectable family, her father being a bookseller of repute in Paternoster Row; that her husband, who had pretended to be nothing more than a master mariner, and lived with her for a while in that character, she presently discovered to be a nobleman of great rank and station, and that he was already married, so that she was no wife after all; that, on receiving this news, she left him, her son being then unborn; that she had long resolved not to attempt to punish her deceiver by bringing him before a court of justice, being determined to leave him to his conscience; and that she had supported herself without assistance from him ever since.

This discovery would have been enough to enrage any man, but this hot-headed impatient youth it drove for a time nearly mad. What!—he who now occupied the humble post of schoolmaster to St. Katherine's should have been the heir of a great man and a noble estate! These should have been his—his by right. And this he continually repeated to himself. A pity that his mother ever told him. He contrasted every day his present lot with what might have been. He even journeyed to the West End of London to gaze upon my lord's town house, and to say to himself that it should have been his as well. The prospect and thought of this magnificence caused him to loathe his work and to despise his lot. He said to himself that he was only a simple schoolmaster, the servant of the Society, a drudge forced to spend his days in teaching boys the rudiments of learning; humble before his betters, forced to doff hat and do reverence when he met one of the Brothers; with no hope of rising above this lowly position. Yet his father was a great man, and his mother was married by the forms of the Church. A man of cheerful and contented spirit would have made the best of things; a philosopher would have laughed at the caprice of Fortune which makes one man a peer and another a schoolmaster. We do great wrong ever to quarrel with that rank and station to which it hath pleased Almighty God to call us. A cheerful man, I say, would have reminded himself that he had received, though fatherless and the son of a humble seamstress in a poor part of the town, an excellent education at a good school; that he had been taught to practise and improve his great talent of music; and that he now held two respectable, if not exalted, offices—those of schoolmaster and organist to the Hospital; the work not hard, the pay sufficient. Such a man would have argued that his lot, compared with that of the people around him, was enviable, and he would have been filled with gratitude accordingly. Richard Archer, however, grew morose, and he became a solitary—he hated the world.

The debate in the Sublime Society continued.

'Citizens,' said the speaker, 'I have little more to add. Hereditary government became possible when the people began to pay soldiers to fight for them. Those who have the arms have the power. They will never lay down that power so long as they can keep it. Power is the last thing that men surrender; therefore, from father to son they have handed it

down. Some built strong castles, where they were in security, and became great lords and barons. Then came the priest, and they bribed him to declare the doctrine of Divine Right. Divine Right! It is by this Divine Right that the people are swine, flocks, cattle, herds on whom their masters feed! It is by Divine Right that a fool, an idiot, a madman—a woman may rule! By Divine Right Louis the Sixteenth sat upon the throne for twenty years! Had Divine Right given him the brains of a Thames mudlark? To be a tradesman one must have skill in the craft, invention, and ingenuity. To be a king one wants nothing—nothing—nothing at all. Who would take a pair of boots to a cobbler until he had shown that he could make and mend? Yet we must go down on our knees and bow when Divine Right thrusts such a one as Louis on the throne! Saw one ever the like?'

Then the room applauded vigorously. This kind of discourse pleased us all mightily. The speaker was in power to-night.

'What, however,' he went on, 'is the new principle of the French Constitution? It declares that all civil and political authority—all, mind you—is derived from the people, not the kings, not the nobles, not the clergy, but from the people. There is a doctrine for you! From the people, look you. On what foundation is our own authority based? Whence is it derived? Citizens, outside, men to-day speak of the national indignation against the execution of the French King. It is not national: the true nation rejoices in the execution of a tyrant. The courtiers, priests, nobles, placemen, and pensioners, these tremble when a tyrant falls. Not the nation. No—no.'

'Almost,' said the Marquis, softly, 'I could fancy myself in Paris.'

'The Revolution, brethren,' the orator continued, 'is now pressing its victorious course. Soon will all the nations of Europe rise, one after the other, against these tyrants. Already we see a great nation governed by the people. What! do they ask whether Marat is the son of a lord, or whether Robespierre has the blood of princes in his veins? Not so. Are their armies led by profligate nobles? Not so. Are the fruits of their labour torn from them any longer to support in luxury a fat and lazy Church? Again, not so. Never! Let us join, freemen, in raising the flag of the Republic? This bright and glorious example is before us. We were mistaken.

Shall we neglect it? Shall we suffer the Flemings and the Hollanders to be before us—we who once called ourselves a people of the Brotherhood of Humanity; let us advance, side by side, with our brethren of France, against the enemies of freedom and those who have sworn to trample upon the rights of man!

'Brethren'—he raised his glass—'let us drink to the immortal memory of the two greatest days of modern times: the Fourteenth Day of July, and the Twentieth Day of January; the Fall of the Bastille—the Execution of the King.'

Up to this point he had carried us with him. Here he failed. The President pushed his glass from him, and shook his head. The company murmured. We were not prepared to applaud a step which everybody knew to be murder. No one, however, spoke in objection or in reply.

The speaker looked round him. He raised his glass, and waited.

'Again,' he said, 'let us drink to the Fall of King and Bastille.'

The Marquis shook his head.

'They are doing that,' he said, 'at the Palais Royal to-night. Let us wait.'

'Then,' said Richard Archer, 'I drink it by myself. To the immortal memory of two great days. To the Fall of the Bastille and the Death of the King!'

He drank off his glass and sat down. Then we rose in silence, and separated.

CHAPTER II

EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY

The young men of the present day—those who were children and infants or as yet unborn between the years 1789 and 1793—cannot possibly understand the flaming ardour which was communicated to all generous hearts in Great Britain by the outbreak of the French Revolution. We believed that nothing short of Christ's kingdom here on earth was about to begin—nay, had already begun. We thought that the rising of the French nation would be followed by that of all the

European nations, including our own, which had many things to amend, though little to destroy. Universal peace, brotherly love, the abolition of armies and navies, friendly rivalry in peaceful arts and sciences, the destruction of superstitions—all would follow with the rule of the People by themselves These dreams are now forgotten. Those who formerly entertained them have for the most part forgotten them, or become ashamed of them. Our young men have witnessed a war which raged for two-and-twenty years, the third of a man's lifetime—a gigantic war—a war which covered the whole of Europe—all the Continent—which destroyed millions of men, overturned the proudest monarchies and the most solid institutions. It has been a war the like of which has never before been seen in the history of the world, and its consequences I verily believe will never end in the remaining history of the world. These young men have been taught to regard France as the great aggressor, the murderer of these millions, the first disturber of peace, the destroyer of freedom ; the nation which, in its greed of glory and lust for conquest, has trampled on every treaty and violated every pledge. Our young men have seen a low-born Corsican mount the proud Throne of France, become the tyrant and master of a whole Continent, and place his ignoble brothers upon the ancient thrones of Europe. They have also seen the tenacity and courage of the British race, steadily resisting his power, even alone ; encouraging the nations to new alliances after every overthrow ; until at last, with the help of these allies—which it could not have effected unaided—destroying the power of the enemy by land as well as by sea, hurling him from his usurped throne, and consigning him to a distant rock in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. I cannot find in any chapter of History, ancient or modern, events more stupendous than those which followed each other so rapidly from the year 1789 to the year 1815.

But, in very truth, when the Revolution began, it seemed to many as if a new day had dawned upon mankind. The Republican idea which had prevailed in America was to prevail in Europe ; there it was professed by a scanty people, living for the most part on the seaboard of a great continent ; here it would be followed by the great nations of the world. The new Republic of France promised peacefully to step into the seat of authority ; the Ministers acquiesced ; the King, cowed, made no resistance. Then, I say, such dreams of

universal peace and love came to some men as had never before been possible since the shepherds heard the message of the angels. The world was weary of war; it seemed to those who looked into the causes of war that not the restlessness or injustice of peoples, but the ambitions of kings, brought the miseries of war upon mankind. There was no end to their ambitions or to the wars. History is nothing but an account of one war after another; towns are destroyed and burned; peaceful homesteads, smiling villages, populous countries are devastated; men are nothing but warriors, women nothing but the mothers of soldiers. Now—now—all would be changed. The French Revolution had begun; the whole power was at last in the hands of the people. There was no more a King of France, but a King of the French People, who was nothing but a President-Speaker of the nation. War should cease, and the reign of peace should begin, when the spear should be turned into a spade and the sword to a ploughshare.

With such illusions as these did many of us indulge our souls. As chain after chain fell from the limbs of the French, so, we felt, would fall the chains from us. We had—alas! they still remain—many grievous burdens to bear. There was not then—there is not now—any true representation of the people; the boasted House of Commons had sunk—it is still in that condition—to a House of younger sons and nominees; liberty of the Press, liberty of public meeting, liberty to combine—these were not then existent, and are not now. And we were dumb. You may look in vain through the whole of the last century for any voice from the people—there was none; you may see what they were like in the pictures of Hogarth; but they speak not—they have no voice; all the laws seemed framed to keep them down—to restrain them from the exercise of any power. What else but slavery is that when the men who work have no voice as to their wages; none as to the hours of their work, none as to the policy which restricts trade, proclaims wars, drives their sons to the battle like sheep to the shambles, keeps them ignorant, keeps them brutal; and when their brutality or their ignorance drives them into crime, lashes them with savage cruelty, and hangs them up by dozens on the shameful gallows-tree?

These things I noted and observed, living among a rough and rude population. The daily sight of their rudeness and brutality caused me to reflect, and made me ask why these things should be. I still ask that question; but no longer in

hope—because the answer is always the same. Consider, they say, the French Revolution and what followed. Before you trust the people with power, contemplate the havoc that was wrought by a people when it had that power.

These dreams were, of a truth, soon to be rudely shaken; these illusions were to be dispelled. Our faith in the Revolution was only strengthened when the National Assembly changed the King's title and called him King of the French; we looked on unmoved when they confiscated the property of the Church—was it not a Papistical Church? We remained steadfast in our faith when the nobles began to emigrate—had our own nobles done the same we should not have lamented. It was after the massacres of August and September that our faith began to waver; after the Revolutionary Tribunal was set up; when the Reign of Terror filled the whole world with horror; when the people who now wielded, or seemed to wield, absolute power, exulted in murder and grew drunk with blood, and, like Ahola and Aholibah, gloried in their abominations. They murdered the King—it was a needless act, an act of blood and stupid revenge; then they murdered the innocent, unfortunate Queen, after treatment too foul for the blacks of Dahomey, and after charges too terrible for the Spanish Inquisition. And then they consigned the tender innocent child, the Dauphin, to a monster who slowly tortured the reason out of his brain and the life out of his body. Alas! alas! where were then our dreamers? Who, in the face of such things as these, could lift up his shameful head and still demand the power for the people?

Yet some continued to hope. But when, after all the fine sentiments proclaimed at first, there was left of their national liberties nothing at all; when a Tyrant sat upon the Throne, and Freedom, in whose cause all these crimes had been committed, fled shrieking from Gallia's shores; when the whole of Europe was overrun by Buonaparte's ambitious armies, what was the advocate of the people left to say?

It is now over; the cause of Freedom was betrayed and trampled upon; the Empire has come and has gone; the glory of victory remains, I suppose, and the tears are dried which once flowed for the hundreds of thousands destroyed in pursuit of glory. The Emperor is a captive in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, whence it is not likely that he will again escape; the Bourbons are back again with the exiled nobles; everything has gone back again—to outward seeming.

Yet not everything. The old privileges are passed away; the Revolution has left its mark; the people who for a brief time enjoyed liberty of speech will not be deprived of it again; there are many who read the signs of the times, and prophesy that another Revolution will follow, and yet another, and that the Revolutionary Cause will advance by each step and take a firmer hold of the nation. When France has shown that her people can govern themselves without corruption, without lust of ambition, with honour and dignity—when, in fact, the people show the possession of the virtues attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the aristocracy, then will the Republican Idea seize and possess all hearts.

Who remembers now the preamble to the French Constitution of 1791? Is there any one who yet, after the roar and din of so many battlefields, cares to think of that peaceful document, full of humanity, burning with the love of liberty and equal rights? Read it:

'Considering that ignorance, forgetfulness, or contempt of the rights of man are the sole causes of public grievances and the corruption of government, we hereby declare—

'First—That the great end of society is general happiness.

'Secondly—That no form of government is good any further than it secures that object.

'Thirdly—That all civil and political authority is derived from the people.

'Fourthly—That equal active citizenship is the inalienable right of men—minors, criminals, and insane persons excepted.'

These are brave sentences, and *they are true.* Alas! the truth of these sentiments was only proved by the crimes which, in the minds of some, showed their falseness. Had the people been true to them, none of the crimes which disgrace the history of the Revolution would have been committed: no handle would have been given to those who blaspheme the sacred name of liberty. There should have been another clause, to wit:

'Fifthly—That it is the duty of every Government to provide education for the children, especially in the exercise of those powers on which depend the welfare of the country and the general happiness of the people.'

Sober people—those who value order above all things, and

look upon liberty in personal action as a first thing to be secured, so that every man may, unmolested, carry on his business—have been scared, and driven even from the discussion of these things and the history of the past twenty-five years. If, they say, freedom leads to such massacres, such wars, such destruction of life, let us, for our part, be contented with such freedom as we have, and let our rulers continue to remain what they are—a few families, instead of the whole nation. Let us have no change, if change only brings more war, more massacres, more bankruptcy.

Everybody knows that the spirit of inquiry and doubt was not confined to the South of the Channel: it had long extended into this country—there was no subject, not even the foundation of Faith, not even natural religion, which was not questioned and studied from its first beginnings by the philosophers of the last century, whose chief glory it will perhaps be to have set free the brains of men. Yet, it may be asked, what philosophers conferred and disputed in the Precinct of St. Katherine's by the Tower? Truly, none—nor did I learn the doctrines which I afterwards held from any who were found within the quarter. Nor did I get any encouragement from my father, who entertained so great a respect for rank and authority that he would not so much as suffer the subject to be discussed in his presence. Nor did I receive any encouragement from my good friend and patron the Prebendary, who was also a great stickler for authority as by Divine Grace constituted, and for obedience as by Divine Law enjoined upon mankind.

Yet it was mainly through this scholar and divine that I was led into these ways of thought.

There are some boys who take as naturally to books as others do to ships and the sea. Such a boy was I; and because at home we had few books, for my father read but little, I was for ever prowling about to pick up, beg, borrow, or buy (when I had any money) books—books—and always more books. It is strange how sometimes, in the very lowest huts or cottages of Ditchside in the Precinct, I would find a book lying forgotten, for you may be sure that our people read nothing, and for the most part were unable to read. But this coming to the ears of the Prebendary, he was so good as to admit me to his own library, where, among many tall folios of divinity and scholarship, he possessed a good collection of our noblest English writers. Here I made the acquaintance

of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, and the great men of that time. Also, of a later time, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith. The reading of poetry predisposes the heart to generous thoughts ; it teaches a young man what is noble in mankind ; it opens his mind to the reception of great hopes and unselfish ambitions. Never again can a man feel that rapture of spirit which falls upon a boy when, in the dusty atmosphere of a library, while the motes dance as the sun pours through the windows upon the leather backs of the books, while, outside, the carts rumble up and down the street, he sits alone among the books, poring over a volume of poetry. Then the gates of Heaven lie open for him to gaze within ; nay, Heaven itself is close to him, within his reach, and ready for the whole world should they but choose to step within.

This library was in the Rectory of St. Ben'et, Walbrook—a large wainscoted room—but the walls were covered with books, so that they were hidden. Here I sat day after day, whenever I could get a few hours to myself. Other nourishment I found there besides poetry—namely, histories, essays, both of argument and reasoning. One day I found—surely the Hand of Providence guided me to the place—Milton's Essay on the Liberty of the Press. Who that has read and considered those most noble words can fail to apply them to all kinds of liberty ? What does he say ? 'Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple ; whoever knew Truth put to scorn in a free and open encounter ?'

And again, before this passage, remember that noble flight: 'Lords and Commons of England ! Consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the Governors , a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit ; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.' And the rest of it. This great and mighty appeal fell upon my heart till I knew every word of it. And in all that followed I, too, seemed to see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, and shaking her invincible locks. I, who had not the words of Milton, longed to be the meanest of those who lifted that nation to its throne.

Then I took stronger meat still ; and, with the approbation of the Rector, I read Locke's two 'Treatises on Government,' the 'Leviathan' of Hobbes, and the miscellaneous works of Bolingbroke, all of which gave me much food for reflection, and took a long time, because I am now speaking of the work of several years. And presently, but now without the advice or sanction of my guide, I read the 'Social Contract' of Rousseau, done into English ; Voltaire's 'Letters on the English People,' also done into our own tongue ; Price on 'Civil Liberty' ; Paine's 'Rights of Man' ; and Joel Barlow's 'Address to the Privileged Classes' ; and many others of a like character whose names I have now forgotten. And I read, partly with shame, partly with admiration, how the American colonists achieved their independence. And by this time, as may be understood, I very well knew that our boasted English liberties, of which we talk so much, harbour and cover almost as many grievances as any of the Continental Governments, and that an Englishman of the lower class is treated with almost as much oppression, and is almost as much a slave, as Frenchman, or German, or Muscovite.

Such a young man reading such books, and thinking on such subjects secretly, quickly acquires certain doctrines or maxims. Such, for instance, as that one man without his clothes is as good as another in the same condition. This, to a young man, seems one of those pithy sayings which mean much more than they say, and suggest many things.

But the young man too often forgets that there are clothes of the soul as well as of the body. The soul puts on the raiment of education, manners, honour—in short, the whole armour of righteousness—a thing hardly to be attained by the ignorant kind. Again, if he lives, as I did, among the very rude and rough people, he notes their brutality daily, but he also notes certain virtues which are commonly found among that people, as charity, generosity, and courage. So he comes to believe that they have other virtues ; then he is filled with pity and indignation in their behalf : he attributes their brutality to the condition in which they are forced to live : because they have no liberty at all : no share or voice in the government : no education : no right or power to unite among themselves for their own interest and advancement : because they must work, obey, or be flogged. Therefore he thinks they must of necessity become brutal, drunken, and profligate. Give them a share in the government, and they will at once

assume all the virtues which at present they lack. And a young man, I say, falls easily into this belief: he is consumed with the ardent desire to set all wrongs right: to make all men equal: to make injustice impossible. And in his generous ardour he fondly believes that all hearts will leap for joy at the prospect of equity and justice for all.

Those who desire everything to be immediately and henceforth for ever administered on the principles of Divine justice and universal honesty (which is to desire the Kingdom of Heaven) forget always that there must be two parties to every transaction. It is not, in fact, enough for the philosopher to take the power from king and nobles because it is unreasonable for them to hold it and to keep it; he must also take care that the hands into which he commits that power should be wise in using it, strong in keeping it, just and merciful in administering it; else might the old machinery, ordered with the wisdom of experience, prove far better, although contrary to reason. In other words, I do now perceive that reason and argument are not everything, and that humanity may be ruled wisely, even although unreasonably.

It is quite certain that the French nation were neither wise nor just nor merciful. They proved themselves wholly unfit to exercise the power absolute—they played with it as a schoolboy plays with a bag of gunpowder; they destroyed themselves with it as the schoolboy blows himself up setting light to the powder: they threw it away and lost it; they behaved exactly as their great-grandfathers had done—they gave it into the hands of a soldier to keep for them. We know what use he made of it. Nothing can be more true than the principles laid down in the Constitution of 1791, but before they were put in practice it ought to have been proved that the people were no longer schoolboys, incapable of being trusted with a bag of powder, but arrived already at manhood—instructed, responsible, ready to work together for the general good, fully possessed of conscience and the fear of God.

In this manner, then, moved by their opinions, did I—the son of one who regarded the Revolution from the outset with horror, who considered that the only hope for a nation was in that obedience of the people to authority—advance step by step till I had become secretary of a club, which existed for nothing in the world but to promote revolution. As for George, he knew nothing of these things. He was no revolutionary: he never came to the club but on one important night. I am not

guilty of dragging him into the guilt of high treason, because he came not with me, but with another.

When I was seventeen years of age, it became necessary to consider my profession. First, there seemed no likelihood of obtaining one of the posts attached to the Hospital, of which there are not many. Secondly, I had no calling to the sacred office of minister in the Church; therefore it was useless to consider the Universities. And I had no such love of law or medicine as to make me wish to enter either of these professions. Truth to say, I had in me little ambition. It seemed to me the happiest lot to sail my bark in smooth back-waters —out of the greater dangers, if not quite out of the way of temptation. The arena attracted me not: I neither cared to contemplate the fight of the gladiator nor to take part in it. Therefore it was with great joy that I received, through the influence and interest of the Master of the Hospital, the Hon. Colonel Digby, permission to purchase an appointment as clerk in the Admiralty, at Somerset House. The Rev. Dr. Lorrymore bought the post for me, giving three hundred pounds for it. Though the salary is small, the post offers many advantages. For the work is light: there is no dismissal at the caprice of a Jack-in-office: and in some departments, where there are perquisites (sometimes called bribes), it is reckoned that the post of senior clerk is as good as that of purser of a first-rate, without the disagreeable necessity of going to sea or into action.

I had therefore to be at my desk in Somerset House every day. This circumstance also advanced me in the path which was leading me (and others with me) to destruction. In this way. On my return I fell into the custom of repairing to one of the numerous coffee-houses and taverns which abound in Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and other places of resort, there to sit and listen, or perhaps join in the conversation, which was now universally directed to the important events daily reported from France. From the moment when the Third Estate constituted themselves a National Assembly there were two parties in every coffee-room—those who approved of the step and those who were against it. The events which followed (all in the same year of 1789), while it narrowed the former party, also deepened the difference of opinion, and caused the debates of rival politicians to rage more furiously. The friends of the British Constitution could not, for instance, look on without expressions of dissent while the property of the Church was confiscated, and while the

nobles began to emigrate by thousands. Why, before the middle of the year 1792, there were 40,000 *émigrés* in England, most of them in London. Many of these were the bishops and priests, most were nobles ; some were of lower class, who came over I know not why. They lived in great poverty, even the greatest lords, who had been formerly so rich and magnificent. Some taught French, some dancing, some drawing. Some played the violin at the theatres ; some became cooks, some barbers. All were so many witnesses of the popular fury ; all called out aloud upon the crimes of a nation ruled by its common people. Religion, Order, Authority, Faith—all alike, these exiles declared—were trodden under foot and despised. As for the events which followed immediately, they were such as to alienate from the cause all but those who believed devoutly that these things were but deplorable accidents and that the better sense of the people would prevail.

In the coffee-houses I presently discovered that a man's occupation has a great deal more to do with his political opinions than his sense of justice ; I now believe that the sense of justice, which is a natural instinct in savage man, may be blunted, and even killed in a more polite age. I mean that where the restoration of justice would cause a diminution of wealth, there are few men who desire or would consent to it. This is a lesson which one learns by degrees.

For example : at the 'Cock,' the 'Mitre,' and the 'Rainbow,' houses of resort for the Templars and the lawyers of Lincoln's Inn, I found everywhere great eagerness to discuss, and to dispute whatever subject was discussed. And on the principles of national freedom I found among the gentlemen of the robe readiness to acknowledge willingly whatever could be proved by argument and reason. As to the application of principles to actual practice, as by the restoration to the whole people of an equal share in the Government, then, if you please, with one consent they drew back. What ! cut the very ground from under their feet ? Why, the people would have swift justice, open to all, with no delays, no chicanery, and at no expense. What would be the lawyers if the people had their way ?

'Sir,' said the lawyers, with one consent, 'we live by this existing state of things. Destroy that, and you destroy us. Doubtless you are quite right, but yet we will have nothing to do with you.'

Again, if you went into the taverns lower down the street,

where the tradesmen mostly congregate, there was never observed the least tenderness towards one who professed the principles of the Revolution. Such an one was regarded as a dangerous traitor, a subverter, one who would destroy order and cripple trade. All believed firmly that the crimes of France would be repeated on English soil. With them the rule of the people meant the lawlessness of the mob, and the merchants believed that the Gordon Riots, when the mob held the town for two days, would be but a flea-bite compared with the condition of things should we imitate the French. In short, I now understand that those who favoured French principles, and would have put them into practice, consisted of a handful, though a noisy handful, of fanatical men, mostly young, together with a great body of the better class of working-men, who had begun to think before they had been provided with the elements of knowledge.

'Selfishness,' said my friends, 'with the rich is more powerful than the sense of justice.' It certainly is; yet we made the greatest of all mistakes when we fondly imagined that those virtues which are feeble, even altogether lacking, in men of substance, education, and urbanity, must necessarily be conspicuous in those of ignorance, rudeness, and poverty. While I was thus drifting, as it were, along a current leading me into the perilous waters of conspiracy, an accident occurred which greatly accelerated my progress. Among the thousands of *émigrés* and exiles who crowded over during the first year was one named the Marquis de Rosnay, who came—why, I know not—to live in the Precinct. He was very poor, but his pride equalled his poverty. He was old—past seventy years of age—he had lived in England many years before the Revolution. I believe he had even been Ambassador at the Court of St. James's; he spoke English clearly, if not fluently. As for his old friends, of whom he must have had many, for he spoke familiarly of the Court of George the Second, and of the great men of that time, he would not seek out any. He lived in this remote and obscure part of London in order to be concealed from their pity or their charity. One room in a small house belonging to the Hospital—'twas in St. Katherine's Square—sufficed for him, and on what private resources he lived I cannot say.

He was a beautiful old gentleman to look at, not tall, but upright still, not as yet bowed by his weight of years. He looked always as if he had that moment left the hands of his valet and his perruquier; his linen and his lace was of the

whitest; his coat and waistcoat the most spotless; his face always calm, noble, and dignified. One could never at any time, and whatever the conversation, observe in him the least impatience or anger at the reverse of fortune which had transferred him from a great palace in the country to a little house in St. Katherine's. He preserved the grand manner in this retreat, and conversed with me as if he were still the Ambassador and I a young gentleman in whom he took a kindly interest. Yet, although his appearance and bearing was such that no one could presume upon the least liberty, his voice and his speech were as gentle and as sweet as those of any girl.

He found me out; he made me talk to him; he drew me on gently, little by little, until I spoke freely of myself, my reading, and my opinions; he received my confidences with patience—never could I speak to anyone freely as to the Marquis; he encouraged me.

To this day I have never been able to learn what opinions he really held. Once he said to me: 'Young man, it is fifty years and more since I first heard discussions on these subjects which now interest you—and the whole world—so deeply. I have sat at tables where Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, even your Bolingbroke, freely discussed the sovereignty of the people. I have lived to see these ideas put in practice across the ocean. I have expected, a long time, to see it prevail in France, where there is more respect paid to reason and the art of logic than—perhaps—in Great Britain. It is interesting to have seen the ideas of one's youth actually carried out by my own people. If I was not so old—that instruction comes too late—it would be useful for me to observe the things which naturally follow when the people have assumed the sovereignty. As a natural result, I am here, and my estates—where are they?' He shrugged his shoulders and took a pinch of snuff. 'You do well, young man, to think of these things. If, as seems likely'—it was when Flanders was first overrun by the Republican troops—'these principles are to be forced upon the world at the point of the bayonet, you who have mastered the subject may rise to great distinction. The Revolution has begun with the gambols of a child not yet able to restrain himself. It will settle down. To what? A Dictatorship? A Republic of the Roman kind? A pure democracy? I watch and wait. The people will have leaders. Talk what you please of equal governments: that of the people will be a

government by their leaders and their idols of the moment. Is that, too, then, an illusion? Perhaps: from one illusion to another, and then back again—as you English whip your criminals—so mankind are led. Learn to profit by the illusion of others. Lead, unless you wish to be driven. Under the most equal form of government, unless you wish to be governed, be yourself the King.'

With such language did the Marquis lead me on. How I came to join at last the club where you have already seen me matters not; it was then a necessary step in the progress of a Revolutionary that he should join a club.

What was my astonishment when, after I had taken the oath of secrecy and had my eyes unbound, I saw seated at the table with the company none other than the old Marquis himself, the victim and natural enemy of Revolution, and our schoolmaster and organist, Richard Archer!

'You are one of us now,' said the latter; 'I have long waited for your coming. You have been watched. Ha! Let us have a little patience, and then—then——' He set his teeth and caught his breath, hissing. Had what he hoped come to pass, I believe that there would have been no monster of Robespierre's party more bloodthirsty and more relentless than Richard Archer. 'We are organised; we are thousands strong; we shall rise over the whole country at once. Man alive! there will be such things in London as these rich and greasy citizens have never so much as imagined, when Wapping and Shadwell and the Precinct pour their armies of emancipated slaves into Threadneedle Street and Cheapside.'

'It is pleasing,' said the Marquis, with great sweetness, 'to sit in the company of this Sublime Society of Snugs, of whom I am one—I have become a Snug'—he looked round here with a smile—'and to hear from their lips the doctrines which were formerly the secret possession of nobles and philosophers. There has been a general diffusion of principles: the world has become a creature who reasons. I recognise my masters, and watch them with interest. In Paris I was compelled to fly from them. This ardent youth'—he laid his hand upon Archer's shoulder—'pants to become a Danton, or a Marat, or a Robespierre. Perhaps he will: it is quite possible. When you sit in the church to-morrow, Nevill, you will hear behind the hymn-tune the air of "*Ça ira*." If you pass the school, you may fancy that the master is teaching the innocent children the 'Rights of Man.' You, yourself, my young friend,

will never be a Marat. You may, however, aspire to become a Bailly or a Lafayette. Here, you see, I watch and study my masters.'

The societies which then grew up like mushrooms in every town, whether they called themselves the Friends of the People or the Corresponding Society, or the Constitutional Society, or the Association for Disseminating Political Knowledge, or anything else, were neither more nor less than Revolutionary Societies. The addresses which were ordered and circulated everywhere by these societies, though they claimed no more than a reformed Parliament, were revolutionary, because the authors of the address knew well from the history of the National Assembly what would follow such a Reform. What but a Revolutionary spirit could have dictated the following passage contained in the address of the Constitutional Society to the Jacobin Club in Paris?

'In contemplating the political condition of nations, we cannot conceive a more diabolical system of government than that which has been generally practised over the world to feed the avarice and to gratify the wickedness of ambition; the fraternity of the human race has been destroyed, as if the several nations of the earth had been created by rival gods. As if one can now realise the objection, that there was never a time when there was any fraternity of the human race!'

So widely spread were these sentiments, so numerous were these societies, so general was the discontent of the people, that I am astonished when I think about this time that the uprising which we expected and looked for daily never took place, greatly to the disappointment of our French friends, who most confidently counted upon it. I know that the various societies in London, such as the Friends of the People, meeting at Freemasons' Tavern, the London Corresponding Society, of Exeter 'Change, and the Three Tuns, Borough, were prepared for such a rising of the English People. That there was none was averted, I am convinced, by the national horror at the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Reign of Terror, and the trial and execution of the Queen. All sober men withdrew, reason and logic hid their heads, it was felt that such evils as we groaned under were far more tolerable than the reign of Robespierre and his miscreant crew.

CHAPTER III

THE CHURCH SERVICE

You have now learned in what perilous waters we were all embarked. Sylvia, poor child, distraught and sick to death; George lying also under the visitation of Heaven (unless the wise woman was right, and he was under the influence of Evil Eye and Evil Heart), and in that despairing frame of mind which lays a man open to any kind of danger; I myself, my own parents being entirely ignorant of the thing, an active member of a Revoluticnary Club, of which the schoolmaster of St. Katherine's (the Society being ignorant of this) was the leading spirit. In all that followed afterwards, it may be fairly argued that all was brought upon me, if not upon George, by our own headstrong folly. What had I to do with the upsetting of the British Constitution? Yet, looking back, I perceive how I was, little by little—first by reading, then by meditating, lastly by discourse and argument—carried into a current which, gentle at first and imperceptible, soon grew into a flowing tide irresistible for my frail bark.

You who have read so far may look around and witness the gathering of the threatening force irresistible. As yet, however, you have seen only the gathering, or the threatening of the storm. In the horizon gleam the lightnings; around us grumble the distant thunders; black are the clouds which already hide the sun and roll up threatening from the edge of the waters; it blows chill, the sea rises, the bark rocks and rolls, the masts creak and the cordage strains; the sailors look about them with apprehensive eyes. Lord grant the ship prove tight, and give plenty of sea-room! Even now the storm is bursting upon us, and that with such fury that I wonder how we lived through it. Yet we were spared. Buffeted and beaten by wave and wind we were truly, and in danger of our lives, yet we reached the port at last.

It was Sunday morning, the Sunday after George made his unfortunate attempt to learn the truth from Sylvia's own lips—the truth, indeed, he got, but not the reasons. We were all in Church, except that poor child herself.

The pews in the nave—painted red, to imitate mahogany—were newly-constructed in the year 1778, when the Church was also newly paved. They are arranged on either side of

a middle aisle. There is a cross aisle, in which stands the pulpit. Service is held in the nave, but the carved wooden doors to the screen which separates the choir are always wide open, so that those who sit in them can see into that part of the building. As soon as I was big enough to see over the top of the pew, it had always been my delight and occupation during the service to gaze through these doors upon the monuments carved with hundreds of niches for statues, coats-of-arms, cherubims, flowers, and all kinds of devices; upon the stalls, lofty, carved within and without; upon the altar screen, also carved, the figures on the monuments, the tablets on the walls, and the great east window with its glorious Catherine wheel above, through which the sun would still be shining at the first part of morning service, falling upon the carved work, and making it look as if it were made of red gold. I can never read certain parts of the Book of Revelation without thinking of the choir of St. Katherine's with the sun shining into it in the morning.

As for the stalls we used, as children, to number and name them. All had their seats curiously carved beneath; and all were different. These carvings we associated with the occupant of the stall. This one, for instance, carved with a lion and a bird, was for the Master; this, with boys and birds, for the Senior Brother; this, with a hawk and dove, for the next Brother; the pelicans denoted the Senior Sister's stall; the angel with a bagpipe we assigned to the Commissary; that of the Devil with long ears carrying two heads, was for the High Bailiff: and so on. It was always, I say, my delight as a boy on the Sunday morning, while the sermon, which I could not understand, rolled over my head and echoed in the roof, to gaze through these doors upon the beautiful structure of the choir, with its lofty clustered pillars, its roof of open timbers, its splendid great east window, and the monuments, rich and noble, which stand against its walls. I have always pitied the unfortunate children who are taken to mean and ugly chapels or churches where there is nothing that can help the soul to rise out of its earthly tabernacle. Where high arches are reared to support a magnificent roof of timber work, where the windows are built with curious and beautiful tracery, where the walls are old and covered with monuments, where the organ rolls along the aisles and echoes in the roof, there the soul is surely attuned to higher flights, is surely open to the influences of prayer and praise.

I am now well aware that this church, beautiful as it is, was formerly still more beautiful. The hand of man has done much to deface the work of an architect who was, if we may so speak, inspired of Heaven. Surely men are inspired at different times in different ways. When the people had no learning, their teachers were inspired to build these noble churches, by which they were admonished of things greater and more wonderful than they could understand. At a later time, when men had begun to read, great poets were inspired —as Milton and Shakespeare. At another time, when men had begun to examine the wonders of Nature and the Creation, they were inspired to make great discoveries. Always, in every age, something to maintain man's faith. As for the choir, however, there were formerly side-windows, which are now bricked up. Some day, perhaps, we shall take out those bricks and restore the windows as they were. Then the choir will be full of light, as it should be. And formerly there was painted glass in every window, so that the light was of many colours, and the church was splendid with its blaze of colours. When that day of restoration comes, they will also, I am sure, take away the present mean and unsightly pews which now cover the nave, and replace them with others of more suitable material and better work. In many of the churches in the City a noble example has been set of precious carvings devoted to the sanctuary. They will also, at the same time, most certainly throw open again the great west window, now partly blocked up by brickwork to allow of the school being built outside, and partly hidden by the organ-loft and organ. But all these blemishes together cannot destroy the beauty of the venerable church.

The monuments in the church I know by heart, with all the legends and epitaphs, of which there are so many. The most splendid is that to the memory of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, and of his two wives, Anne and Constance. The figures of all three are represented in marble. To describe the carved work of this tomb would take too long. Besides, St. Katherine's is not so very far removed from London for those who wish to see it. Suffice it to say that there is no tomb in the country more splendid than that of John Holland. Near it is a marble tablet to the memory of the Hon. George Montagu, Master of the Hospital. Opposite to the tomb of the Duke is a nameless monument; the figures of a man and woman praying are left, but the legend and the escutcheon are

defaced. On the south side of the altar is a singular monument in copper, representing a man and his wife kneeling on tasselled cushions at a double desk. They are William Cutting and his wife.

> Here dead in part, whose best part never dyeth,
> A benefactor—William Cutting lyeth;
> Not dead, if good deeds could keep men alive,
> Nor all dead, since good deeds do men revive.
> Gunville and Kaies his good deeds may record,
> And will (no doubt) him praise therefore can afford.

Where were Gunville and Kaies, we used to wonder.

> Saint Katrin's eke near London, can it tell,
> Goldsmythes and Merchant Taylors knowe it well;
> Two country townes his civil bounty blest,
> East Derham and Norton Fitzwarren west.
> More did he than this table can unfold.
> The worlde his fame, the earth his earth doth hold.

A very noble record. It was with disappointment that I afterwards learned that the busy world has now well-nigh forgotten the fame of William Cutting. The whole church is full of monuments; here are buried many brave and skilful captains both of the King's navy and the merchant-service, with their wives and children; here are buried many Masters, Commissaries, Brothers, Sisters, and officers of the Hospital; and here lie a multitude of dead now forgotten, but in their day worthy and honoured residents of the Precinct. There is nowhere to be found a church so rich in poetic memorials of the dead; to be sure there is nowhere in England a foundation so old as St. Katherine's. No college at Oxford or Cambridge is so old. This church stands where there has been a church since the thirteenth century. The ground on which our footsteps rest is all human dust. The Precinct is a poor place now, but great and illustrious people lie buried here—infant princes, noble ladies, great men—here, for instance, lies the grand-daughter of Sir Julius Cæsar, Joanne Rampayn:

> Dying, she did a son bequeath,
> In whom she lives in spite of death.
> Thus when the old phœnix sweetly dies
> The new doth from her ashes rise.
> Her husband's love this monument rears,
> Her sister writes these words with tears.

Her sister was Lady Anna Poyntz. Husband, sister, son—where are they all now?

Or there was the monument to Robert Beadle, who was a citizen of London, a Freemason, and Master Gunner of the Tower :

> He now rests quiet, in his grave secure,
> Where still the noise of guns he can endure ;
> His martial soul is doubtless now at rest,
> Who in his lifetime was so oft opprest
> With cares and tears and strange cross acts of late,
> But now is happy and in glorious state.

What 'strange cross acts' were those which disturbed the peace of this worthy Master Gunner ?

And there were the tomb and epitaph of Hannah Lorrymore—perhaps an ancestress of the Prebendary. She was seventy-nine years of age :

> March with his wind hath struck a cedar tall,
> And weeping April mourns the cedar's fall ;
> May now intends no beauteous flowers to bring,
> Because he has lost the flower of the spring.

We live in a polite age. It is indeed a mark of urbanity when the death of an old gentlewoman of seventy-nine is represented as the loss of the flowers of spring. There are many more monuments in this church : it is enough to speak of these.

'The place, indeed,' said the Prebendary, 'is a veritable Campo Santo. It is more ; it is to that part of London, as yet unbuilt, outside the City boundary on the east what Westminster Abbey is to the part lying west of Temple Bar. It is an ancient and venerable Cathedral, with its College of Brothers and Sisters, its rich foundation, its schools and almshouses, waiting for the growth of that new London which at present lies along the river-bank. Yet a few years shall pass, then from Aldgate to Bow, from Wapping and Poplar to Hackney, where now are scattered houses and rural hamlets, there may arise a great city, more populous than Westminster —as busy as the City itself. Then shall St. Katherine's become what, in the wisdom of the Lord, who inspired its foundation, it was intended to be—the centre and fountain of spiritual blessing to the new city. For the present the Hospital sleeps. We are unprofitable save to the little Precinct itself ; our brothers and sisters do not reside ; we own but little duty ; we do but little work. Let us possess our souls in patience ; we shall pass away, but the Hospital will remain. Soon or late the munificence of our two Queens shall

blossom again in such a way, and with such profusion of fruit, as they little expected or hoped.'

Our congregation is small; out of the two thousand five hundred people, or thereabouts, who live in the Precinct, not more than a hundred come to church. The rest lead godless lives. For our people there is no excuse, because there has always been this church in their midst. Those who live lower down the river may plead that it is only of late years that churches have been erected for them; namely, in Ratcliffe Highway, at Shadwell, Limehouse, and Wapping. As yet only the better sort are found within the walls of these churches — those who own the ropewalks, those who are master-boatbuilders, mastmakers, sailmakers, and the like. The common people —the sailors, and the folk who live upon them—stay outside. Nay, who would expect within the walls of a church the keepers of the mughouses and the taverns, the crimps of Wapping, the flaunting queans of Ratcliffe, inside a church? The service is not for them: it is for those who put on a clean shirt on Sunday, and have a best coat, and come with their beards shaven and their hair brushed—externally as clean as inwardly they pray to be. To this common sort Sunday is only a day on which they do no work —Sabbath-keepers are they, therefore, every one. They go to church but three times in their lives—when they are baptized, when they are married, and when they are buried. For the rest of their lives Sunday is a holiday, when they can lie in bed all the morning and drink for the rest of the day. After such a life, what can be the end? This is a question which one asks in fear and trembling. Nor can any man find an answer.

On the north side of the church, near the middle, stands the noble pulpit given by Sir Julius Cæsar when he was Master, in the time of James I. It is the finest pulpit, I believe, in the country, made of wood, richly and finely carved with representations, as I always thought, of the Temple. Under the panels is written: 'Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood which was made for the preaching.—Neh. viii. 4.'

Our own pew, as I have said, was in the front, at the intersection of the cross, so that one could plainly look through the wide open doors of the screen into the choir. On the other side of the aisle was the Lieutenant's pew, and here, this day, he sat with Sister Katherine and George. On

Sunday he went about dressed in his uniform, the King's scarlet showing very fine in the dark church. As for George, he had now put off the blue coat and brass buttons, which showed his profession and his rank in the merchant service, and had assumed the sober brown which suits the substantial owner of a dock at Rotherhithe. But in his face there was no joy at his advancement. With hanging head he stood up for the reading of the Psalms: his voice was silent when the hymn was singing: he looked not about the church, as was his wont: he showed no sign of any attention at all to what was said or sung in prayer or in praise. Yet, in the bearing of soldier and sailor alike in church, there is something which marks their profession. When hands are piped for prayer they fall in, orderly and respectful. The Church Service is a part of discipline. To the end of his days the old sailor—unless he goes to live in Wapping or Shadwell, where he may easily fall into evil courses—continues to attend his church, and sits the service through with motionless face and rigid limbs. Your landsman, if he come to church at all—a thing not uncommon in our parts—will still be betraying, by his fidgeting, his restless eyes, his frequent 'hem,' an impatience for the conclusion, which on board ship might produce consequences of a disagreeable kind.

The sermon was preached by Dr. Lorrymore. He took for his text that verse of St. Luke's Gospel which asks whether those on whom the tower fell were sinners above their brethren. When he spoke of the innocent struck with the guilty, when he pointed out that the most God-fearing may be confounded with the most wicked in one common destruction, when he showed how the innocent children perish with their guilty parents, how the pestilence strikes down with impartial hand the good as well as the bad; how in battle the just man falls beside the unjust, the brave and the coward are both struck by the cannon-ball—it was clear that his mind was running upon the affliction of our household, the strange and mysterious suffering of an innocent girl. He pointed out, further, that the hope of the Christian is not for anything earthly—either for love, or for honour, or for place, or for bodily health, in all of which he takes his lot with the unrighteous—but for the things beyond: so that, though this is a hard saying, he should ask for nothing in the world save such things as are helpful in spiritual progress. He owned that it is given to few indeed thus to abandon the world; he

said that if all together agreed so to dispose things temporal, society would fall to pieces; there would be no longer King, Lords, or Commons; there would be no trading, no wars, no manufactures, no wealth, no property; none would be above another; nay, there would be no giving in marriage, and the human race in less than a hundred years would come to an untimely end before any of the great questions and problems of human society had been solved, and before the secrets of nature had been half explored. We must not expect or desire, he said, such extremities of faith; but the contemplation of such things should console us in all times of affliction, especially when those who were nearest to us, and those who were the most innocent, were struck. He then instanced the case of Job, which he treated as a Divine allegory rather than as a true history. So he proceeded with a discourse full of wisdom and consolation, and delivered most movingly as from the depths of his own heart, or as if he was reasoning with himself as well as with us—a thing which I have found in all speeches or sermons which greatly affect the hearer—and comforting himself in the trouble which had fallen upon him as well as upon us. He concluded with the words from that same book —'Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out: He is excellent in power and in judgment, and in plenty of justice.' When the sermon was over and the concluding prayers, the organ began to roll. Now, after such a discourse, one would have expected soft and gracious music, such as would fill the soul, already softened by a wise man's words, with consolation and trust. But no—Richard Archer began to play a loud and tumultuous strain; the rolling of his thunder echoed in the lofty roof! the chords threatened; they fell upon the ear, I say, like loud threats and prophecies. 'Woe! Woe! Woe!' they cried. 'More sorrow, much more trouble!'

At the church door George plucked me by the sleeve. The rest passed on, and we stood together under the porch after the congregation had dispersed.

'I feel,' he whispered, 'as if I was going mad. All through the service I had been longing to spring out of my seat and shout: "What the Devil is that man playing? It sets my brain on fire."'

'It is the music for some scene of wrath and retribution. Patience, George! The music matters nothing.'

'No—no—it is not the music. As if music would drive a

man mad! No—no—it is not the music. Yet—good Heavens!'—he started—'what is that?'

For the organist ceased suddenly with such a crash of thunder, such a wild, terrific roar and blare of the deep music, that it seemed as if the Seven Seals were opened.

Then a sudden silence, such a silence as precedes some great thing.

We heard him in the loft above, shutting the organ, and descending the stairs of the loft.

He came out and saw us standing together. For a moment he did not speak. Then he stepped forward with a smile upon his lip. So smiled Judas when——

'It is surely George Bayssallance,' he said. 'It is long since I saw you last.' He held out his hand in friendliness, but in his bright keen eyes there was more curiosity than kindness.

Why did he peer into George's face so keenly? Why did he hold his hand? Of old there had been no shaking of hands between them, but rather banging of heads with fists.

'I had heard that you were returned in safety. I offer my congratulations. And that you had inherited a noble property. Again——'

'Why,' said George, suddenly waking into a friendliness as astonishing as it was hearty. 'Why, it is Dick Archer, surely - old Dick—shake hands Dick, shake hands. I think I have never seen you since we used to fight among the graves behind the church.'

They shook hands heartily and laughed. But still Richard Archer kept his eyes on George's.

'Ay,' said George, exactly as if he were answering a question (but none had been put), 'it is so, Dick. It blows a gale, and I know not what course to steer.'

The other man said nothing, still looking him in the face.

'You are right, Dick,' George went on. 'You are right. 'Tis a love-story, and a mighty bad one too.'

'Come with me,' said Archer.

George followed, without a word. They walked away together, leaving me alone in the porch. I watched them. They walked across the court to Archer's house, where they entered, and the door was shut behind them. They left me, I say, alone, and in a dream. Why should George shake hands with the man so much lower than himself in rank—the son of a woman who was first a washerwoman and next a seamstress;

whose father no one knew ; a man whom he had always hated and avoided, except when he had to fight him ? Why should he suddenly become friendly, and even confidential ? I went home full of sad forebodings, yet I knew not why. My soul was disquieted within me.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAMILY COUNCIL

And now, our sick girl growing daily weaker, with no improvement in her mental or in her bodily condition, it was resolved that George should go away. On a voyage perhaps, or somewhere by land—anywhere, so that he removed his presence. This, you remember, was the advice of Dr. Lorrymore. And, in order to give as much solemnity as possible to this invitation or request, it was resolved that George should be summoned to a meeting of Council of the Hospital itself, held in no other place than the Chapter House itself.

The Chapter House is one of two rooms, standing on the north side of the church, and entered by a door close to the Duke of Exeter's monument. The other room is called the Court Room. In them are kept the muniments, ancient records, and archives of the foundation. Both rooms are wainscoted with cedar, and adorned with coats of arms finely painted and gilt. In the Chapter Room there is a long table, with chairs for the Society. No resolution can be valid in this fraternity without the presence and vote of one Sister at least.

The Rev. Dr. Lorrymore, as Brother of the Hospital, and in the absence of the Master, presided at this meeting. On his right sat Sister Katherine ; on his left, my father as High Bailiff and Steward. The Lieutenant with a chair next to his sister—by invitation, not by right, as not belonging to the Society. My mother sat next to my father, and I stood behind their chairs. The Apparitor of the Hospital stood at the door.

By order of the President, he admitted George. This poor lad, who had ever been the lightest-hearted of lads, the most confident, and the boldest, now stood before us, hanging his head like a criminal. Yet, what had he done ?

'Sir,' said the President, addressing the Lieutenant, 'we are all, I believe, of one mind in this matter. You would yourself wish to address your son?'

'No, sir. In every Court the President pronounces the verdict of the Court, and the sentence.'

'Sir,' he next addressed my father. 'The business concerns your daughter—your only daughter. You would wish to address this young man?'

'When you have first pronounced our mind,' said my father.

'In that case I will proceed. You cannot but understand very well, George, that this untoward event, which we all deplore so deeply, has engaged our most careful and painful attention. We have taken such advice as we could obtain; we have considered all the cases recorded in history which appeared parallel; we have searched everywhere for remedies which would be likely to meet the case of this afflicted child. Frankly, we can find none. The books of ancient physicians cannot help; the advice of modern physicians proves ineffectual. We do not find that by anything you could have done or said her disorder can be attributed to you. It appears that some days before you arrived she was complaining in vague terms to her brother. She was disquieted; she seemed in pain. It is obvious, therefore, though the bodily symptoms are hard to be discovered, even by the child's mother, that the attack, such as he saw it when it actually seized her, had been for some days preparing.

'Our consultations have been entirely with the view of the recovery of Sylvia to health and strength. That, I am very certain, George Bayssallance, you would yourself desire first and foremost.'

'First and foremost,' he replied, huskily.

'Since that is so—and I expected nothing less—the way is prepared for us. My son, we can think of no other remedy save one. We still find no abatement of the worst symptoms. To think of you, to speak of you, even the bare mention of your name, causes her distress and suffering indescribable; while, should she see you, I tremble for the consequences. I confess, George, that I cannot understand this thing. Had it happened in a Roman Catholic country I should, by virtue of the authority committed to me at my ordination, have exorcised the demons who I should then believe to be holding her body and mind. If the thing had happened two hundred years

ago, I should certainly have committed the wise woman of the Precinct, Margery Habbijam, to the stake and the flames as a witch——'

'You might do worse, even now,' said Sister Katherine. 'The girl is surely bewitched. Nothing else can be the matter with her.'

'But,' continued the clergyman, 'we are now in the enlightened eighteenth century, and we no longer believe either in witchcraft or in possession by the Evil One. For myself, I firmly hold and will maintain, that even in these latter days the Evil One may be permitted to enter into the soul of men who have abandoned themselves to a long indulgence in crime. Witness the blind rage and demoniac fury of the monsters who now have the power in Paris, who have exiled their nobles, seized with sacrilegious hand the property of the Church, driven out their clergy, and have murdered their King. This, I say, I believe, when a man has cut himself away from the saving power of grace, the Devil may enter into him for his swifter and more complete destruction. But that the Devil should have power over the soul of this sweet and innocent child, who was full of love for you, young man, her betrothed—that, I say, I cannot believe.'

'She is bewitched,' Sister Katherine repeated, setting her lips.

'Alas! I fear it,' said my mother.

'Set aside, however, as a question which cannot be answered, why this affliction has been permitted, or what earthly causes can account for it, the only question we have to consider is, what we are to do.'

George bowed his head.

'Very well. Now the only remedy we can find is that you yourself should go away.'

George turned to his aunt.

'Yes, George,' said Sister Katherine, 'you must go away—clean out of her sight.'

George turned next to his father.

'My son,' said the Lieutenant, 'I cannot think otherwise. You must go away.'

'You must go, George,' said my mother.

'When you are once gone,' continued the President, 'when the child understands that she need be in no fear of meeting you, or of hearing your voice, we think that by degrees her terrors will wear themselves away. Your voice, your image,

will gradually leave her brain, where, at present, its occupation causes her so much suffering. We think that, you once out of the way, there is a chance that she will recover. If you stay, there seems to be no chance, since time doth only aggravate the disease. We think this ; that is to say, let us not deceive ourselves, we only hope this may happen. In such a case there is nothing left us but to pray and to hope. It may be that her fragile frame is already too much weakened by the sufferings which have torn her ; it may be that already the Angel of Death—nay, dear madam'—for my mother was weeping—'what can we do but still to pray, still to hope, and still be brave to face the worst ? It seems to me possible for Sylvia to recover if you are out of the way. Will you therefore agree with us and go away—go to sea once more—go out of her sight, and even, perhaps, out of her mind and memory ?'

'It is hard, sir——' George began.

'It is indeed hard for you. It is equally hard for her. It is hard for all of us. Yet go you must. You would not, by continuing to show your love for one who has learned in some way or other to hate you, thereby endanger her life ?'

'Sir, I shall always love Sylvia, whatever happens.'

'Then, my son, you will do what is best for her. That you cannot choose but do.'

'If by going away I can restore her to her right mind, let me go away, though I never see her again. If, by dying myself, I could restore her to happiness, let me die.'

'It is well said. I hope that she may be restored to life and a sound mind, and that you may return to find her well, and returned to her old affection.'

'George,' said my father, 'we have no evil thoughts of thee in what hath passed. We have in no way blamed thee. It is with great sorrow that we have to drive thee forth, and at a time when there are worse perils at sea than tempest and hidden rocks. But it will be happier for all, believe me, when thou art gone.'

'Oh ! George,' my mother pushed back her chair, and caught his hands, and kissed him. 'She who looked forward so proudly to thy return ! She who counted the hours, and would still be poring over the map to guess where thy ship might be ! She who talked all day—the pretty innocent—of George and George, and always George ! Oh ! what have we done to deserve this trouble ? What have we done ? For what have we been punished ?'

'Madame,' said his Reverence, 'remember, as I was preaching on Sunday last, that the Tower of Siloam fell upon the innocent as well as upon the guilty. It is the property of evil that, like a torrent, it rolls over everything—the house of the unjust man, or the house of the just man alike; or like lightning, it falls equally upon the good and the bad; or like a pestilence, which piety alone cannot ward off. Yet who shall deny that we are in the hands of the living God? George, that torrent has overwhelmed us all; that lightning has fallen upon us; we are sinners, indeed; our good works, such as they are, avail us nothing; yet I know not that we are greater sinners than the rest of the world, who are unscathed by the forkèd fire.'

'I will go away,' he said, and left us with no more words.

Unhappily he did not instantly depart, but, seized either with the desire of once more beholding his mistress—a thing which to a lover is like the thirst of the sandy desert—or else anxious to say farewell, and out of her own mouth to hear the worst, he went out of the Chapter House across the Close, and so into the Master's House. Sylvia was not in the parlour. He went into the garden, and there sitting in the summer-house he found her, warm and sheltered.

She was too weak to run away. At sight of her lover she could only shudder and moan and bury her face in her hands.

He fell upon his knees before her, not touching so much as the hem of her garment.

'Sylvia,' he cried, but his voice choked him, and he could say no more for a while.

'Sylvia,' he went on, presently; 'tell me, my dear, if you can, why you loathe me so?'

She shook her head.

'I cannot tell you,' she said.

'Have I done anything—or said anything? Has anything been reported or charged to me? What is it? Sylvia, is there any hope for me at all? If I go away, will you begin to think of me with kindness?'

'Alas!' she said, 'I cannot tell what will happen, whether you go or whether you stay.'

'You would like me to go away—order me to go, and I obey; nay, I have promised to go. You shall not see me any more unless, when I return, your heart has softened. Bid me farewell, Sylvia. Grant me so much grace—and let me kiss your dear hand once before I go.'

She lifted her face. For a moment her eyes glowed again with the soft light of love. Then they hardened. She shivered—she turned her head—she held out her hand as if to push him away.

'Go,' she said.

He rose.

'Oh, nothing is of any use!' he cried. 'Your heart is harder than the nether millstone. You are changed, indeed, Sylvia. I cannot believe that it is the same girl. But I will not reproach you. I will go. If I die, Sylvia—if you knew that I was dead and buried, and could trouble you no longer—then you would quickly recover and grow strong again and think of me no more. Well, my dear,' he added gently, 'you shall grow strong. I will die and you shall get well. What is it to me—to die—since you can love me no longer? Farewell—my dear—my dear. I will go away—and I will die—I will die. I will trouble you no more.'

But now she turned her face, and looked at him with wild eyes and gasping mouth. 'Die, and trouble me no more?' she repeated, with outstretched hands.

He took her words for a command. Alas! poor heart! She meant to show the horrible agony and dread that these words of his awakened in her heart. And when he strode swiftly away she cried aloud—but he heard her not—and fell senseless to the ground.

And there we—not knowing what had happened—found her, bereft of reason, and carried her within doors, and so to her bed.

CHAPTER V

THE ONLY QUESTION LEFT

You have seen George walking away with Archer, as if with an old friend—obedient to his mere invitation. In the evening I saw them together in earnest conversation. Next day, after the school was closed, I saw them take oars across the river to Oak Apple Dock, Rotherhithe, where they spent the evening together, still in earnest talk. And the next day the same, and every day; so that his old friends were forgotten and neglected, as if they were no longer to be regarded.

'I know not,' said George, long afterwards, 'why I chose

this man for a familiar friend. At this time, however, I think we were all mad together—you, dear lad, and Sylvia, and I myself. Ay! we were all mad. There is no other explanation. For he is a villain—a double-dyed villain. Why, his very looks proclaim him villain—his shifty eyes and his restless lips; and I always knew that he was a villain, from a boy up. I thrashed him for it when I was a boy. Yet when he bade me follow him, I felt no surprise. I obeyed. It seemed natural that I should do what he told me to do. I followed him to his own house; and there, Nevill, I told him everything. Yes, I was not able to conceal anything. I was forced, somehow, to tell him my most secret thoughts. I told him how we were plighted before my last voyage—how I thought of nothing else all day long but Sylvia—and how I came home dancing on air, as they say, with the joy of getting to my Sylvia again, and how she received me. Good Lord! I told that man—that man—all—everything I felt. It makes me mad, now, to think that I told him so much. It seems like confessing one's sins to the Devil himself, who laughs in his sleeve the more you repent and weep.'

This, in fact, Archer did. He had some power over George; very likely only the power of a crafty and subtle man. Some men are so subtle that they understand without being told what another man is thinking before he speaks. He drew George towards him and made him confess everything that had happened, and caused him to unbosom his whole thoughts. Then, no doubt, he laughed in his sleeve. You do not yet, I know, very well understand his villainy. Patience—you shall.

'So,' said Archer, slowly, as if the words had no sting in them—(so the bos'n draws the cat slowly across the bleeding back). 'So your mistress, who formerly returned your passion, who has been in your thoughts night and day, morning and evening, every day—whose image you cannot tear from your heart, though she is so cold'—George groaned—'will now have none of you. This is strange, is it not?'

'It must be the work of the Devil! In no other way could it happen.'

'Doubtless. The Devil in these days is very busy. Can we, however, undo the Devil's work? That is the important question. For the Devil works well, you see. He scamps not, nor does he botch his work. He is no paid hireling working by the hour. His work stands. Wars and battles,

murders, ruined homes, families destroyed, honour disgraced. You can never undo the Devil's work. What will you do, my poor George?'

'I know not, Dick. I wish I were dead.'

'That,' replied Archer, 'is a very small thing, and easily attained. If all human wishes could be brought about as easily, the world would soon be happy. Everybody can convert himself into a dead man in a moment of time. For instance, there is an apothecary on Tower Hill; he is a friend of mine, but at present in a low way, and fears bankruptcy. All my friends are in a low way just at present. I could get from him a bottle which would kill you as quickly and as certainly as a cannon-ball through your vitals. Do you really mean it, George? Consider,' he added, earnestly, 'if you really wish to die.'

'Why not? What can I live for?'

'I have always thought,' this tempter went on, 'that when life has become burdensome to a man, by any great misfortune, as by disease or poverty, or the loss of something he values more than life itself, it is only a laudable act for him to put an end to his life. There is nothing against it in Divine Writ—for the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" means surely, "Thou shalt not kill thy friend." As for an enemy, we have always done our best to kill as many of our enemies as we can. What else is the meaning of war? Did the Israelites, after the giving of the Law, desist from killing the Amorites, the Amalekites, the Moabites, and the rest? Certainly not. Therefore, I take it, the law says nothing against killing your enemy. Then, who is your greatest enemy when troubles intolerable fall upon you? Why, yourself! Therefore, you may lawfully kill that enemy—yourself. Judas Iscariot, when his conscience reproached him, killed himself. What else could he do? And the Romans, whose courage has always been approved, thought it the act of a brave and wise man to commit suicide when there was no longer any hope, and in order to escape worse things. Nero killed himself to avoid being dragged to death by horses. What better could he do? Cato killed himself rather than receive a pardon from Cæsar

By such specious arguments did this man persuade to his own destruction this simple sailor, who was in despair, and ready to be convinced that any violence was permitted to such as were in his condition.

'Let us, therefore, say no more concerning self-murder as if it was a sin,' he went on. 'Let us rather consider your case. You say, and you are quite sure, that the girl hates the very sight of you?'

'Yes,' he groaned, 'and the very voice of me.'

'Ha!' the man smiled and smacked his lips, as if with satisfaction, 'and she recoils from you—ha!—and regards you with disgust unfeigned. Ha! Now, in your case, my friend—my dear friend'—his eyes gleamed with excess of friendship—'the only question is, Can you still continue to live? Bereft of the only thing that makes your life desirable, condemned to live alone without the society of your mistress, having nothing to look forward to but a long life of solitude and loneliness—can you still wish to live?'

'No, no,' he cried; 'let me die.'

'Why,' this false friend continued, 'did she not with her own voice order you to die? What were her very words? What did you tell me? Say it again. Let us make no doubt upon so important a point.'

'Sylvia said, "Die, and trouble me no more."'

'Why, there. You are quite sure that you have gotten the words correctly? Why, what doubt is left? Your dying will cause her'—here he turned away his head to conceal his smile—'will cause her, I say, the deepest satisfaction. Once rid of you, she will no longer fear to go abroad lest she should meet you face to face—when you are in your grave she will come forth again, smiling and happy. You say that she hath grown thin and pale, and appears to be rapidly wasting away. Why, man, if you truly love the girl——'

'Love her? With all my heart and soul!'

'And in spite of all would do anything that could pleasure her? I say that there seems no room for doubt.'

'No. There is no doubt. I must die. Nothing else will serve.'

'Yet it is hard: you are but two-and-twenty: you are rich: you are strong and handsome. It is hard to tear yourself away from all these things.'

'What are all these things without Sylvia?'

'True—true—and then—as you say yourself, nothing but your own death can restore her to health. Devil's work. One or other of you must die—Devil's work. Devil's work. And it is by her own command, is it not? There is one other way, however. Suppose that you could be made to regard this girl

with as much hatred and disgust as she now entertains for you——?'

'That is impossible.'

'Is it? Look at me—in my face—eyes to eyes—so.'

Thereupon—I do not vouch for the truth of this incredible part of my narrative; it is as George tells it; I say nothing for it or against it; George declares it was doubtless the excessive sorrow and trouble in his brain that made him giddy and visionary—he felt as if he was transported to some lonely spot where he—that is, his mind, because he was out of the body—was attacked or besieged by a crowd of devils; they filled him with new and evil thoughts; they whispered wicked things; made horrible suggestions, such as before this he had never dreamed or heard of; they came about him in thousands, fighting, pushing, struggling to get inside him and take possession of him. They showed him new and terrible kinds of wickedness such as he himself would never have devised; these they clad in lovely forms, and so made them attractive, and hid their wickedness. Then they showed him his own mistress—Sylvia herself—lovely still, but debased and disgraced to the lowest level, singing horrible songs in a tavern with men of the lowest and the basest; herself shameless and reckless. Then they showed him other things beautiful and desirable, and sang soft songs to him. He knew, he says, that they were trying by some way to take possession of him. But they could not. Why? Because he still kept his thought fixed on his mistress, pure and holy. I would fain think that if this thing were really done, the efficacy of the defence depended on the holiness of the image, no mere woman, surely, being able to keep off these devils. The whispers came faster and more furious: the images were threatening: the figures were terrible: but he held fast. The things were to him no more than the vile orgies he had witnessed from a boy upwards in Ratcliffe and Shadwell among the sailors, the crimps, and the nymphs who adorn this quarter.

At last the devils retreated—beaten and baffled.

How long this conflict lasted, he knows not. After a while, when it closed, he found himself sitting in his chair, this new friend looking at him curiously. The memory of the thing had left him, and he knew not, until long afterwards, what had happened.

'My friend,' said Archer, gently, and as if he was but carrying on his uninterrupted discussion, 'since, as you justly

say, it is not possible for you to treat this young lady in the same manner as she has treated you, there is nothing more to be said. I will dissuade you no longer.' Yet he had said nothing at all to dissuade him, but had rather led him on. 'You must die, George—you must kill yourself.'

'Yes,' George replied, meekly—was there ever such madness? 'I must kill myself; and the only question is, how? Yet what the Devil does it matter how, so only that I am dead and thrust into a hole in the ground?'

'It matters a great deal, I assure you. For, first of all, you should die, if possible, in such a way that no one would ever cast your death in Sylvia's teeth—that no one could say that you died because she was cruel. You must consider her in this matter.' Was not this thoughtful of him?

'Why, I suppose so; one would not have the poor girl charged with causing my death. That must be avoided, whatever we do. I am a fool. I ought to have thought of her first of all.'

'Quite so. Then your death might take the form of an accident, or it might be caused by some one else.'

'Take a pistol, then, and shoot me,' said George. 'That can be done in a moment.'

'And be hanged therefor! Not so, my friend. Who is to prove that the thing is an accident?'

'How, then?'

'Let us deliberate.' He took a chair and sat down, crossing his legs and placing the tops of his fingers together. In such an attitude did Socrates discuss his knotty points. 'Let us deliberate upon this. Well, life is a thing easily stopped—as easily as one may stop a clock. Those who live to ninety think that life is tough and tenacious. It only seems tenacious. There have been benevolently provided by Nature a thousand ways by which life can be stamped out of man. There are so many that, for my own part, I am surprised that men should ever continue to live when misery falls upon them. For instance, to consider a few of the simpler ways: a man may buy a bottle of brandy with his last crown, and, sitting in his own room, he may drink it at a draught, like a tankard of ale. Then will he fall back dead, and so be presently found, and no one to say how he died. The verdict of the coroner's jury will be "Death by the Visitation of God."'

'No,' said George, 'I will not stagger drunk into the presence of my Judge.'

'Again, with twopence, a man may buy a length of rope and hang himself. Verdict of the coroner's jury—"Suicide."'

'No, I desire not to be buried where four roads meet, and a stake driven through my body. I will be buried like a Christian man, with the Service of the Church; not like a dog.'

'Oh! there are many other ways. You might buy, as I said before, a bottle of poison. My friend the apothecary on Tower Hill, a poor man, though deserving, as I have already said, will gladly help any friend of mine out of the world in return for a guinea. And, since he is so poor, you would die in the very act of a charitable deed, and so go straight to Heaven. As for the poison, there are so many that you have a wide choice. Nature is lavish in her poisons. Why, it seems as if self-killing were intended by Providence, so many are the deadly poisons. Some there are which gently send a man to sleep: his eyes slowly drop: his head falls back: his breathing is soft and regular at first: he sees the most delightful visions. You, my friend, would dream that Sylvia was all your own: in a most heavenly rapture you would breathe your last. This is a secret and a very choice poison. Keep it—keep it—for your own consumption and for your friends. I will ask my apothecary to treat you as he would himself. If you desire a poison that you shall feel—if your conscience pricks you so that you would fain feel atoning pangs as a set-off against the imaginary sin of suicide, there is a kind he would find for you, suitable for the purpose. It bends the backbone into an arch, it twists the legs into shape like a corkscrew, it pulls the face away into such distortions that your own mother would not know you, and its agonies are such that the sufferer cannot even shriek. Would that suit you? Or, again, if you desire despatch without time for reflection, repentance, or change of mind, there is a kind which kills like a pistol-shot through your heart. You have only to smell—so—one whiff of this divine essence, and—*presto*!—you are safe in Heaven, out of reach of all troubles—or else——'

'No,' said George, shuddering. 'I will have none of your poisons. I want no outlandish way of death.'

'You are hard to please. Will you take a knife and cut your throat?'

'And bleed to death like a pig? Never.'

'Will you take a pistol, and blow out your brains?'

'What! To have my brains scattered about over the floor. Ugh! Filthy! Find me a better way than that.'

'You can jump into the water, and be drowned. Come now; there is a clean and an easy way.'

'Man—I can swim like a fish.'

'You might tie a stone to your feet—I can find such a kind of stone in the Flemish burying-ground, off Hangman's Gains—and then jump in.'

'No. I once drowned a dog that way. And he ran round and round at the bottom of the water before he died. Turned me sick to see the poor creature die.'

'It is impossible to please you,' said Archer. 'Yet you are resolved to die.'

If I shoot or hang myself, my father will be grieved. Sylvia, herself, though she might recover, would be unhappy for thinking she had caused my death. If I were drowned nobody would know, and so nobody would be any the better.'

'You should tell me beforehand.'

George shook his head.

'It will not do,' he said; 'I must die, indeed, but not by my own hand; not even though it should seem accidental; not in any way which would let it be possible that Sylvia, or anybody, shall be reproached with being the cause of my death.'

'Then, my dear friend,' said Archer, 'there is another way, it is a certain way, and one that I can confidently recommend.'

He drew a chair, and sat down. And they talked together with great earnestness, and low voices. You shall learn, presently, what fine things came of this talk.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRESS-GANG

EVERYBODY remembers the succession of events in these years. They proved the safety of the British Constitution if they did no more. There was very little more playing with revolutionary principles when the King and Queen of France were murdered, and when the Reign of Terror showed us to what

crimes a Revolution may lead a nation. Indeed, we revolutionaries destroyed ourselves. We called upon our countrymen to imitate the example of France. Great Heaven! What an example was held up to us! We, to be sure, executed King Charles the First. But he was treated, at least, with the respect due to a fallen gentleman. What respect did the French accord to their unfortunate King and Queen?

Well—it matters not now. No use in talking more about it. War was declared. That was in February. You would think that war or peace mattered little to us living retired in the Precinct of St. Katherine's. But, consider. We were on the riverside. From the beginning of the war to the end of it there were lively times all along the riverside. The press-gang was never idle; and what with that institution, without which, it seems, the navy cannot be manned, and with prize money, the paying off ships, the frolics of the sailors ashore, their prodigality and recklessness, their fights and quarrels and loves, during the whole of that long war the banks of the Thames were never for a single hour at peace. All was frolic, fighting, drink, singing, quarrelling, and dancing. 'Twas like Bartholomew Fair, or rather Horn Fair, all the year round!

On Sunday evening I met George coming out of Richard Archer's house. It was late, but I knew his step, and called to him across the Close.

He caught my arm and held me hard, without speaking for a while. He was reeling about, too, as if he was in liquor, and his voice was thick.

'George,' I said, 'you have been drinking.'

'No, no—I have drunk nothing. Wait a moment. Let me—let me pull myself together.'

In two or three minutes he loosed his hold of my arm, and stood beside me. His eyes were wild, and his face was pale in the moonlight; and his limbs still shook.

'What is the matter, George? Why are you shaking and trembling?'

'It is nothing. I am often so when I come away from my friend Dick Archer. It is the night air.'

'What have you to do with Archer? Why do you go to his house?'

'He is the best friend I have. He advises me. In unknown waters any port is welcome.'

'Can he advise you better than your old friends, George?'

'Sometimes a man wants counsel, which his old friends will

not give him ; sometimes he intends a thing which they would not approve ; sometimes he means to do a thing to which they could never consent. That, old friend, is why I seek counsel of Dick Archer. He is quick to see what is best, and he is not afraid to advise it.'

'Then, George, what is best ?'

He took me by the arm, and we walked along, leaving the Close behind us, towards St. Katherine's Square.

'Nevill, my lad,' he said, 'when the ship was homeward bound, with such a splendid passage as never happened, I believe, to any ship afloat, I was the happiest man alive. Why ? Because I was going to see my girl again. Why, there may have been others in the ship's company going to see their girls—but they were not going to see Sylvia. No—no ; the best girl in the world was made for me—sinner that I am—the very best woman, the sweetest, the most tender ever made was made for me. Should I be so ungrateful as not to be happy ? Well, Nevill—I came home. You know what happened.'

'Alas ! I know too well.'

'I have had my happiness, you see. Every man in his lifetime has so much happiness dealt out for him. Some have it spread over seventy years—spread thin like the poor man's dripping. Some have it in a lump. I had mine in a lump. It is all over. You can't eat your cake and have it. You can't be so selfish as to ask for more when you have eaten up your ration. No—no'—he shook his head wisely—'mine is gone—eaten up—devoured—no more for me. Then, d'ye see, I'm in the way. If I was to leave you all and go away—then Sylvia would get better ; if I was to die, so that I could never come back again, the poor child would get quite well, and would dance and laugh again.'

'If you were to die ?' I asked, perceiving with a sinking heart that he was now well-nigh off his head. Only a madman would pursue such a thought or entertain such a fancy.

'Sylvia told me so herself. Oh ! I forced the truth from her. She said, "Die, and trouble me no more."'

'Nay, George. That will I never believe.'

'It is true, I say. "Die," she said, "and trouble me no more." Wherefore, no more words, dear lad. I am going to die.'

'George, this is stark madness. Great Heavens ! Are we all bewitched ?'

No ; it is sober truth. Don't think I want to die. No joys of Heaven,' he added, blasphemously, 'could equal the joy of lovely Sylvia. Since that is done, I must go.'

'But, George, this is worse than madness. It is a most wicked and impious thing even to think of taking your own life.'

'I thought so once. We were all taught so. The world must be taught this, otherwise no man would consent to live when trouble fell upon him. Dick Archer, however, knows better. He is a mighty clever man, Nevill. He knows more than all the parsons.'

I knew better than anybody else how clever a man he was —and I could make no reply ; for, of course, I could not tell what part the man had played in bringing George to this resolution ; nor could I believe that, for any purposes of his own, he had wickedly encouraged him.

'All is settled in my own mind,' he went on. 'I shall die content, because it is the will of the Lord. He calls me. That is now quite clear to me. He has given me a brimming measure of happiness, and now He says that I must get out of the way and make room for others ; so that this girl who is too good for me shall be restored to health and be given to another man. What am I, Nevill, that I should get such a girl as Sylvia ? A common coarse tarpaulin. A mere sailor. I know nothing. I cannot dress. I cannot dance. I cannot even talk the language which girls like to hear. It is best for me to go.'

I could scarce refrain from weeping to see him thus resolute and thus reduced to despair. Never had I heard him talk in this way before. Well, I began to reason with him. We walked to and fro on the flags of the Square for an hour or more, while I used every argument that I could think of. But I could plainly perceive that I might as well argue with a stone or a log for any effect that I could produce. He was immovable. There was but one thing for him to do.

'If it were not for my friends,' he said, 'I would this moment shoot myself. But this would bring shame upon those who love me. They must not hide their heads over one who has killed himself.'

See the method of his madness. He would kill himself, and yet he would not wish to be thought a self murderer.

'Neither my father nor my aunt would approve of such a course,' he added ; 'let them, therefore, think that my death

was due to natural causes, or to accident, or to the result of rash conduct; but not to my own deliberate design. Dick Archer knows this, and you, dear lad. But let no one else know. Above all, let not Sylvia even so much as suspect the truth. All my arrangements are now made. I have written out a will, and signed it, being now in my right mind——'

'You in your right mind? Oh! George. You are stark, staring mad.'

'I will tell you what I have done with my Dock-money. I have signed a paper which gives it to Dick Archer; first, because he is very unfortunate in being so poor, and yet so able; next, because he has been my special friend in this matter; and thirdly, because I cannot give it to Sylvia, as I should otherwise wish. If she had my Dock she would always be thinking of him who gave it. So I have bestowed all my wealth upon Dick Archer.'

I waited to hear more. To Richard Archer?

'And we have agreed what to do. Well, it seems safe; and no one will suspect. I tell you, my lad, because we have never had any secrets from each other, and I should like you to understand exactly——'

'George—George,' I cried, 'this must not be.'

Now at that moment there arose from St. Katherine's Stairs, hard by, a great and sudden shouting, yelling, and trampling, as of men fighting. We knew very well what this meant. 'The press!' cried George, a sailor once more.

The steps drew nearer. Then the whole of the combatants poured tumultuously into the Square, which offered a fine arena for a moonlit fight.

For the most part, the men who are pressed make little or no resistance, but march off under their captors without further admonition than the shaking of the clubs. To-night, however, the men, perhaps pot-valiant, had got clubs of their own, and they were making a fight of it. The press-gang consisted of a dozen men. In the Precinct we are well accustomed to the common sailor. When ashore he is rude and rough; but, unless in liquor, he is peaceful and harmless—far more peaceful than the mudlarks and bargemen of the river-bank. He sits at home contentedly, and knits with the women: he makes and mends his slops: he washes the floors: he digs in the garden: he smokes his short pipe of tobacco: he cooks the dinner. But these fellows were the King's fighting-men. Such as I saw rushing into the Square shouting, flourishing

their bludgeons, were those who filled the boats in a cutting-out expedition : those who boarded the enemy's deck : those who won our glorious victories. Big and brawny fellows they were, their chins bristling with a week's growth ; their hair, long and ragged, hanging over their foreheads and down their necks. Dressed in their short jackets convenient for fighting, their round hats stuck on the back of the head, they rushed forward, shoulder to shoulder, brandishing their bludgeons with horrid execrations. A lieutenant with a drawn cutlass commanded them, but stood apart from the fray.

The men they wanted to press were twenty or thirty fellows, just come ashore after a long voyage : peaceful men, for the most part : some of them come home to their wives and children : some simple fishermen in their brown petticoats : some anxious only for a drinking bout till the money ran out. 'Twas hard, after two years, perhaps, afloat, to be pressed on the very landing. Some of them had got clubs, too, and despair lent them courage. But they wanted discipline and a leader. The event was not doubtful : the merchant-men were losing heart.

'Surrender!' cried the lieutenant. 'Surrender! or it shall be the worse for you!'

Not one man surrendered. But one fell, and they fought like the heroes of old Homer over his prostrate body. Round the combatants hovered a crowd of women and boys, who cried and cheered.

We were standing in the porch of a house. Partly sheltered by its pillars, we could survey the combat.

Suddenly, without a word, George broke from this retreat, and rushed into the midst of the fight.

Strong and valiant as the press-gang were, there was not one among them so strong and so brave as this mate of the East Indiaman. He snatched a club from one of the men—one who hung on in the rear, and seemed to have small stomach for the knocks.

I have never seen a fight either on land or sea, but in this miniature battle I saw the strength and valour of one man work wonders. He was everywhere ; he sprang like a tiger upon his prey ; his club fell on the men's heads and laid them senseless ; he fought with fist as well as with club ; by his own weight he bore them down. The lieutenant rushed upon him with upraised cutlass to cut him down ; the lieutenant's arm fell broken, and his cutlass dropped to the ground. Then

the merchant-men regained their spirit; they rallied; they followed their Heaven-sent leader: they drove the gang before them, fighting as they went—back to the Stairs where their boats were lying; the women and the boys ran after, laughing and shouting; and the battle was over. For once the press-gang were routed; they were forced to get into their boats, the lieutenant with a broken arm and the loss of his sword; they pushed off into the river, leaving the victors shouting on the Stairs.

George came back, breathed and heated.

'Are you hurt?' I asked.

'I believe I have not got a scratch.'

'George—you, the son of a King's Officer—you, lately the mate of a ship—you, a respectable dock-owner, to fight a press-gang!'

'Why,' he said, ''twas a sudden thought. If I fight and am beaten, I said to myself, I shall be pressed. Perhaps I shall be killed—a more cut-throat set of villains never led a press—so much the better. If I am not killed, I thought, I shall be pressed. That settles the business. Once aboard a man-o'-war, then am I safe—away from Sylvia, and likely to be killed in action.' He sighed. ''Twould have saved a vast deal o' trouble. But it wasn't allowed. You'll own I did my best. They weren't allowed to hurt me. Why didn't one of their bludgeons lay me low? 'Twas not permitted, my lad.'

'That is a sign that you are not to die, George,' I said.

'No—no; it is a sign that I must die some other way—not that way. Well, we shall find a way. As for the men, what care I whether they serve King or Company, whether they fly the white or the red ensi'n?'

The ground was strewn with the bodies of the wounded, with broken bludgeons, torn clothes, hats, and other wrecks and relics of the fight. The women began to come back now and to look after the wounded men, some of whom lay senseless, but I never heard that any were killed. In a few minutes all were carried or supported from the field, and the affair was over.

'George,' I said, as we walked away, 'if this is your mood, why not go to sea again in your old service? As likely as not you would be killed fighting a privateer,' thus thinking to humour him, and to turn his thoughts into a more healthy channel.

He shook his head in dejection.

'Well, then, go and be pressed. Put on sailors' slops and sit in a mug-house at Ratcliffe. There never was so hot a press. Or enter as a volunteer in the King's navy. Then if, as you suppose, the Lord intends your death, you will die like a brave man and a Briton. Think of that. Go to fight the French and leave the issue with the Lord.'

Well, we talked of that for a long time, and at last he agreed to think of this plan, which, I am still convinced, would have been the best for him and for everybody. Unhappily, he did not, as you shall see, get pressed.

CHAPTER VII

FIRE AND WATER

It is difficult to believe that the events which now followed were not miraculously guided and ordered. The man chiefly concerned thought that he had received a Divine command, and was only anxious to carry out that order faithfully, as a good sailor should. He was firmly possessed with the opinion that it was his duty to die—he must seek death, somehow or other he would find it. The Lord had so ordered; his mistress had ordered him to die and give her no more trouble. He owned that he had enjoyed his day of happiness and was resigned; he did not question the justice of the sentence. Heard one ever tell of two lovers in such condition of mind?

You have seen how George rushed into a desperate conflict with which he had no concern. He came out of it unhurt. A dozen men were knocked about and wounded—he got never a scratch. Any one in his sober senses would have concluded that the Lord had thus clearly shown that he was not to court death. Not so George. 'I am to die,' he said, 'but not this way.'

One more thing—if not two—happened which should also have turned him back into the path of common sense, but on the other hand only strengthened him the more in this his madness. On this head I have been assured by a learned physician that when a man is mad everything which in the minds of reasonable people should make his folly manifest to him, does, on the contrary, only confirm him in his madness; and this, though he should even—such things have happened

—fancy himself the Omnipotent, or believe that, like Neptune, he rules the waves, and, like Jupiter, can command the wind and rain.

We left the scene of the battle, holding such discourse as I have indicated, and not greatly heeding whither we went. Our steps led us out of the narrow labyrinth of St. Katherine's Precinct to the broad and ample space on Tower Hill, a spot which, whether for plenty and wholesomeness of air, or the view of the venerable Castle or the terrace walk along the river, or for the commodious houses which stand around it, or for the thoughts of the great events which have taken place in this spot, doth always seem to me the most desirable place of residence in or around London. To-night the moon shone upon the walls and towers of the great Castle, London's fortress, the former stronghold and palace of the Kings—the Tower by moonlight makes a noble picture. It is not, however, a place where one should choose to walk unarmed by night or alone, considering the character of some of the streets which lie adjacent. These are filled with villains of all kinds —land-robbers and river-robbers, footpads, highwaymen, pickpockets, and the like. Within the borders of the City they are not tolerated ; the narrow area of each parish makes it easy to preserve the virtue of householders, tenants, and lodgers. When one has such a companion, however, as George, still carrying the bludgeon with which he had fought and conquered, one need fear neither footpad nor robber of any kind.

As we walked discoursing and arguing beside the moat, I chanced to look up, and perceived by a red glow in the sky that there was somewhere a fire. Everybody in London knows that red glow. This grew rapidly brighter and more ruddy ; it appeared as if tongues of flame were playing in the heavens, answering to the flames below. It is terrible to gaze upon the reflection and to think of the perils those run who live in the crowded lanes and courts of the City. Heavens ! what a sky must that have been—what a rolling of flame and quick darting of fiery tongues—when the Great Fire burned up three-quarters of the City !

This fire seemed near ; I thought I could hear the roaring of the flames. I stopped talking, because it was nothing but the repetition of arguments which now fell idly on the ear of a man who was as obstinate as a pig in his conviction. I touched his arm and pointed.

'It is so near,' I said, 'that it must be in one of the City streets.'

George raised his head carelessly at first. Then he became suddenly alert—the sight of a fire always excites those who look on. Then exactly as he had done at the fight, he broke from me and ran as hard as he could run across the hill and in the direction of the fire.

I knew instantly what was in his mind. For that matter he had himself revealed his mind to me. The same thought which had driven him into the thick of the fight drove him now to the fire. Perhaps the Lord wished that he should perish in the flames. If so, he would obey the will of the Lord. Therefore he ran, resolved to try his fate.

I ran after him, not with the view of dissuading him, a thing which a thousand men would not have done, but to watch the event.

The fire had broken out in a house of Crutched Friars; one standing nearly opposite the square stone pillars of the old Navy Office; that is, the second Navy Office, for the first was in Mark Lane close by. The house was one of the old houses of which there still are a great many left in the City, with projecting upper stories, casement-windows, and gables with timbered front. On the ground floor an oilman and chandler had his shop, and here, no doubt, was stored a quantity of oil, spermaceti, tallow-candles, and other combustible things. The only way from this room upstairs into the street was through the shop. The fire, which began in the shop I know not how, spread rapidly, by reason of these materials, and had now burst through the ceiling of the ground-floor, and was raging in the room above. When we arrived, the street—Crutched Friars is narrow—was crowded with a vast concourse of people, always ready to run after a fire; they filled the street from end to end. Seething Lane, which is nearly opposite, was also crowded, and at every window were the faces of those who eagerly watched the progress of the flames. The street, lit up by the fire, was as light as by day. One or two of the fire-engines had already arrived—those of the Sun and the Phœnix Insurance Companies—and were rapidly preparing their hose, the firemen in the uniform of their company, and wearing leathern helmets. They cleared the ground before the house; they called for volunteers to hand a line of leathern buckets, and they turned on the water in long jets through the hose upon the flames, but with little

effect. The shop was already a burning, fiery furnace; the flames were roaring out of the first-floor windows; the house was past all hope of safety. Where were the occupants? Had they been saved? No one knew. Nor do I know whether any perished in the flames. Oh, horrible! While it was apparent that in a very few minutes the whole house would be in flames, and while the fire below was so hot that no ladder could be planted against the wall but would be instantly consumed, a woman appeared at the upper window. She was apparently in her night-dress and night-cap, as if she had been awakened out of her first sleep; she had an infant in her arms, and we could see the face of an older child beside her. She threw open the casement and shrieked for help. Were we to look on idly while this hapless woman perished in the flames? Then, in the crowd below, some cried and shouted I know not what; some laughed, not from mirth, but from madness; some cried out to her that to jump was her only chance; others remembered that the part of the window which opened was too small, and yelled to her to break down the rest of the window—as if a woman without a weapon of any kind could, in the few moments which remained to her, tear down the leaden window-frame. Then, some called for ladders; and some rushed about looking for ladders, as if they grew in every gutter; some called for blankets to catch the children; some wrung their hands; some wept aloud; some prayed; some turned and talked they knew not what to those who stood beside them.

Some men came running with a long ladder. It was quickly raised and reached the window-sill, but so great was the heat of the fire below that it seemed as if the ladder must be instantly consumed. The hose was thereupon turned into the window, and for a little space the flames seemed beaten down. Then a man rushed out from the crowd, and snatching a leathern helmet from the head of a fireman and an axe from the engine, he rushed up the ladder. It was not one of the firemen, as was evident to us from his dress; he wore the garb of a simple citizen. He ran up the ladder with the rapidity of a sailor; he hacked and cut the window-frame, so that in a moment he had broken away enough to make room for egress; he snatched the elder child and slid down the ladder as quick as lightning. Heavens! It was none other than George himself. It was surely tempting Providence. He was courting Death.

The crowd roared and cheered when he ran down the

ladder—none but a sailor could run up and down a ladder so quickly—they roared and cheered again when a second time he mounted. And then they suddenly became silent. The silence of expectancy and terror fell upon them. For the woman with her baby was no longer at the window, and the man had leaped within. Not a voice was lifted ; you could hear the gasping of the breath of the multitude while it gazed upon the window and waited ; you could hear them, I say, catching their breath even above the roaring of the flames ; they held each other by the hand ; their faces turned white, but yet looked ruddy by the red light of the flames. These leaped and roared like lions hungering and roaring for their prey ; the water hissed ; the pumping of the engines beat like drums ; and yet I say that you could hear above all the gasping of the crowd.

I know not how long this suspense lasted ; at the most it could not have been more than a minute or so, otherwise the very roof would have been on fire. At last the man reappeared ; his leathern helmet had fallen off ; he was bareheaded ; over his left shoulder he had thrown the woman ; she was apparently in a swoon or fit, and seemed not to move. He had wrapped her in a blanket. In his right hand he bore the baby, also wrapped in a blanket. Oh ! What a roar was that which burst from all our lips ! He looked down quietly as if there was plenty of time, and stepped upon the ladder. Then the flames, as if disappointed of their prey, burst forth from the window below, and wrapped and lapped them all, so that the mere hot breath should have killed them. But the next moment he was at the bottom with his burden. And the ladder itself, consumed with the heat, fell forward flaming and broken. And then a shout louder even than the first or the second sprang from every throat.

The woman, taken out of the blanket, was found still senseless but unhurt. The baby unrolled lay unharmed in its pretty white night-gown. They escaped without a scratch or a burn. And presently some good Samaritan stepped forth and ordered woman and children to be carried to his own house, where, I heard afterwards, the woman recovered, and was none the worse—but, one hopes, grateful to her deliverer, whose name she never knew. As for George himself, he had cut his fingers a little with the glass ; there were some scorchings or blisters on the back of his hands, and that was all. As for his head, though the helmet had fallen off and was lost,

that must have been protected in some way by the blankets, because his hair was not even singed, nor were his eyes the worse. It was wonderful that any man could have passed through such a breath of the raging, fiery furnace without injuries.

When he had laid down his burden, and left the woman and children in the hands of the firemen, he received his hat, which some one had held for him, put it on, and turned away.

'Come,' said one of the firemen, 'since you've done what none of us ventured to do, stay a while just for the good woman to say a thank ye for her life.'

But he walked away without reply. When he pushed through the crowd no one recognised the man whom they had cheered with all their voice a minute before. That mattered nothing. He wanted no cheers; just as well that he should not be known; the act remained; the people would not forget how this man ran up the ladder surrounded by flames, ventured into the raging fire, and brought the children and their mother out of the very furnace itself—out of the jaws of Hell. I say, the act remained, though the man who did it is unknown; he has become an example and a memory to those who saw it; brave deeds are the parents of deeds as brave, just as heroic sires descend from heroic sires.

He came forth from the crowd with hanging head. He had tried again, and failed. He walked like a schoolboy who is ashamed. As for pride at having done the bravest thing in the world—many a hero on the battle-field is a coward when the house is on fire—he showed no pride, or consciousness of any merit whatever. Perhaps, when one considers the reason why he did the thing, there was little cause for surprise.

'I witnessed the act, George,' I said, joining him.

'Ay—ay——'

''Twas a noble deed.'

''Tis what you like, lad.'

'A noble deed—a brave deed. Not another man in all the crowd could have done that.'

'I was forced to do it. I had no choice. There was no help for it.'

'So you say.'

'Why, lad, what do you think I did it for? Did I know whose house was on fire? Did I know anything of the woman and her brats?'

'Well, that matters not a straw. You saved their lives.'

'I tell you I was driven to go up that ladder. Someone said, "Go into the midst of the flames, and they shall not harm you. Ay, into the heart of the raging fire." Why, when I got in at the window, the floor was already burning like paper, and the joists were cracking. The woman's frock was on fire. In another minute they would have been killed. In her extremity of terror she had fainted. The *flames stopped*, Nevill, for me to do the job. The fire was stayed so that I should not be burned. When I came down the ladder, it was through such a flame as no one before ever passed through, I believe, and came out alive.'

'You passed through unhurt, partly because you slid down the ladder as only a sailor can, and partly by the help of God.'

'Ay, there it is; by the help of God. And this is another intimation I have received. First, I am told that I must die; then, that I shall not die by battle; next, that I shall not die by fire.'

'Well, George, since you cannot shake off this disorder in any other way, get you gone to sea again. There you will come into your right mind, and Sylvia, poor child, will return to hers.'

He laughed gently.

'No, lad,' he said; 'it is no disorder of the mind. It is not as you think. My mind, thank God, is clear and sound. Since I am shut out from my girl, and there is no hope for me, I am shut out from life. She is my life: without her there is no life. "Die," she told me—"die, and trouble me no more."'

What to say? Truly, I had no more to say. You cannot reason with a man who has a bee in his bonnet.

As for what happened next day, I would willingly pass it over and say nothing about it, but for the importance which George himself attached to the thing. To me it means nothing. His escape from the battle was due to the extraordinary skill with which he handled his bludgeon; his escape from the fire was due to his wonderful courage and the rapidity with which he got up and down the ladder. I say this without seeking to diminish the part borne in all human undertakings by the help of Providence; but, speaking of human agencies, such I conceive were the reasons why he escaped; and I declare that I can hear no such voice or message as George declared was speaking to him in these events. And as to this other thing, if George had been unable to swim, or if he had not been as

much at home in the water and as easy in it as a mermaid, if there are such creatures, I would attach importance to it. Everybody who knows George knows very well that from his childhood he has been one of them—they are rare indeed—who seem unable to sink in the water. As a boy in summer he would willingly swim about all day below the Pool, diving under the barges, leaping into the water from boats, climbing up the sides of the ships by the ropes, and leaping from them. Three times already had he saved the lives of drowning men; he had no fear of water; he thought no more of such a rescue than many would think of catching a man who stumbles. At this juncture, however, the thing which he did the very next day seemed to bring a message to him. It was this—I say again, that to my mind it has no significance. In the morning he took boat for his Dock, which is beyond the point opposite Limekiln Hole. Here he chiefly spent his day, moodily leaning over the wall, and looking up and down the river, or sitting in his office doing nothing. In these days he did nothing. I suppose the business of the Dock was carried on by someone, but indeed I know not; perhaps there was a foreman; one would think that the people employed at the Dock—the ropemakers, boatbuilders, caulkers, mast-makers, carpenters, painters, and the rest would want their wages; and that the owners and captain of the ship in Dock would want a master for conference. Certainly, George did nothing. And so as I said above, I know not how the business was carried on.

Now, when the boat was pretty far down the Reach, and near the Point, by some accident—I cannot say how, because I was not there—it was run into and capsized, or foundered. It matters not how it happened; but in a moment the two watermen and George were all floundering in the water together, and carried headlong downwards by the force of the tide, then strongly ebbing. The watermen could not swim a single stroke—such men never can swim, though their lives are spent upon the water, and, I suppose, in their rough way—they mostly appear insensible to the thought of death or danger—they gave themselves up for lost. George, however, brought them both ashore. He did for them a thing which I have often seen him do when a boy: he swam after them, and got them together. Then, because they struggled, and would catch at his neck and arms, he cuffed and banged them with his fists as easily as if he was upon dry land.

When he had reduced them somewhat to obedience, he placed a hand under the head of each man, and so, swimming upon his back, he made for the bank just where the first of the gibbets stands, and landed in the Isle of Dogs.

He told me afterwards what had happened.

'It is another sign,' I said, 'that the Lord will have you live and not die.'

'Nay,' he replied, stubborn in his madness. 'It is another intimation of the Lord's will; any other man would have been drowned by two such lubbers trying to catch me round the neck. I should have been drowned—or near it—at any other time. But not that way. I must not die that way. Why, man, I felt as if it were a hand beneath me holding me up; I was as light as a cork; I was half out of the water even with the weight of those two watermen dragging me down. To swim ashore carrying them with me was child's play. Make what you please out of that, Nevill. For me I make but one thing certain. It is what I have told you. Now have I tried fire, battle, and water. What shall I try next?'

'Go to sea,' I told him. 'There you may make trial of cannon-shot, musket-ball, grape-shot, chain-shot, flying splinters, boarding pikes, cutlasses, exploding powder, not to speak of shipwrecks, hidden rocks, tempests, starvation on desert islands, cannibals and savages. Go to sea, George, and humbly wait for what may happen.'

CHAPTER VIII

AT LAST

By this time Mrs. Archer, who came into the Precinct, as you have heard, a young woman with a baby, so poor that she was fain to wash for any who would give her work, and that of the roughest kind, had risen to a great reputation in St. Katherine's, not only on account of fine and dexterous work, but also for her quiet and sober behaviour and her proved virtue. Among the poorer people she made no friends, nor would she even suffer her son to consort with the riverside lads; she kept him, perhaps, foolishly above his station; she attended Divine Service regularly at the church on Sundays and Holy Days; her manners were good; she was respectful

to the ladies who employed her, and did not presume beyond her position. She seemed to want no friends; she was a silent woman. As for her appearance, she was at this time a woman between forty and fifty; a woman with some of her comeliness left—it was said that when she first came to the place she was beautiful; she was always sorrowful to look at. 'She is one of those,' said the Wise Woman, 'who were born to sorrow. She has had many troubles, and she will have more.'

I do not know how she and her fiery, passionate son agreed together. Perhaps, as he knew how to govern himself orderly and respectfully before his betters, so he was able to govern himself in the presence of his mother. I never heard but that his behaviour towards her was such as a son's should be. Richard Archer was indeed a great villain, but we need not add more sins to his record than he actually committed. All I have to say about them is, that here were mother and son strangely unlike each other; as much unlike as can be; the one patient, silent, content; the other fiery, raging, and impatient.

Twenty-two years had passed since first she came to this place. She made, as I have said, no friends; but, once a month, a woman came to see her and remained shut up with her for an hour or two. Then she went away. Before the day came round, Mrs. Archer would seem to grow anxious and uneasy; for a day or two afterwards she was restless. Then she dropped back into the old tranquillity, and continued her work, and possessed her soul in patience.

One day—about this time—the woman came on her appointed day. 'Twas in the afternoon; and the woman was dressed in a high straight bonnet, her ringlets hanging down behind, her long neckerchief so arranged as to make her look like a pouter-pigeon. To look at her you would say, at first sight, that she was the wife of a flourishing City shopkeeper; and, at second sight, that she was a City gossip.

'Well, Cousin Lucy,' she said, sitting down and nodding her head, 'it's come at last.'

'What has come?'

'I took tea with my lord's housekeeper yesterday afternoon, and heard about it.'

'What has happened? Cousin Sarah. He is not dead?'

'No—no—not yet. Long expected—long deferred. The sinner has often a long rope, but he is pulled up at last. As

for rope, his lordship has little to complain of in that respect. Sixty, if a day, and the young man still to the very end.'

'What has happened? Quick!'

'A stroke, cousin. That's all. He had a stroke the day before yesterday.'

'A stroke?'

'Both legs gone. They say he will never move his legs again. There's some wickedness stopped, which will be good for his immortal soul; though, as I said to John, this morning, while he still has his hands and his head, and his tongue, he can always add to his iniquities.'

Will he die? How does he bear it?'

Why, a man with a stroke or a palsy may go on for years. My own father's uncle lived for five years with both feet in the grave. His lordship may do the same. As for his bearing it, how should such a man bear it? Like a raging, roaring lion in the Tower of London with the toothache. That's how he bears it, my dear. Knowing the man, cousin, you must know how he would bear any chastising. We have two ways, my dear, of receiving the rod. Some of us confess that we deserve it; others, alas! blaspheme and curse.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Archer; 'and some wonder why they have so much of it. I've been wondering all my life why I am always under the rod.'

'Well, cousin, you must own that you were imprudent.'

'I believed a man. I married a man. That was all my offence.'

'Without your parents' consent, my dear.'

'A thing done every day when the 'prentice carries off his master's daughter. Well, it matters not much. He has had a stroke. So—he can't do much harm now, Cousin Sarah.' She lifted her head with a little colour in her pale cheek and an unwonted gleam in her eyes. 'My time will come perhaps, and the time for my boy.'

'Your time, cousin? Alas! what can you do? To be sure, he may soften under affliction, and remember the wrong he did. But I don't know. 'Tis a hard and unrepentant nature.'

'Yet he may soften.'

'I know not what you mean, Cousin Lucy. Now, isn't it a beautiful thing to think that there's the same punishment for the great and the lowly? It won't help him any more that he's a noble lord. Oh! no. He will be no better treated than

one of your poor scuffle-hunters where he is going to. And to think that his punishment hasn't actually begun yet. This is only the ringing of the bell, as they say.' She nodded her head with complacency, thinking over the sufferings of a lost soul. Many women of outward piety love to dwell upon this dreadful theme. 'Not yet begun,' she added. 'Hundreds of years hence it will be hardly begun. In thousands and millions of years hence it will be only just begun, and all the time growing worse. Ah! they say that the souls in torment feel it more and more every day. Think of that! Think of that, Cousin Lucy, and take comfort.'

'Oh!' Mrs. Archer shuddered. 'Pray God he may repent.'

'Not he! The heart of such is like the nether millstone. He is too proud for repentance. There is no grace left in him. None. Repent? He will blaspheme while there's life left in him, and after life he will blaspheme still.'

'At last?' said Mrs. Archer, 'I knew that something terrible was sure to happen to him, but I knew not what. The judgments are sometimes slow, but they are sure.'

'Well, Cousin Lucy, if you think that anything may be done for you and Dick, I wouldn't put it off. Because we know not what a day may bring forth. Try to make him provide for his son before he dies. Be humble with him, not reproaching or complaining. Fall down on your knees to him —villain that he is! Remember that he is a great man, though such a wretch, and rich and powerful, though a ravening wild beast, and you are a helpless woman. Don't reproach him. Be humble, cousin.'

'No. I shall not fall on my knees before him. If any one weeps it shall be my lord, not the woman he deceived.'

'Nay, my dear, you must not be too hard. Think! Though he married you under false pretences, the boy is his own son; and he can still, if he dies not just yet, do so much for him. Why, he might send him to College or make a Bishop of him, or get him made an officer in the army, perhaps a Member of Parliament, or a post of a thousand a year. You would like your son to be a gentleman, would you not? And, cousin,' the woman leaned forward and whispered, 'have you ever told him?'

'He knows that I have been deceived, and that his father is a great man.'

'What will you do, then?'

'I don't know yet. Cousin Sarah, will you find me a lawyer? I ought to have a lawyer. I want somebody to advise me—somebody I can trust. I have got a little money saved up. I don't want any help from my family, only the name of a respectable lawyer who will tell me what is best to be done.'

'Where is Richard?'

'In the school. He is uneasy of late. He is always restless and moody; like his father he has fits of rage, but a good son to his mother.'

'You know your own affairs best, Cousin Lucy. I should think that a humble petition ——'

'No, cousin.' Mrs. Archer sprang to her feet, with eyes suddenly flashing; 'I will not send a humble petition. I will demand my rights. I have been humble long enough.'

'Your rights? Poor dear, you have no rights. If a woman is deceived, the law will give her no rights.'

Mrs. Archer sat down and took up her work again. 'True,' she said, 'a woman who has been deceived has no rights. Did I ever show you my marriage lines?' She opened a drawer of her work table and took out a paper 'Here they are? If I lose them I can get another copy. The name of the bridegroom is put down as Stephen Archer, you see, and he is styled a master mariner. So he was. Stephen Archer, Lord Aldeburgh, Post Captain in His Majesty's service. And the bride is Lucy Raine. The paper looks all right, does it not? You would never think——'

'That he had a wife living at the time? Never! Villain!'

Mrs. Archer put back the paper in the drawer.

'The man who married us was the curate of the church, which was Allhallows the Great, near the Steelyard, where they have got the great carved screen across the middle of the church, and behind the altar Moses with a gold wand pointing to the Ten Commandments, and Aaron, in full dress, on the other side of the table. I remember very well. I have seen this clergyman often; he is only a curate still, because he has no learning or interest. But he is a good man, and would not, if he could prevent it, see me wronged.'

'What has the clergyman to do with it, Lucy?'

'More than you think, cousin. I say that he can swear to me; I mean, that I am the woman whom he married to Stephen Archer. And you, cousin, can swear the same.'

'Certainly I can.'

'And you can swear'—her pale cheek flushed—'that Richard is my son, baptized in the same church of Allhallows the Great.'

'There can be, I hope, no doubt of that.'

'Well, then, I am no disgrace to the family, unless it is a disgrace to have kept myself and my boy without help from any of the family. No disgrace, Cousin Sarah.'

She folded up her work neatly and laid it on the table; then she opened the drawer of the work-table again, and took out a miniature. It represented a young man, black-avised, as they say, dressed in the blue coat and white facings of the King's navy. On his breast was a star, his hair in the fashion of five-and-twenty years before—say about the year 1770, viz., frizzed high on the head like a negro's wool, powdered and queued behind.

'This,' she said, 'is a portrait of Richard's father. I took it from his sea-chest before I left him.'

The other woman looked at it curiously.

'It is like him still,' she said; 'the look of the devil was on him then—and it's on him now.'

'He was a tall and proper man, Cousin Sarah; no one ever had a more winning way than my husband, I shall call him my husband to my dying day, and he loved me, too—perhaps he loved a dozen other women; but so long as I knew it not, what matter?—until I discovered who he was and what his real position. His drunken valet let it out.'

'And then he told you that you were not truly married?'

'He flew into a rage; he horsewhipped his man till I verily thought he would have killed him outright; and then he turned to me, and told me that since I had discovered what he hoped would have remained concealed, I should learn more—much more than I expected or desired—namely, that when he married me, he had a wife still living; that I was no wife at all; and that if I had a baby—Dick was then unborn—he would be illegitimate, so that if I thought I was to be called my lady, and my brat my lord, I was mistaken. And with that, my dear, I put on my hat and came away here, as to a part of London where I could live concealed from him.'

'Villain! Wretch and villain!'

Mrs. Archer put back the miniature carefully.

'A strong man, Cousin Sarah, terrible, and without pity. A greater villain than even you suppose. Because you see,

when he told me that his wife was living when he married me, he lied.'

'How cousin? He lied?'

'He lied. He married me the day after his wife was buried. He walked straight from the funeral to the wedding. While she was dying, he was courting me. Captain Archer, of the merchant service, he called himself. He knew that she was dying when he asked me to marry him. Had I married him on the day fixed, she would have been living still, but I took a cold, and had to keep in bed, which put off the day.'

'Lucy! Are you sure?'

'I am quite sure and certain. I learned the truth five years ago. I learned it accidentally from an old volume of the 'Annual Register,' where her death is recorded. I went to Westminster Abbey, where she lies buried. A noble monument has been erected to her memory. One angel weeps for her ladyship, while another bears her off to Heaven. The date of her death is written plain and clear. It was seven days before my marriage. All may read it.'

'Then you—you—Cousin Lucy—you!' the City madam gasped. 'If you are truly married to Lord Aldeburgh—you are her Ladyship! Here—in St. Katherine's Precinct—and you a dressmaker and sempstress! And your son the schoolmaster!'

'Truly, yes. I am Lady Aldeburgh. And he has known this all along. But I have known it for five years only. I have kept quiet, because, cousin, he is capable of anything—murder—kidnapping—anything—and because he would, I am sure and certain, hate his son with such a hatred as only such a man is capable of feeling. Now that he is paralysed, Richard is safe. Yes, cousin—you may tell your husband, my Cousin John, that I have not disgraced the family. Keep the secret to yourselves; and remember that my boy—my son Richard—the humble schoolmaster of St. Katherine's, does not know it yet, nor shall know it, till I have moved further in the matter. Keep my secret, cousin. Else all may fail. Keep my secret, Richard shall be his Lordship's successor, whatever he may say, or contrive, or invent.'

CHAPTER IX

THE AMENDMENT CARRIED

It cannot be denied that the Sublime Society of Snugs, together with all other associations having similar political purposes, was now under profound discouragement. I know not what happened to other revolutionary clubs, but for ourselves we had lost more than half our members, including those who drank the most, so that we were now coldly looked upon by the landlord, who as much as told us that, the reckoning being now contemptible, our room was desired rather than our company.

There had left us, first of all, those who were moderate: that is to say, those who did not object to the arguments of the philosophers, and very readily agreed over a pipe of tobacco and a cheerful glass that all men were equal and have the same rights; but the assertion of this doctrine and its practical application are different things. They looked across the Channel, and they were terrified. We also lost all those who had money or trade to lose. For they, too, looked across the Channel. There they saw property confiscated, trade interrupted or destroyed, no respect paid to order, the course of law and justice stopped, shops robbed, private persons hindered in their business, no security as to stocks, shares, and joint enterprises, a whole nation mad for war, and the massacre of those who had hitherto kept down the mob. 'If these things,' they said, 'be the outcome of your precious principles, give us the ancient order—we will have no more of you.' Thereupon they all left the society, and the Snugs were now diminished by more than half.

Those who remained were chiefly those who are commonly described as having nothing to lose. They were young workmen of the better sort—watchmakers, shoemakers, and the like—skilled in their trade, greedy of reading and argument, but ignorant and incapable of seeing more than one side of a question. To them a King was a Tyrant, a nobleman was a profligate Aristocrat. It must be owned that too many of our own nobility afforded by their conduct good ground for such a belief. A Bishop was bloated with wealth; a simple clergyman was a hypocrite; the Church, our Divine religion

itself, was but a sham. There were also two or three who still believed in the righteousness of our cause, and looked to see the French nation settle down, after the first effervescence of their freedom, to the practice of the virtues—the austere virtues of antiquity—which their orators were never tired of preaching and extolling. One was the Templar, of whom I have already spoken; another was the Poet and Atheist, who had been expelled from the University of Oxford; there was the shabby author, and there was myself. These, with the company of those who had nothing to lose, now formed the Society of Snugs. Nothing to lose! Why these workmen and mechanics had their employers to lose! What doth it help a man to have skill in his trade if he can find no employer? And if the employer was ruined, as was now daily happening in every town of France, what would the workman do? But of that, or of anything else sensible and sober, we thought nothing.

This, however, was my opportunity. When the moderate men left the Club I also ought to have gone. This I might have done without further discovery, and neither my father, nor any of the St. Katherine's Society, would ever have known how far I had gone in asserting the principles which they themselves abhorred. But I threw my chance away. I remained among these men, now doubly dangerous, and, therefore, I deserved all that I got afterwards. It is my one consolation that in the last of our meetings I did my best to keep the members within the bounds of reason.

We met, then, on what proved to be our last meeting, with every outward sign of deep dejection. The Marquis, who still came, yawned.

'My young friend,' he said, 'this no longer interests me. I am not reminded any more of my own country. I see no chance that your Revolution will succeed. There are too many here'—he looked round with his supercilious smile—'too many here who smell of oil, and that not salad or olive oil. It is true that in Paris not to smell of oil or leather is dangerous—but here! *Enfin*! I think I shall come no longer.'

Our Chairman this evening was a man whom I remember very well. His trade or occupation I never knew, nor his dwelling-place; and I afterwards discovered that he had given us a false name. In religion he was a Socinian; he was all for freedom of thought and private judgment; he was

ardent for the future of humanity; in appearance and manners he was greatly superior to most of our members, and he was a man of education. I now suspect him to have been a lawyer of some kind, but indeed I know not.

'Citizens,' he said, while we sat silent, 'has no one aught to say? Time was when your Chairman's chief duty was to conduct the meeting so that every man should have his share of the discussion. To-night it would seem as if we had nothing to discuss. We will, if you please, consider the causes of the discouragement which has fallen upon the Friends of Freedom. I invite our Secretary, if he has any counsel to give, to speak upon this subject.'

I do not know why he singled me out. I seldom addressed the members, because, being young and ardent, I was liable to be carried away by my own feelings, so that I would lose the thread of my argument, forget the points I wished to touch upon, and mix up things on which I should have dwelt separately. Thus it too frequently happened that I would have to sit down, covered with confusion. This evening, however, the invitation of the Chairman found me full of thought upon that very subject. I therefore rose, and began, with some timidity, to point out, what everybody knew very well, that recent events had alienated many of our former supporters, and had sent over to the cause of Monarchy all the weak and timid. Moreover, these excesses had greatly encouraged and strengthened the lovers of the old order. Therefore, I said, it was incumbent upon our Society, and upon all such societies as ours, to give no handle to those who pretended that our principles would lead to similar results in this country. That is to say, we ought to preserve great caution in our speeches and writings. As for those who had prophesied that a simultaneous rising of the whole people, strong in combined action, would achieve a bloodless Revolution, that, I argued, could only be expected when the French themselves had shown by a return to moderate counsels, and by the practice of those virtues which are expected of Republicans, what a nation governing itself could effect.

'When we have seen,' I said, 'a sovereign people ruling and reigning for the general welfare, and that alone; a country free from the corruption charged against a democracy and the certain tyranny of the aristocracy; minds cleared of priestcraft, priest domination, and superstition; all men alike working together for the common weal, and none for their own

selfish interests, it will be our time for action. Citizens,' I concluded, 'that time is not yet come. We must watch the progress and the development of the Gallic Republic. Meantime our old relations with the Republic are broken off; we can no more exchange with the French the messages of fraternity with which we hailed their first steps in freedom. War, horrid war, has begun again; the martial spirit of our country is again awakened; the old hatred of the French has burst forth with redoubled fury. Think—what chance is left for us? Should we be beaten, is it likely that we shall copy the institutions of our conquerors? Should we be victorious shall we imitate the example of our conquered foes? In either event, our imitation of the French seems to me further off than ever, and those who still advocate such an imitation will be called, and treated as, the enemies of their country.'

I sat down, not wholly satisfied with the reception of my speech. The Marquis shook his head.

'You have descended,' he said, 'to common sense. This is tedious. You are no longer interesting, Nevill. You will make your club ridiculous.' He handled a pinch of snuff delicately. Then he seized his gold-headed stick and hat. 'I shall depart. I shall come here no more. Farewell, Sublime Society of Snugs.' But this he murmured in my ear, and the others heard him not.

On the whole, the men seemed to agree with me, but unwillingly. With some of the more earnest men—I say not that all were either earnest or honest—the most glorious vision that had ever appeared to them was vanishing. Could there be—can there be—a dream more splendid than that of universal happiness and virtue? Nay, are there not some who believe that Christ Himself will come down to reign over mankind, rendered happy by His rule, for the space of a thousand years? These men saw the failure of their hopes with sad and sinking hearts. Some of our members, on the other hand, desired not the Kingdom of Heaven at all, but a general overturn of everything—the confiscation of all property, and a scramble for possession.

As I concluded, and sat down, the knock of a member—a private method of knocking was among our secrets—was heard at the door. When the door was opened, Richard Archer appeared. I had not, until then, observed his absence. With him, to my amazement, stood none other than George Bayssallance.

'*Tiens*!' said the Marquis, laying down his hat. 'Behold our Marat, and with him the victim of offended Love. This is interesting.'

Archer's face was eager and excited. He was anxious, too, and evidently labouring to keep himself under control.

'Brother citizens,' he said, 'I bring you a new member.'

'George'—I seized the new member by the arm—'what are you doing here? Why are you here? What do you know or care about the principles of this society?—This gentlemen, citizens, is a plain sailor. He knows nothing of the Rights of Man.' I was, indeed, amazed to see him there. In his frame of mind, what could he mean by joining us? What new attempt did he meditate? And why join us? I was not only amazed, I was filled with the foreboding of danger.

'Archer has taught me your principles,' said George, quietly. 'What is good enough for you is good for me as well, I take it.'

'No, you have never considered the question. You have nothing to do with the business, George. Give it up. What madness has brought you here? Have you not enough trouble on your head but you must seek new trouble? Here things are said not reported out of doors——'

'Citizens,' Archer interrupted, without ceremony, 'I have conversed with this new recruit, I find his mind fully prepared; his principles are ours; he is ready to join us, to work for us, to fight for us—if necessary.'

I could say nothing. George's face showed resolution and patience, but not the zeal of a recruit.

'Brother,' said Archer, turning to him, 'said I well? You are entirely with us?'

'Entirely with you,' George replied, quietly.

'He comes here, citizens, fully instructed in the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, but ready to receive other instruction. He is prepared to carry out any orders that may be laid upon him.'

I felt a little uneasiness at these words—because the club had never laid any orders upon a member.

'At all events,' said the Templar, 'the man is old enough, and big enough, to take care of himself.'

'If he is willing to take the oath of brotherhood and secrecy,' said the chairman, 'let him be sworn.'

A Bible was placed in his hands, and he was placed in front of the chairman.

'George Bayssallance,' he said. 'Before the Lord, George, thou art a tall and proper lad.—Art thou here desirous of entering the Sublime Society of Snugs with no secret or selfish purpose, but only for the good of mankind in general and this country in particular? If so, kiss the book.'

'I am,' said George, kissing the book.

'Wilt thou obey the ordinances and rules of the Society? Kiss the book again.'

'I will.'

'Wilt thou prove a brother among brothers; a friend among friends; a wise man among wise men; convivial, but not drunken; harmonious, but not noisy; a lover of reason, but not contentious; ever ready to debate and discuss, but not a babbler? Kiss the book.'

'I will endeavour so to act,' said the new member.

'Wilt thou maintain and defend, even with life itself, the sacred principles of humanity adopted and held by the Sublime Society? Kiss the book.'

'I will.'

The oath was then administered to him. Every society has its entrance oath, whether that of Freemasons, of Comical Cousins, of the Lumber Troop, or of Gormegans. I neither attack nor defend the practice. In the words of this oath the candidate prayed the Deity to smite him with many disorders, all enumerated, if he broke the laws, rules, and conditions under which he was admitted to the Society. This form of words pronounced—George showed no trepidation nor any other emotion—and the book again kissed, the Chairman shook hands with the new member, congratulated him upon his election, which, he said, would ever after be remembered by him as the most important event in his life, and the one of which he would have most reason to be proud, and so received him as a Brother Snug.

Now, had the Club existed solely for purposes of conviviality and good fellowship, such an oath would have been blasphemous. But the Convivial Snugs were gone, and a gang of conspirators remained, bent on overthrowing, if they could, the institutions of their country. Therefore such a form of admission was necessary, though in the event it proved that one person, at least, had no regard to the sanctity of an oath. At this moment, though we guessed it not, to join the Snugs was as

dangerous as to become a follower of the Old Man of the Mountain, and the Chairman, though this also he knew not, never uttered a truer prophecy when he told George that he had now accomplished the most important act of his whole life, and the one which he would remember to the end of it.

After the administration of the oath followed the imparting of the various ways by which he might know and recognise a Snug, supposing he were to meet one accidentally in strange places or foreign parts. This information, likely to prove so very useful, was speedily conveyed, and, thus enriched and fortified, George was conducted to a seat.

He sat down beside me, which, after my remonstrance, I took friendly.

'All is now arranged,' he whispered; 'that is why I am here. Lord love you, Nevill, my lad, I know nothing about Man's natural rights. All I have to do is to carry it through, whatever the event!'

'Good Heavens!—what is arranged?' I asked. As to his general meaning I had no doubt. He who had sought death in battle, fire, and water was now going to try some other method. What had the Sublime Society of Snugs to do with such a man and such a resolution? His face terrified me. He was no longer perplexed and torn by doubt. Contentment had returned to him—or, at least, silent resignation. He smiled as he spoke, but with serious eyes.

'I have no longer any doubt,' he said, 'as to my plain duty. It is to try all methods until I find one by which I shall be called away. But I am in great hopes that this time——'

'George, what will you do?'

'What you advised, lad; I shall leave it—to the Lord.'

At this point Richard Archer rose to speak. The Marquis nodded his head pleasantly. 'Once more,' he murmured, 'I await the eloquence of the Britannic Marat.'

'Mr. Chairman and citizens,' he began, quietly, 'I am here this evening with an announcement which will, I doubt not, be received by all present'—here he looked at me—'by all, or nearly all, present, with something of the joy which awaits the faithful in Heaven. I hear that you have listened this evening to an address from your secretary on the duty of this society at the present crisis. It is, I agree with him, a crisis of the greatest gravity. The recent just and admirable execution of a tyrant has, it is quite true, alienated from our

ranks all the timid, all those who are afraid of seeing principles put into practice. The half-hearted cannot understand the necessity of Justice. Why, for my own part, if it were found necessary to execute King George the Third, I should myself be honoured by sitting on the Tribunal of Condemnation. Justice is blind: it strikes at Kings and beggars alike. Here for his crimes a wretch swings outside Newgate. There for his crimes lies the headless trunk of a King. Do they reflect—but they cannot—that we ourselves should be ruthlessly sent to the scaffold for resisting the King and the nobles, and that it is only just, therefore, that King and nobles should go to the scaffold for resisting the sovereign power of the people? These cowards tremble because a King has been beheaded; yet they look on with unconcern when a shoplifter is hanged. Well, we have lost all cowards out of our ranks—they are gone; much good will they do to King George. We have lost others besides the cowards: we have lost the waverers. The massacres of which they make so much—the mere accidents of Revolution—the trifles which mark the first effervescence of liberty; these things have driven the waverers from our ranks. Those who acknowledged the reason of our argument, but hesitated whether to cast in their lot with us or with the tyrants, hesitate no longer. They have left us. Very well. Let things go. What remains? Citizens, WE REMAIN! We remain, who are the backbone of the country, the true people in its sovereignty, the men of fire and blood! We who are ready to hew our way through all the hireling troops the King may bring against us, though all the Lords and Bishops help with men and money! The French Revolution was made by a few hundreds of men first, and consolidated by a few thousands. I tell you that for one man who helped to make the French Revolution I can bring five hundred. At this moment there are five hundred thousand ready and waiting! And I tell you more. This is what I came here this evening to tell you—All is ready! The hour has struck! The time has come! In four-and-twenty hours Great Britain will be a Republic!'

He paused and looked around. I sprang to my feet.

'I am the Secretary of this Society,' I said. 'All the correspondence passes through my hands. Nothing has been brought to me about any special preparations. The country is no more in readiness now than it was six months ago. Nay, far less, for a spirit of dismay is everywhere.'

'You and your Corresponding Societies have been set aside. We act without you. I am here this night to let you understand that those whose shilly-shally counsels have almost succeeded in betraying the Cause are set aside. The Constitutional Societies and the Friends of the People are traitors. You are all dismissed. We reign in your place. The People is sovereign at last!'

I have never been able to understand what was true in this speech. It is quite possible, and, indeed, very probable, that this man with a few, desperate like himself, had made a small party in imitation of the French, and had prepared for some kind of manifestation in certain centres. It is also possible that he over-rated the power of this party. It is quite certain that he possessed many of the qualities which distinguished the most desperate of the French party: he was quite ready to play the part of Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, or Robespierre, all of whom he regarded with profound and sincere admiration. It is also possible, judging from the future course of events, that the whole of this evening's oratory was a theatrical display intended to draw the victim deeper into the toils.

'You will not reign in this club,' I replied, hotly, 'until you can at least produce your credentials.'

'I understand the speaker,' cried the Chairman, 'to assert that this Sublime Society has no longer any reason for existence. I think he will acknowledge that no one willingly ceases to exist because another man tells him that he is no longer of any usefulness to the community. The speaker will be good enough to explain. Shall the Society of Snugs be wiped out by a Brother Snug?'

'I say,' Archer went on, warming as he went, 'that such political clubs as this, whatever their name, will after this day cease to exist, because their purpose will have been accomplished. Listen, citizens. To-morrow evening, Sunday—on the only day when the British slave is free—the decisive blow will be struck. It will be struck simultaneously in a dozen places. Here in London, in Birmingham, in Sheffield, in Norwich—everywhere the people will be called upon at once to rise in the majesty of irresistible thousands, headed by the men of Fire and Blood, and will assert their sovereignty. What you have talked of doing, we have done. The time has gone by for arguments and talk—the thing is done. To-morrow evening let those who love Liberty rally round the

red cap.' He produced this article from his pocket, and stuck it on his head, where it would have looked better had it been a size larger. Then he folded his arms for the assembly to admire the effect.

'I am once more in Paris,' murmured the Marquis; 'I am again among the Lambs of Revolution, virtuous and incorruptible.'

'If,' I said, 'an insurrection has been planned without the consent of the societies to which we belong, we ought to have neither part nor lot in it. I propose this, sir, as a resolution—"That we take no part in any movement not sanctioned by our Corresponding Societies."'

'To-morrow night,' Richard Archer repeated, 'you will lie in your beds warm and comfortable. It will be well for you if, in the general conflagration that shall arise, you are not burned in your beds. If you are lucky enough to escape, you may reflect that the work has been taken out of your hands, and is being performed by the true Revolutionists. In the morning you will find London in our hands; before nightfall King George and all his nobles will have fled, pale and trembling; in a week every church will be turned into a storehouse or a lecture hall; there will be no more priests; there will be no more lawyers; no more landlords; no more rich men. All the property of the country will be divided among the people; peace will be made with France; hand-in-hand we shall overrun the whole of Europe, welcomed by the people, while the Kings fly before us at the far-off sound of the drum. To-morrow night. To-morrow night.'

'Brother Snugs,' said the Chairman, laying down his pipe and speaking seriously. 'I know not, for my own part, how far these words are true. If they are true, then our brother, whose zeal for the cause is well known to us, has allied himself with a band or body of men whose principles may be just, but whose actions are detestable. This Society yields to none in its adherence to the great principles—Man is born free; all men are equal; all men have equal rights. We acknowledge no privileged class; we own no authority in thought; we bow the head neither to king, lord, or bishop; we receive no creed imposed upon the world by priests. Nay, if you come to that, there need be no laws and no constables if every man would honestly stick to his own business. But we have as yet seen nothing in the conduct of the French Revolution to show that such a desirable condition of things has been arrived at by the

change of Constitution. The individual man is the same as before, except that he has for the present larger opportunities of showing his propensities, which are mostly in the direction of the Devil. Very well. We are associated with certain other societies holding similar principles; we exchange papers and pamphlets; we know the opinions and the action of these societies. Now that any general insurrection should have been planned without the consent and approbation of these societies seems impossible.'

'They are deposed,' said Archer. 'They are set aside.'

'Or,' the Chairman continued, 'that these societies should have planned such a movement, so fraught with danger, without even mentioning the fact to this Sublime Society, is incredible. It is also incredible that a rising which is intended to result in conflagrations and in massacres should have been considered by these societies. If then, it is true that the thing is to take place, let us for our parts resolve to have nothing to do with it. If members desire separately and individually to be hanged,' here George started and changed colour, 'let them do it, but not as brothers of this Society.'

'You are not wanted,' said Archer. 'We can do without you——'

'Parisian,' murmured the Marquis. 'He has acquired the latest style of Paris.'

'Gentlemen.' The Chairman departed from the usual mode of addressing the Club. 'Gentlemen,' he repeated very earnestly, 'I know the temper of the City at this moment. It is, I assure you, very strong. Never was fidelity to the Throne stronger. Though a year ago it seemed as if principles of Freedom were making rapid strides, it is to-day certain that men cannot show their faces abroad who dare to profess these principles openly. Even if an attempt to rise be made in a hundred places at once, nothing will come but bloodshed and riot. All those who love order and have property are prepared to rally round the King. Force will be met by stronger force. At the best nothing could be expected but for the mob to hold the town, and wreak mischief in it for a day or two. Good Heavens! How would another Gordon Riot, and a worse one, advance our holy and sacred Cause? But not for a single night will the mob be permitted to hold the town. The City is resolved to depend not so much upon the soldiers as upon themselves, in order to prevent such a calamity. Gentlemen, I

agree with Nevill Comines, our Secretary. We must have neither part nor lot in such an attempt.'

Observe the natural end of all Revolutionary Societies. They are founded to advance principles by men who fail to understand what will happen if those principles were universally adopted. It is never in the minds of these philosophers the time for bloodshed and violence. But a Revolution which affects property, and attacks privilege, and destroys power, can never be carried through without violence and bloodshed. Therefore, in the end, the men who scruple not to commit crime carry the day, and drive out the moderates. So that when the principles are established, the true leaders, those who would have restrained and guided the people, are nowhere to be found. Have we not seen this in Paris? Did we not see it in this small way, in the Sublime Society of Snugs?

Then followed a discussion, hot and fierce. It became manifest that the violent section of the club was stronger than the moderate, most of whom, as I have said, had already withdrawn. One after the other sprang to his feet and declaimed against the cowardice of those who shrank from force at the moment when force was ready. One, who wanted us to go out in a body and join the demonstration with flags, red sashes, and red caps, refused to believe that any violence would be attempted, and tried to persuade us that a peaceful promenade about the streets would settle the whole business. Another pretended to believe that the Guards would be with us.

The Chairman reminded the House that there was a Resolution before it. My friend the shabby author seconded it. Before it could be put, Archer jumped upon a chair and began a wild harangue. This, which was full of threats, prophecies, and denunciations, I omit. Indeed, it was shocking to hear, and would be far more shocking to read. He concluded with an amendment: 'That this society is pledged to take action, whether that may result in violence or not, at all times, and whenever it seems good to the Sovereign People to assert its sovereignty.'

The resolution was seconded, both by the Atheist from Oxford and the Templar, in the same words and in one breath.

'Citizens,' said the Chairman, 'we might talk for a month without getting any nearer to an agreement. I therefore put the amendment to the vote. It is proposed as an amendment that this Society is pledged to take action, whether that may

result in violence or not, at all times and whenever it seems good to the Sovereign People to assert its sovereignty. Those who are in favour of the amendment will declare the same in the usual manner. Twelve in favour. Those who are against—seven. The amendment is carried. Brother Secretary, you will enter the amendment as carried. Before declaring this meeting closed, I beg to inform the society that from this moment I am no longer a member.'

'Nor I,' said another who had voted against it. 'Nor I,' said a third. As Secretary, I recorded their resignations. Unhappily, I did not record my own, though, I declare, I intended to resign with the Chairman. The amendment I duly entered upon the minutes on the spot, with the names of six resigning members. But not my own name. A most unfortunate omission, as you will learn.

'I declare this meeting duly adjourned until the next regular day of the club.'

The Chairman put on his hat and went away. Those who had voted for the amendment gathered together, called for drink, and began to talk earnestly among themselves.

I finished entering the minutes, in which I recorded the heads of Archer's speech, and the words of Resolution and Amendment. Then I placed the minute-book in the muniment-chest, or chest of archives, as we sublimely called the wooden box in which we kept our account books, list of members, and minute book; put the key in my pocket, and walked away. The last I saw of George Bayssallance was that he was still sitting patient and silent, as if he was wholly unconcerned with what went on.

Outside, I found the Marquis waiting for me.

'My son,' he said, 'if your Marat is right I may as well pack up my portmanteau and go back to France again. One would rather die on the guillotine among one's own people and be cursed in French—I believe they still speak the old tongue—than on an English scaffold where one would only partly comprehend the execrations of the mob.'

'I do not believe it,' I said. 'Archer has gone mad. Such a movement could not possibly be resolved upon. The time is inopportune; the Societies would never entrust their work to the conduct of such men.'

'Hear my advice,' he said. 'Go back to-night—or, at latest, to-morrow morning. Secure the books of the club. Destroy the minutes and the lists. Efface the memory of the

club as much as possible. If violence is attempted let it not be possible to connect your name with it. Well; you have had your play. Your arguments, my friend, would be irresistible if men were governed by reason. But they are not. They are governed in all their actions by their own interests—by love of money, love of power, by vanity. You think they are governed by the love of Virtue? Never has that cold goddess had votaries so few. Her shrine is neglected; the grass grows in the courts of her Temple; the dust lies thick upon her altar. Go back to-morrow, my son, and secure the documents.'

I repeat, that I know not to this day how far Richard Archer deceived himself, or how far he intended to deceive us. I think there must have been a plot among a few fanatics, of whom he was one, to snatch the reins of power. Whether they had really organised a plan of universal insurrection I cannot say. If so, why did it fail? Three or four risings there were, but they were insignificant. No; I cannot understand it. Perhaps, as I said above, all was part of a diabolical plot contrived by this man—the most wicked of all his generation.

'There will be trouble,' said the Marquis; 'but not much. I think I shall not pack up just yet. Little fire, much smoke. I remain. Keep the victim of Love out of the trouble, Nevill. Cupid should be satisfied with the punishment he has already inflicted upon him.'

The next day, being Sunday, we went to church. To my surprise, the Marquis was there. He sat in the pew next to ours, and, turning his head, he whispered to me from time to time.

'The devil is in the organ loft,' he said. 'Nothing less than the devil himself. I never heard the devil play the organ before.'

The devil dissembled at any rate, for the voluntary which preceded the service was very sweet and soft, and calculated to lift the soul to prayer and praise. The organist also played the chants with his usual soberness. The psalm appointed to be sung before the sermon proved afterwards appropriate to the occasion. It was the second:—

> Why rage the heathen? and vain things
> Why do the people mind?
> Kings of the earth do set themselves,
> And princes are combined,

To plot against the Lord, and His
Anointed, saying thus,
Let us asunder break their bands,
And cast their cords from us.

. . . . . .

Thou shalt as with a weighty rod
Of iron break them all;
And as a potter's sherd thou shalt
Them dash in pieces small.

The service over, the organist remained, as usual, playing in the empty church. It was a great march that he played. There was victory in it, the shouts of the conquerors, the tramp of an army. He was celebrating beforehand, which is more lucky, the triumph of his cause.

Where was George? All that day he was nowhere to be found. I spent the day in a vain attempt to find him. Alas! had I, instead, taken the advice of the Marquis, and secured or destroyed the books!

CHAPTER X

AN ANXIOUS SUNDAY

Of all the days of my past life there are few which I remember so clearly as that Sunday when the last and heaviest blow was struck. I say the heaviest, because those that followed were only its natural consequences. Had it not been for the doings of this one day, the misfortunes that followed would never have happened.

The day of misfortune cast its shadows before. I lay all night feverish and wakeful, tossing from side to side, conjuring before my imagination the dreadful consequences of rebellion, and the dangers that had suddenly sprung up around us, like a host of soldiers hitherto invisible. I arose full of dismal forebodings. Outside, the sky was lowering; clouds charged with lightning hung over the City, black and threatening. The admonitions of the wise old Frenchman rang in my ears. I ought to have brought away the books of the Society. I ought to have torn out the pages and destroyed them; why, there was still time; I might have hurried to the place early in the morning before service; there was still time enough. Alas! insensate wretch! I

suffered the moments to pass away. To-morrow I would secure the books. To-morrow—to-morrow. It always comes. But the things that should be done on that day—what becomes of them? Where are they?

You have heard what a hymn we had that day in church—the words were words of warning. The Psalms for the day were penitential; the Lessons were of judgment upon sinners and the wrath of an offended God; the discourse of the preacher was on the fearful condition of those who disobey the discipline of the Church and refuse the means of Grace. 'You—you,' he seemed to say, speaking to me, singled out from the congregation, 'you have been taught from childhood upwards obedience to authority, respect for King and Laws. Yet you have forgotten your early lessons; you have allied yourself with rebels. What shall be done to you?'

Outside, the rain fell in sharp showers; the clouds darkened the light of day; the church was plunged in twilight; and while the voice of the preacher, calm and stern as the voice of a judge, pronounced sentence upon sinners, the thunder rolled without ceasing.

We went home after the service. At dinner my father, whose mind was greatly moved by recent events, talked of nothing but the horrors of Revolution and the dangers to the country from mischievous agitators. I think that in things political he was one of those who easily fall into a panic, and at this time the country was everywhere calling upon the Government for stronger measures—always stronger measures—of repression.

'What,' he asked, quoting, I believe, from some newspaper, 'is the use of Liberty if the goddess for whom our fathers fought and bled is to be used for the destruction of herself? Answer me that.' He was carving a joint of roast veal, and flourished his knife as he spoke in order to give greater emphasis to his words. 'To be used for her own destruction!' he repeated. 'No—never let it be said that we Englishmen sat cowardly still while such a thing was attempted. Let an example be made, and that a signal and a terrible one.'

'My dear,' said his wife. 'Stuffing for Sylvia—it may tempt her.'

'Let sedition'—he frowned, but laid down the knife and helped the stuffing—'be treated in such times as these as

High Treason. They used to hang for the space of two minutes, then cut down the criminal, and——'

'Not at dinner,' said my mother.

'We must revive,' he went on, 'the old punishment, with every circumstance of torture and horror. Such is the only fitting end for wretches who would import into this happy country the crimes of the French. In the days of my ancestors, who were Vidames de Troyes, such things would have been impossible. But they drove us into exile. The world may now perceive the consequences.'

Yes—and his own son, for whom he now proceeded to carve a generous plate of the Sunday roast, was also one of these traitors; the son of his friend, the Lieutenant, who, though of less exalted ancestry, was possessed of equal loyalty, was another; and his schoolmaster—that a schoolmaster should so presume—was another!

He continued in this vein during the whole dinner. And, I doubt not, after the same fashion did thousands of sober citizens discourse over the same Sunday dinner. It is a laudable custom with our good people to provide a generous dinner on the Sunday, when it can be enjoyed at leisure, and with the consciousness of service to God rendered, sins forgiven, and the soul fortified. In the week, dinner has to be taken during the press and business of the day: there is no time to dwell upon the flavour of the roast or the delicacy of the pudding. The housewife considers that the week-day meal is intended only to strengthen the body, that of the Sunday to please and gratify the palate. Therefore one may reasonably look for a cheerful disposition to prevail, as well as a grateful heart. On this day one does not expect the dinner to be robbed of its best accompaniments by the calling down of fire and sword upon all who hold different opinions.

A son must not oppose, contradict, or presume to argue with his father. Therefore, I refrained from pointing out that a cause must not always be judged by the crimes committed in its name. Otherwise, how could one defend either side in any war, especially a religious war? I sat mute, downcast, and apprehensive.

My mother, for her part, was equally silent; partly because on such subjects she never ventured any other opinion than a comprehensive agreement with her spouse, and partly because her mind was full of other things. What does it matter to a woman whether the French, a hundred miles away

and more, are slaughtering kings and nobles, when she sees her only daughter slowly wasting away? Sylvia sat up to dinner, but in an arm-chair, and supported by pillows; and she ate nothing, but remained pale and listless, paying no heed to what was said.

It was a terrible dinner. My father, growing red in the face, continued to pour out his denunciations, ignorant that they were so many curses falling on the head of his son. Outside, as during Church Service, the thunder growled and the rain kept falling upon the windows. A day full of gloom. My heart sank low. I thought of Richard Archer, and of George, and the Sublime Society of Snugs; and I trembled.

'When I think,' summed up my father, 'that the last two years have witnessed the fall of a proud nobility, the destruction of all that was chivalrous in the realm of France, and the overthrow of religion, I have no patience with those who would defend the principles of revolution. When I reflect that this mad and ignorant people, drunk with their own freedom, which they call liberty, have sent to the scaffold a virtuous monarch, whose features my own are said to resemble—I trust the resemblance extends also to his virtues—I lose myself in indignation. My blood boils; I would send every English revolutionary to the scaffold without compunction—ay, even if he were my dearest friend, my oldest companion—even my very son.'

With these words my father drank the last of the four glasses of port with which he was wont to conclude his Sunday dinner. He then pulled out his silk handkerchief, which he threw over his head, put up his feet on a footstool, sat well back in his chair, his elbows on the arms, and adjusted himself for his customary hour's sleep.

My mother rose, and put the decanters back into the cupboard.

'My own son,' murmured my father, his voice half-stifled by the handkerchief. 'Even my own son—I would—willingly I would.'

Then I arose and went out.

I felt like unto one found guilty, whose sentence is deferred. He knows not what it will be. A flogging almost to death—a long and miserable imprisonment in the company of wretches whose talk is intolerable—perhaps a shameful gibbet—perhaps transportation across the seas; he knows not, but

expects the worst, and sits, meantime, mute and miserable, waiting with a fearful foreboding and expectancy.

I was so uneasy in my mind that I could not rest or keep still in any place. I first went in search of George. He had not been at home all night, nor had he yet come home, and they knew not whither he was gone or where he could be found, and on the kindly face of Sister Katherine was written the anxiety that now devoured all our hearts. I took first oars, and was taken across to Rotherhithe. The gate of the dock was closed and locked ; George was not there, so I came back again.

It was then past five. Sister Katherine was making tea. I stayed there, being afraid to meet my father. The Lieutenant was gone to the Hope and Anchor, where he spent most of his evenings over a pipe of tobacco and a glass of punch.

On Sunday evening, while it is still early, and the men have not had time to get drunk, it is quiet in the Precinct. Later on there are brawls in the streets ; fighting and swearing among the men, with cries and shrieks from the women. To be sure, those who live in the place mind these noises no more than a dweller in Cheap minds the rolling of the carts and the grinding of the waggon-wheels. To-night, for instance, there were loud voices from St. Katherine's Stairs, and the people who passed to and from the ships, and used these Stairs, were certainly not singing Psalms and spiritual songs. These common things were not heeded.

'Sit down, Nevill,' she said, 'if 'tis only to keep me company.' She took another cup and saucer from the cupboard and placed them on the table. 'Most nights I care little about being alone : I am then sure of my company, as the saying is. But to-night I am afraid of myself. The lightning was so near this afternoon that I went out and sat under an elder-tree for safety. It has made me all of a tremble—that and my trouble about George. And I cut my thumb-nail this morning before ever I remembered the day of the week. That's the most unlucky thing a body can do. Never thought of the day, my dear boy, till the deed was done. Cut your nails a Sunday, and the Devil's in your house all the week. Then this day is set down unlucky in the almanac. And my brother spilled salt at dinner, and crossed knives. I dreamed a dream on Friday—a bad dream—and I told it on Saturday. It will therefore come true. My left eye has been itching—a

sure sign of bad luck. Everything points the same way. Something will happen to us, and that before long.'

'Indeed,' I said, 'I greatly fear it. Though enough has happened to us, the Lord knows.'

'We are bewitched, Nevill. I have said so all along, and I know it. Sylvia is bewitched, so that she is made to seem as if she hates her lover. If we cannot cure her, she will die. George is bewitched, so that he cannot be made to reason, but has fallen into a kind of madness. Good Heavens! if this continues, what will become of us?'

'Indeed, Sister Katherine, I do not know. But I fear the worst.'

'Let us take our tea. Let us try to possess our souls in patience.' She assumed a cheerfulness which she felt not, and busied herself with the teacups. 'Whatever happens, Nevill, is not so bad when it comes as it seems beforehand. This have I always observed. We bear a hundred burdens with patience when they are laid upon us one after the other, which, had they been foretold, would have made us pray for death. Let us have patience, and thank the good Lord for the alleviations which He sends.' 'Twas a pious soul. 'Mostly,' she added, 'I thank Him for the gift of tea. Mine is now drawn to a turn: a minute more, and you would taste the stalks; a minute less, and you would not taste the full fragrance of the herb.' She poured it out. 'An innocent drink, Nevill. If the French drank tea, they would not now be murdering kings and princes. It is the wine and beer, the brandy and the rum, that cause wars among nations and fights among men. 'Tis drink—'tis drink—'tis drink that causes all our troubles—unless, to be sure, love, or witchcraft, or gambling.'

We were not so troubled in mind but we could take our tea and toast, and truly Sister Katherine's hand was as true over her tea as over her rolling-pin.

'There is comfort in tea,' she continued. 'In drink there is only forgetfulness. Nevill, my heart bleeds for them. I see no good way out of it. If it were not for the thought that we are in the Lord's hands I know not how I could endure the sight.'

'Now that it is settled that he is to go away——'

'Nay, but when he is gone, what assurance remains that she will recover?'

'Alas! None.'

'And, if she recover and he should be cast away at sea,

what then? I see no way; and look you, spite of all, Sylvia loves him still—I saw her yesterday reading an old letter of his, she kissed it and cried over it. Think you a girl would kiss and cry over a letter from a man she loathed?'

'Then, why?'

'Why? Because she is bewitched, I say. There can be no other reason. For if one does but mention his name she shudders and falls to weeping, and is well nigh torn to pieces. She is possessed of a devil who makes her do things that her soul abhors. As for George—saw one ever young man so changed? He who was once blithe and merry, now has never a smile or a laugh. He who formerly was always singing and dancing, is now mute and glum; nothing moves him. All day long he sits in his repairing dock, and that gives him no joy. Last night he came not home at all; his bed is as I made it; to-day he has not come home. What does this mean? Where has he passed the night? How hath he spent the day? What will be the end?'

She shook her head mournfully.

After tea, we sat talking still of this melancholy theme. Grief and anxiety are not banished by talking over them: but they are softened.

Eight o'clock struck. We were still discussing the doleful present and the dismal future. 'Something,' Sister Katherine repeated, 'is going to happen. Something always does happen when things have become intolerable. But, perhaps the worst has now befallen us, and relief will be sent us. Before the storm, the calm; after the wind, the rain, and then the sunshine. Something, I say, will surely happen. I think I shall begin to hope. Things will now begin to mend.'

'And I am full of foreboding. Something will happen, but it will bring more trouble.'

While we spoke there came quick footsteps as of hurried men, and a knock at the door, which I went to open. On the doorstep stood the Lieutenant and my father.

'Is George here?' asked the former, sternly.

'No one is here except Sister Katherine and myself.'

They came in, pushing past me roughly.

'Brother!' cried Sister Katherine, 'what has happened?'

'Where is my son?—where is George?' asked the Lieutenant. His face was working with passion—I mean not wrath, but passion beyond wrath. It was distorted. He was in his uniform because it was Sunday. His fingers were

clutched, his eyes rolled. A deadly terror seized my heart, and I thought of the Saturday night. What had happened? As for my father, he, too, showed every sign of bewilderment and horror. What had happened?

'I knew that something—I told Nevill that something—I have felt all day—' said Sister Katherine. Then she sank into a chair. 'Tell me quickly, brother. Let me know the worst. Is George—is he—is our boy—dead?'

'I wish he was dead. It is worse than death, Sister. Death we could bear. He hath disgraced himself and us.'

'He only prays for death,' I said.

'Then will his prayer be granted. For he will die. But not as he would wish.'

'Brother—for mercy's sake—what has happened?'

'As for the King's uniform,' the Lieutenant replied, 'that I must never wear again without a blush. Yet how can I live and not wear it? And how can a man wear it whose only son ——' He sat down, rose up, sat down again, and again rose up in his trouble of mind, not knowing what he was doing.

Sister Katherine turned to my father.

'You, sir, perhaps, are able to tell me——'

'Sister Katherine, the most terrible thing in the world has happened. George, the son of my old friend, the descendant of a loyal line—formerly attached to the noble house of the De Comines—George Bayssallance, of all men in the world. George!—a sailor, bound to duty, not ignorant of rank and order—has, you will never credit it, dear Sister, but 'tis true. George'—he placed his hand on his breast and threw his head back, and became the living portrait of the late King Louis XVI.—'George, madam, hath become a rebel!'

Sister Katherine laughed; she laughed, like Sarai, incredulous.

'George a rebel? What next? George a rebel?'

'He is a rebel, Sister. He is a revolutionary. He is a republican. He is a traitor to his country!'

'George a traitor?'

'He has joined the traitors—he has exhorted the mob—he has headed an insurrection.'

'It is impossible!'

'He is at the head of a mob. Hundreds are with him. They are crying for a Republic. Nay, by this time the constables have captured him, or the soldiers have dispersed the mob. Perhaps he is shot.'

'Better for him and for us if he were shot,' said the Lieutenant. 'My son! Mine, a rebel!'

'We hoped that, perhaps, no one recognising him, he might have escaped and come here for hiding. But, no, no. Sister Katherine,' my father continued, earnestly, 'what have we done that these blows of fortune should thus fall upon us? What means this wrath of Heaven upon a family which hath not, wittingly, sinned above the ordinary frailty of human nature? Such frailty is, we are taught, forgiven on repentance. What does it mean? These afflictions allotted to a family living in this sacred precinct, where, with the rest of the society of St. Katherine's, they maintain the Christian life and show the exemplar of piety and religion among rude people! The Lord hath dealt upon us—upon us, of all people—chastisement of a kind to terrify the hardest heart. My daughter smitten with a strange disorder, sinking slowly, so far as we can see, into the grave, and George a revolutionary! George a mob orator! George heading a rebellion! I should as soon fancy my own son a revolutionary.' (Alas! that, too, he had to learn and suffer.) 'George to incite the people, and lead an insurrection! Tell me, Sister Katherine, if thou canst, what these things mean?'

'They mean that we are bewitched. Brother—Mr. Comines—this have I maintained all along. They are bewitched. First, Sylvia, then George! Next? Who knows? Perhaps, Nevill. Why not? This boy has never caused his parents trouble, nor swerved from duty and religion. Nay, Nevill, never hang a head or blush. This is the truth. When the witch strikes again it may be at you.'

CHAPTER XI

THE INSURRECTION

On the eastern side of the Minories, Houndsditch, Bishopsgate Street Without, and Norton Folgate, there lies a part of London—without the City, and before the market gardens and cherry orchards begin—which is little known and never visited by the better sort of citizens.

It belongs chiefly to the parishes of St. Mary Matfelon, Whitechapel, and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, though the people, who have of late years multiplied to an incredible extent, are

reported to live for the most part without any religion ; one or two new churches have been built here, but I believe they are poorly endowed, and have no share in the numerous charities and foundations belonging to the City of London. The very names of the streets are unknown. Who has ever heard of Crispin Street, Wentford Street, or Brick Lane? The folk belong altogether to the mechanical class. When one goes along the Mile End Road, it is true there are many solid and substantial houses, and at Stepney, West Ham, Bow, and Ratcliffe Cross, merchants of repute have their country houses. But in this foreign or outlying part of the City, as crowded as any City parish, even those of Thames Street, there are no gentlefolk at all ; the streets are mean, the houses small, and the people match their lodgings. Most of them get their living in the employ of the City merchants, who find a livelihood for an incredible number of poor folk ; many, however, are independent workmen, exercising crafts requiring great skill and dexterity. Such are the watch and clock-makers, of whom there are here a great number ; gold-beaters, glove-makers, embroiderers, cabinet-makers, wood-carvers, and so forth ; at Spitalfields there is a whole village inhabited by French silk-weavers, a very quiet and industrious folk. These people live apart from the better class, who know nothing of them ; they are not void of understanding, but, on the other hand, they are of quick wit (to match the quickness of their fingers) and eagerly read, discuss, and consider all kinds of subjects, even those too high for them. Such men are easily carried away for lack of sufficient knowledge, and dangerous to the State.

None but those who understand the history of their country, the growth of institutions, and the necessity for rank and order, are qualified to speak or to hold an opinion on matters of State. This I now plainly perceive, though formerly I held the contrary. Human affairs, which are inextricably involved with considerations of self-interest, are but imperfectly administered with sole reference to rules of right and the propositions of philosophers. Consider ! If a class of men, ignorant, though quick witted, should become powerful, they would assuredly attempt to reduce their opinions to practice. Their efforts to do this would cause worse things here than have ever happened in France, because our people are tenacious the bulldog is their model—if they lay hold of a thing they will not readily let it go.

On this Sunday afternoon there was a great gathering of people in a certain field at the back of Whitechapel Mount. It is a field much frequented on Sunday, because there is a pond in it where the young men can enjoy their favourite sport of duck or cat-hunting. In this field they also cause their dogs to fight; they bait bulls, bears, and badgers; they throw at cocks, and hold their prize-fights—such being their chosen method of spending the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath. On every fine Sunday there are a good number in this field; on this day, for instance, there were assembled a great many who took no part in the sports, but waited about in little groups, expectant of something. By what secret agency they were moved to assemble, what messengers summoned them, why they obeyed the summons, I know not. If you were to ask one man why he went there, he would reply that it was because his friend bade him go as his companion. If you asked that companion, you would receive much the same answer. There was nothing unusual in a walk down Whitechapel Road towards the green fields of Bow and Stepney; these men take that walk every Sunday. In the winter they get no farther than Half-way House; in the summer they stretch out as far as Bow and Bromley, Forest Gate and West Ham. Everywhere there are wayside taverns where they can drink, and in summer there are leafy bowers and daisied fields where the people can walk after the confinement of the week.

The groups of two or three stood about patiently, though showers fell and the clouds threatened. They talked in low tones; they whispered; they were excited about something. Some encouraged those who were faint-hearted; others hung back, and said that they would look on and see what came of it.

About four of the clock there walked through the open gate a small company of half-a-dozen, headed by a young man, a stranger to everybody present. He was tall and broad-shouldered. He swung his shoulders as he walked, and he had the rolling gait which one expects in a sailor—a handsome and proper lad as one would see anywhere; his face was flushed a rosy red; and his eyes, which were bright, kept looking around him, as if expecting some person or persons not yet arrived.

When they had advanced a little way into the field, one of them laid a bundle on the grass and opened it. He took from

it a sword with a crimson sash, and a belt with a brace of pistols. With these symbols of leadership he invested the tall young man, who was attired as a sober London merchant.

Another of his companions, who carried a pole with something wrapped round it, threw it open and unfurled it. The folds shook out in the air and showed the red Republican flag.

Another placed a three-legged stool firmly on the grass. A third blew a shrill loud whistle ; the groups began to close in round this rostrum, or pulpit, made by the stool. And since a small crowd always becomes a great crowd, unless it is dispersed, just as a small fire quickly becomes a great fire if it is not quenched, in two or three minutes the whole multitude gathered about this stool, though I am persuaded that not a quarter of the people present understood what was proposed to be said or done. The cat was left to sink or escape in the pond ; and the dogs left off fighting because there was no one left to look at them.

The young man—the leader—mounted this tribune. He was already a head taller than the men around him ; your London mechanic is short of stature—and now he was raised two feet and more above them, so that he commanded the crowd.

'Citizens,' he began in a sonorous voice, that would be heard a mile away. The crowd understood the full meaning of that word ; no one present but knew that the crimes of the French Republicans were committed by so-called citizens. The word had never before been used at a meeting of London men ; but they knew what it meant. There was going to be a seditious assembly, the more pleasant because it was illegal ; but there were no constables within reach of Whitechapel Mount.

'Citizens,' the speaker went on, 'the time for discussion is over ; the time for action has arrived. To-day—this very moment—we strike the first and decisive blow. I am here to give all brave men who are resolved on liberty the honour and glory of being the first to proclaim the commencement of a new era. First—are we agreed that King, Lords, and Church must all be swept away ?'

It appeared that they were agreed—but not with enthusiasm.

'Next, are we agreed that all men are born to equal rights ?'

Again they were agreed ; but without enthusiasm.

'Why, then, what need more words ? Throw up your hats, citizens, and shout for the British Republic, proclaimed this day.'

One who was present, and informed me of this scene, said, further, that though the words were fiery, the manner was formal. 'He appeared,' said this witness, 'to be one who learned a lesson by heart, and was now saying it as a boy repeats his lines. His gestures were artificial, as if taught him with the words ; his voice was cold. No one was moved. Those who shouted were the men who only wanted the opportunity for a riot and welcomed it with all its chances of plunders. This brave young gentleman had been put on to the work by some others too careful of their own skins to risk such a danger. He was but a cat's-paw.' That, truly, was the case ; you shall very soon discover who had made George a cat's-paw.

'All those who mean business will follow me.' Here he drew his sword and flourished it over his head. 'Citizens, this day is the beginning of the Republic. All over England this day, and at this moment, there are risings of the people. It is a grand, combined effort. Ours is only one of many meetings in London. We march into the City ; there we meet our comrades ; we seize the town ; we arm ourselves ; the soldiers join us ; everything falls into our hands ; to-morrow the King is dethroned ; the princes fly ; the lords go hang themselves for fear ; the Republic is founded and firmly established in a single day. Who follows me, I say ?'

He leaped from his stool and led the way from the field, followed by his companions, one of whom was active distributing the Phrygian cap, which everybody knows is the cap of liberty. Some put them on, others, however, stuck them on their sticks and waved them about, laughing.

Those who followed were no more, even at the outset, than a hundred or so. Among them were half-a-dozen or so of eager enthusiasts whose fierce eyes showed their resolution. The rest were a rabble, mostly of lads anxious to see a fight, take part in it, perhaps, and be ready at hand when the plundering should begin ; hardly a single honest mechanic among them. Some were sailors from Ratcliffe, always ready for a fight ; some were common mudlarks ; they remembered, or had heard tell, of the Gordon Riots and the sack of the City ; they made a great noise as they marched along the

quiet road ; they were armed with their sticks, of which every fellow carried one, and a good stout weapon it is, but of little use against a shower of bullets. As if a great and stable Government was to be overturned by a hundred bludgeons !

The procession speedily reached the streets of the City, quiet this afternoon but for their noise. The London citizen goes not forth on Sunday afternoon ; he rests and reposes after a copious dinner ; he takes his wine with his friends ; he reads a godly book ; but he does not walk the streets except to church and back.

At Houndsditch a few of the lads broke away, moved by some impulse, and ran down that thoroughfare frightening the Jews who were standing about the doorways, talking and bargaining. What became of these fellows I do not know. The rest, still headed by George with his drawn sword, marched tumultuously along Leadenhall Street and Cornhill till they came to the Royal Exchange, where the Captain called a halt.

'Here,' he said, 'we are to wait for reinforcements. Here our comrades meet us.' They assembled in the triangular space opposite to the Royal Exchange. Then the rain began again, and some, with no stomach left for the fight, sneaked off. Everybody else would probably have followed their example, but that some one—Heaven knows who—rolled up a barrel of rum, broached it, and began to hand round pannikins of this divine liquor. What is rain, which draws a man home, compared with rum, which bids him stay ? So they stayed and drank about, pressing round and fighting for the drink.

As for George, he paid no heed at all to what was done ; he stood in the front of all, sword in hand, waiting, looking steadily down the street, as if for the promised reinforcements.

Presently there came out of the Mansion House a messenger from the Lord Mayor. It was one of his lordship's footmen. The varlet came forth with all the importance inspired by a fine livery, with epaulettes and silver lace, but recoiled at the shouts of the mob. Then a dead cat was hurled at his head ; he ducked to avoid it, and lost his hat, which was speedily caught up and kicked about by the crowd. But the fellow had the courage to single out the leader, and to address him.

'Sir,' he said, 'my master the Lord Mayor wishes to know who you are, and for what purpose you are here.'

'Tell him,' said George, 'we wait for reinforcements.'

'And tell the Lord Mayor,' said one of the hotheads with him, 'that we are the advance-guard of the great Republican army, and that we will enlist his lordship if he chooses to join us.'

'Sir,' said the footman, 'I will tell him.'

He turned: another shout greeted him; another dead cat came flying at his head: he ran. One would not have looked for dead cats at an unexpected Sunday meeting. At every pillory they abound, of course: they lie in the pockets of the mob, with the addled eggs and the rotten apples—a dainty pocketful.

There is, I believe, a back way—perhaps several—out of the Mansion House into Walbrook. Had these insurgents been keeping any kind of watch, they would have seen another messenger steal out of this postern and hasten westward.

'What is to be done?' asked he who bore the flag. 'The men are getting drunk, and the rain does not leave off.'

'We must wait for reinforcements,' said George. 'Those are my orders. See! here they come.'

There advanced rapidly up Cheapside a body of men marching with some kind of order; yet not the military step, nor were they shouting or carrying flags.

'Reinforcements?' cried the standard-bearer. 'Never! They are constables! Shall we fight them?'

They were constables—as many as could be hastily got together—about sixty or seventy in all. They were led by the Upper Marshal himself, and were armed with their staves. They did not attack the crowd, but drew up before the Mansion House in order. Then the Lord Mayor came out in his robes and called upon the assembly to disperse. The assembly, now partly drunk, jeered and shouted. Then the Lord Mayor read the Riot Act. This done, he retired. Then the constables threw themselves upon the mob, and the fight began.

At the first onslaught George threw away his sword and snatched a bludgeon. With this weapon he stood, like a Roman hero, holding his position against all comers. Three men came upon him together: he beat them back. Again they rushed upon him: again they fell back with broken heads. Had he been well backed by his men, the constables would have had to retire. But half of them were too drunk to fight—he was a wise man who rolled that cask of rum among

them ; and, as for the others, some were puny creatures, not fit to cope with the stalwart constables.

By this time the streets were crowded with curious spectators always ready to look on at a fight. At every window appeared frightened faces ; and still in the midst of the fighting some there were who lay before the cask, pannikin in hand, drinking as fast as they could get the rum.

Then there was a cry raised. 'The Guards ! the Guards !'

At the double-quick they came along Cheapside, bayonets fixed, muskets loaded. At the very sound of their feet and the aspect of their red coats, the whole mob, including all the spectators in the street, turned and fled. They fled every way : down Throgmorton Street, Threadneedle Street, and the Cornhill ; but most by the narrow winding courts and lanes which make the City at this part a labyrinth. Before the soldiers had time to form, there was no enemy left. Half-a-dozen fellows lay helplessly drunk beside the cask. The rest had vanished.

'I know not,' George told me afterwards, 'what happened. I remember seeing the soldiers marching in good order up Cheapside. Now, thought I, they will fire, and I shall be killed. Whether they fired or not—whether we fought any longer—I know not. All I know is that I found myself alone in one of the City courts. I had lost my sash and sword, and my belt with the pistols. I was quite alone. Presently I came into Thames Street -and that, my lad, is all I can tell you, and all I shall ever know.'

CHAPTER XII

OAK APPLE DOCK—SURRENDER

We were still gazing upon each other with dismayed faces when Sister Katherine sprang to her feet, crying, 'There is the boy's footstep !' There were many footsteps outside, but her ears distinguished one. 'Quick, Nevill, quick let him in ! Lock and bar the door ! If they look to take him here, he may climb over the back wall. That will gain him a little time at least.'

I ran to open the door. George stood without on the doorstep. I dragged him in, and hurriedly closed, locked, and

barred the door As if a wooden bar would keep him from the hands of the law!

For his part, he appeared in no hurry at all; nor did his face show the least disquiet. He seemed astonished at my haste, slowly rolled in, leisurely hung up his hat, and, going into the parlour, took a chair and sat down without a word.

'Sir,' said his father, rising from his seat, 'is it true that you—you, my son—my tongue sticks—I can hardly say the words—you—you have led a band of miserable insurgents—rebels, Radical scoundrels, filth and scum—from Whitechapel Mount to the City, bawling all together for a Republic—you?'

'I think,' George replied, unmoved, 'that I did hear some talk of a Republic.'

'Is it true, sir, I ask again, that you led these villains?'

'I think,' said George, still unconcerned, 'that we all marched together, and I went first. Oh! yes, undoubtedly I was the first; otherwise I would not have joined them. That was the condition, you know.'

Heavens! How could a man answer such a question in a manner so unconcerned?

'Is it true,' his father continued, 'that you refused to disperse, and fought the constables?'

'If,' said George, 'there was to be no fighting, why should I make or meddle with the matter? It was no affair of mine. It was but a poor fight—a miserable business. Before the soldiers could fire upon us—but—I forget.' He spoke with stark, staring insensibility.

'Oh!' cried Sister Katherine, wringing her hands. 'We are bewitched indeed! What have I said from the beginning? Witchcraft! Witchcraft! Would that I knew the witch!'

'Rebel and traitor!' thundered the Lieutenant. 'Insensate, hardened villain! Shall one who has borne his Majesty's commission, and still wears his Majesty's uniform, harbour such a wretch? Go forth from my sight! Go forth! I say. Let me never see thy face again! Go forth, before I call down a curse from Heaven!'

'Brother! Brother!' Sister Katherine threw her arms round George's neck. 'Do not curse him—forbear! Have patience. He is bewitched. He is thine only son, George!—George!'

She turned to him. 'Oh!' she cried in despair, 'he marks nothing, he is bewitched! George! kneel to thy father

for forgiveness! Oh! he hears nothing! he heeds nothing! What shall we do? What shall we do?'

'Go!' repeated the Lieutenant—pointing to the door. 'Go! Lest I myself with my own hands hale mine own son to a traitor's prison and a traitor's death.'

'Brother! Brother! George! George!' cried the unhappy sister, turning from one to the other, helplessly.

George, however, rose slowly.

'I am ordered to go. I obey. Henceforth——'

But here he paused and looked about him strangely. No one in his right mind could so look and so behave.

'Something,' he added, 'was said about a prison and a death. Perhaps I may find both—outside. I wish you good evening, Mr. Comines,' as if he had not perceived my father's presence until then. 'It is a cold night and rainy. But for the time of year——'

'Rebel and traitor!' cried my father, with flushing cheek. And indeed, that at such a moment this man could begin to speak of the weather was too much.

'Nevill,' said Sister Katherine, 'go with him. Do not leave him. Let him not go out of your sight. Stay with him. Perhaps this storm may blow over. Perhaps they will never find out who led the mob. Take him over to his Dock, and stay with him there. Oh, George — George — what can I do but pray for thee? Nay — what better can we do for any man but pray for him? Thou shalt have the prayers of the Church day by day—yea, of this ancient and religious Foundation. Go now, George, my dear. Oh, go quickly.'

We went out together, George making no reply. 'Twas the last time that the poor lad saw his father.

I led him—he showed no will or desire of his own, but was quite docile—to St. Katherine's Stairs. The night was dark and rainy. The wind had now risen, and blew cold up the river. We took oars and rowed out into the middle of the Pool, and so down stream between the lines of shipping moored together, waiting to be discharged or take in cargo. Lights gleamed from the cabin windows, and every ship had her great lanthorn showing lights like lines of stars above the dark waters. Our watermen were silent, refraining even from bad words, and you may be sure that I had no desire to talk. The rain fell faster, and the wind blew colder. I was glad indeed when we landed at the Globe Stairs, Rotherhithe, close

to Oak Apple Dock, which was marked even on this dark night by the black masts of the ship lying there for repairs.

In every dock along the river, north and south, there is within the gates a small cottage or lodge for the residence of the watchman. He lives here, and never leaves the dock from the time when the workmen go at evening until they resume their labours in the morning. Here, I thought, George might, perhaps, remain for awhile in safety, provided that no one in the crowd, either of those who followed him, or of those who looked on, should have recognised him. Certainly there could be few to recognise the face of this sailor, who had spent most of his life upon the sea.

I dismissed the watchman—astonished at our appearance—to his bed in the room above. The room was furnished with two chairs, a table, and a cupboard. Over the mantelshelf hung a blunderbuss, with a fly-marked card explaining that it was loaded ; the watchman's bludgeon stood in a corner ; his rattle (which would have been useless in so lonely a spot) lay on the mantelshelf, where were also his pipe and tobacco-jar. Fortunately, there was a good fire of ship's wood (the best in the world), and an inch or two of candle was left. So we sat down, each in a chair beside the fire, to dry and warm ourselves.

For a long time neither spoke. As for myself, I knew not what to say ; and, as for George, he was in no mood for talking.

Presently, the candle flickered and went out. But there was plenty of wood, and the light of the fire was enough. George sat back in his chair, his long legs stretched out and his hands in his pockets. But he was not asleep. Outside, the wind whistled in the shrouds of the ship, and the lines rattled against the masts ; we heard the plashing and lapping of the waters among the timber-piles at the dock gates. Now and then there was the dropping of oars as some boat, manned by night plunderers, made its way up stream to rob the ships, or returned home laden with their booty.

'George,' I said at last, 'are you sleeping ?'

'Nay, lad, why should I sleep ? I am waiting.'

'For what ?'

'For the traitor's prison and the traitor's death.'

'Nay, I hope that you shall escape prison. No one could have known you in the crowd.' Here a thought pierced my heart like a knife. No one ? Then who could have told the

story to the Lieutenant? Perhaps, however, 'twas a friend who would tell no one else.

'Since,' said George, 'I am not to die by fire or by water, or by bullet or by sword, or by bludgeon, the Lord hath reserved for me another kind of death. What matters? Who am I that I should rebel against the will of the Lord?'

'Oh, George! put that thought away. Why should the Lord desire thy death?'

'Nay, that is already settled. Why talk like that? Dick Archer was a wiser man. He told me that the only certain way of death, next to murder, poison, or stabbing, with which I will have nothing at all to do, is to lead an insurrection. "Look you, brother," said Dick, "if there is fighting—there can never be an insurrection without fighting—those who lead are mostly killed at the outset"—at the outset, Nevill, think of that—"or if the rising fail, they are afterwards killed for their share in it. Or, if the rising succeeds, they are generally killed by the ingratitude of the mob. So, you see, the end of such an undertaking is certain."'

'Then it was in order to get killed, and for no other reason whatever, that you consented to lead a revolutionary mob?'

'That was my purpose. What else should I do it for?'

'Could you not think of your father, George? Was it well done?' Then I could say no more on this head, because, alas! what about myself? Had I thought upon my father and his opinions?

'I thought that I should be killed in the fight; that was all I thought upon. Now I consider, nothing could more anger my father. When it is all over, lad, you will tell him that I was no rebel, indeed, only that I was constrained to find a way of death. As for the fight, it was a mere fizzle; yet very much astonished I was to find myself out of it without a scratch. Well, but Dick Archer knew. If not in the fight, then after the fight a traitor's death. Why not?'

'Dick Archer,' I said, hotly, 'is a wise man, and so is the Devil, his master. Why, George, they will hang up all your followers with you for high treason if they can.'

'Ay; they are a villainous lot. 'Twill do them good to hang up all.'

I groaned aloud.

'Now, my lad, Dick was right, you see, and I have, after all, found out the way. Now I shall trouble myself no more. I have done my part. The Lord will do the rest. My mind

is at peace, and for Sylvia's sake will I cheerfully endure all that is to follow.'

With these words, the firelight showing a cheerful and even a happy face, he laid his head upon the table and instantly fell into a profound sleep, breathing like a child, disturbed by no terrors, startled by no anxieties.

I, too, presently fell asleep. In the morning I was awakened by the watchman coming down the stairs to ring the workmen's bell. But I fell asleep again. When I awoke an hour or two later everybody was at work upon the ship in the hold; the carpenters were shaping and sawing, the caulkers were tapping, the painters were chattering as they sat on their hanging boards, and from the river came the daily tumult from the ships going up and down, the boats, and the lighters.

George was still sleeping. He had changed his position, and now slept leaning back in his chair. Heavens! could this man, strong and comely in his early manhood, with all the promise of a long life before him, be doomed to a shameful death upon the gallows, before many days were gone? There was a little spark of fire still left in the embers; I placed some more wood upon them. Then I opened the door and stepped out. The clouds and rain had passed away. The morning was cold and clear. The river sparkled in the sunlight; from the marshes of Rotherhithe I heard the note of a bird; across the water three corpses hung on their gibbets and turned the joy of the morning into bitterness, for thinking of what might be the fate of the poor lad in the lodge.

The cold air awakened him. He rose and stretched out his arms.

'Nevill, my lad,' he said, cheerfully, 'all my troubles are over. Dick Archer is a wise physician.' He went forth into the fresh air and looked about him. 'Ha!' he said, breathing the air with satisfaction, 'I smell salt water. This puts life into a man.'

'Life, and not death, George.'

He turned, and smiled with great seriousness in his eyes. 'We are in the hands of the Lord,' he replied. 'Since it is death—well—it is not my ordering, but His. Come, let us have breakfast, I am hungry.'

Breakfast there was none, except a morsel of fat pork and a lump of bread, three weeks old, which constituted all the stores of the watchman. To the west of Globe Stairs, how-

ever, lies the village of Rotherhithe or Redriff, where many decent people live, mostly masters and retired masters of ships. Where there are sea-captains, there are certainly taverns ; and where there are taverns, there are victuals. It took, therefore, very little time for our watchman to fetch a goodly piece of cold boiled beef, bread, butter, and a gallon or so of small ale with which we made shift ; indeed, a very excellent breakfast it was—the best we were to eat for a long time to come—and George as merry with it as if he was still an apprentice home from a voyage.

Breakfast despatched, George became once more a man of business. He remembered that he was the proprietor of Oak Apple Dock, and that these workmen were his. He therefore proceeded to make an inspection of the work in hand. First he walked round the quay, which was strewn with spars, chains, ropes, blocks, and all kinds of gear—some under sheds, some lying in the open. The dock was dry, and the tall gates closed against the river. Within stood a fine vessel of five hundred tons, shored up by timbers. She was brought in for repairs, and thirty or forty men were at work upon her within and without, scraping, painting, caulking, taking out rotten timbers, making her once more seaworthy. The only way of getting on board this ship was by means of a plank, one end of which rested on the quay and the other on the bulwarks over the upper deck of the ship. To run across this narrow bridge, which springs up and down beneath the weight of a man, is accounted nothing by sailors and dock-carpenters ; but a landsman, considering the depth below, and the certainty of broken bones if one were to fall, hesitates before he trusts himself to cross. According to the followers of the False Prophet, on the Day of Judgment a bridge no broader than the edge of a razor will be stretched across the Valley of Hinnom. All souls must pass over this bridge. The righteous will be supported by angels ; but there will be no angels for the wicked.

To see George pass lightly over this shaky plank reminded one of that fable. I was watching him from the door of the Lodge, when I became aware of footsteps outside, the plashing of boots in mire, and the voices of men. At first I paid no heed, thinking they must be workmen of the dock. But they were all engaged. There is no other dock till you get round the Point, and near to Deptford.

And save for the little village of Redriff, and a row of mean houses called, I believe, Jamaica Street, and inhabited

by such as worked in river-side docks and yards, the fields and marshes stretch out unbroken, except by ponds and lazy streams.

The men halted at the gates. Still, I felt no anxiety. Then the side door was opened, and a head looked in. My heart sank low, my pulse stood still, my hair well-nigh rose on end. For by the gold upon his hat and by the Crown upon his staff the man was proclaimed a peace-officer. Then the worst and heaviest blow of all had fallen. They were come to arrest George for last night's business. He had sought death once too often. This man, a Deputy Marshal, was followed by eight constables. They were stout and sturdy fellows, their coats buttoned tight, carrying stout bludgeons, and of resolute appearance. The Deputy Marshal, for his part, kept looking behind him as if for their protection; certainly, in single encounter with George, he would have come off second-best.

He looked about the Dock. I, standing at the door of the lodge, made no sign. At that moment George stepped from the ship upon the plank, intending to come on shore again.

'That's our man,' cried one of the constables with an oath. 'He it was who gave me this plaguey knock over the eye;' indeed, his left eye presented a lamentable spectacle. 'I'll swear to him anywhere. 'Twas him that led the mob.'

'And I,' cried another. 'I will swear to him as well.'

George, at sight of the men, stopped half-way across the bridge.

The Deputy Marshal stepped briskly along the quay.

'George Bayssallance,' he said.

'That is my name,' George replied, still standing on the plank.

'Proprietor of the Oak Apple Dock, Rotherhithe.'

'The same, at your service.'

'Lately mate on board an East Indiaman.'

'My case, exactly,' he said, smiling cheerfully.

'I arrest you, George Bayssallance, on a charge of High Treason. Here is my warrant.' He pulled it out.

'Bring it across, my friend,' said George.

By this time the workmen of the yard had become aware of something stirring—something out of the way. Now with one consent they climbed up their ropes, and stood upon the deck, every man armed with something—and at the word arrest they murmured ominously.

'Bring it across, my friend,' repeated George.

The Deputy Marshal put one foot on the plank.

Then the men bawled all together, 'Let him come—let him come,' and brandished their hatches and hammers.

If the Deputy Marshal had ventured across it would, I am persuaded, have been bad for him.

'Quiet, men,' said George, 'I know how to tackle him.'

With that he set his foot on the other end of the plank, and caused it to dance up and down, a schoolboy's trick, but disquieting to a man unaccustomed to this kind of bridge. The Deputy Marshal fell back terrified.

'Let one of your men bring it across, my friend,' said George.

The men advanced one after the other and looked first at the depths below—a dry dock with a ship in it looks dark and dreadful—and at the shaking bridge and the stalwart man upon it; nay, one or two, as you have seen, had proved that strength and valour—and at the threatening men beyond—and they returned.

'Surrender, George Bayssallance, said the Deputy Marshal.

George turned, and walked back to the ship.

'Will you choose to walk aboard, gentlemen?' he asked.

They looked at each other and at the plank. Not one ventured.

'Then, gentlemen, if no one will come on board—' he kicked the plank, and it fell down into the depth with a crash. 'There! what a misfortune! Because now you cannot come to me, and I cannot get across to you—what shall be done?'

The workmen laughed aloud. The Deputy Marshal looked solemn.

'Come, sir,' he said, trying conciliation. 'You must not resist the Law. You can't escape, you know, and we are prepared to wait here all day—all night, too, if necessary; we can get ladders. In short, we must take you in the long run.'

'You think I cannot escape?'

'You cannot possibly escape. There are eight constables, all resolute men, and you must leave the ship some time or other.'

'Oh, yes; I shall leave the ship some time or other.'

'There can't be much provision on board, I take it. Come, Mr. Bayssallance, listen to reason. Think how much better it will look when your trial comes on, if I can step into the box and say that the prisoner gave himself up without any trouble.

I might even add, with tears of contrition, if you made it worth my while. Come, sir, you are a substantial man—all of us would be glad to get you off if we could. You must surrender, however, but we will give our evidence for you—won't we, men ?—if so be you make it worth our while.'

The honest fellows all murmured their extreme readiness to oblige in this particular.

'Besides, sir,' the Deputy Marshal continued, who is to swear that you led the mob ? 'Tis true one or two of us show the marks of your bludgeon. But these are marks which a substantial gentleman like yourself can easily rub out, and no malice left. Very well, then. Where is the evidence of the Crown ? Some may be got to swear that you were fighting. Well, the afternoon was gloomy. They might very well be mistaken. Anybody might be mistaken, particularly in the face of a stranger ; and you don't look as if you were much hurt. Now, it stands to reason that in such a fight you ought to have had your head broken ; and, again, it was Sunday afternoon, and you were probably taking a nap at home after dinner. Lord ! It's nothing. The case will break down before the magistrates at the very outset. If I were your honour, I should think nothing at all about it. Any good lawyer will see you through with it.'

'So I can't escape,' said George, taking no notice of this long harangue. 'That is what you think, is it ?'

He laughed so cheerfully, and his face so beamed with good humour that I began to have some hopes that he might intend something. For instance, we were all on one side of the dock, but there was a quay on the other side as well. How if he were to get off the ship to that side and so escape over the wall while the constables were still considering how to get at him.

'Don't talk of escape, sir,' said the Deputy Marshal. 'I implore you to consider how it will seem to a jury if we have to swear that you refused to surrender and tried to escape. We should be justified in firing upon you if we carried muskets. Consider, sir, the charge is most serious. If it ends in a conviction, 'twill be a capital offence ; the temper of the people is roused against revolutionaries. You must be careful. Once more, Mr. Bayssallance—once more, sir, you cannot escape ; we must take you. Surrender, therefore, and come with us without further shilly-shally.'

'You think I cannot escape, do you ?' asked George again.

'What odds what we think?' replied the officer. 'You have played us a trick—Lord! we bear no malice therefore, but you are trapped. Come down quickly, and you shall see how my evidence shall move the Court. That is, if you are otherwise reasonable,' he added.

George made no reply, but walked aft. The ship, an old-fashioned craft, high in the poop and low in the waist, lay with her bows inland, her bowsprit sticking out over the dock gates, and her stern towards the river. By reason of her length and the shortness of the dock, her stern cabins almost hung over the great tide-gates, opened only to float a ship in or out.

We crowded along the quay, the Deputy Marshal first, curious to see what George was going to do. There was a coil of rope lying beside the wheel. First he lashed one end of this to the wheel itself. Then he took up the coil, and, with the practised hand of a sailor, he threw the rope over the tide-gates into the river beyond. Then I understood what he was going to do, and I rejoiced, because if he had the sense to put himself on board a King's ship or a volunteer, or even a trading vessel on the point of sailing, as an able seaman, he would be surely in perfect safety. He was going to escape by means of this rope.

There are two things to understand. The top beam of the gates, being about a foot in breadth, presented a way from one side of the dock to the other without going all round. But, as some dock-carpenters may have their heads turned with looking down into flowing water on one side and the depths of the dock on the other, a light handrail was run along, except for a space in the middle where the gates joined. This was unprotected.

That is the first thing. The next is that we were close to Globe Stairs, and that about all the stairs down the river there is always a number of boats belonging to the watermen, the building-yard men, and the dock-men. George knew perfectly well that moored to the piles outside his dock, and belonging to the stairs, there were plenty of boats. I knew this, too, and waited to see how he would carry out his design.

Having cast his rope over, he went below for a minute or two, and returned bearing two light sculls with him. He then threw himself over, and slid, by the aid of the rope, from the ship to the bridge of the gates, where he stood for a moment and laughed at the constables.

Now, had they known of this way over the gates, they might, perhaps, have prevented him by occupying it. I say perhaps, because there was only room for one man at a time. That is, the whole *posse comitatus* might have ranged themselves along the bridge ; yet it was so narrow that only one man could fight at a time, and he only at a great disadvantage, as, being unused to the situation, and fighting with a man who knew not the fear of height and dangerous places, and was accustomed to running backwards and forwards by this way. The constables, however, saw only a narrow beam ; and as for crossing it in order to arrest their prisoner, even the Deputy Marshal did not so much as propose it to them.

We waited, therefore, to see what he would do next.

He walked along the bridge to the other side, that nearest the stairs. Then he took the rope in his hands, swung off, and disappeared.

A moment afterwards, as we looked over the wooden parapet upon the river, he floated out in a little dingy, adjusting his sculls.

'Good day, gentlemen,' he shouted. 'Pleasant journey back again. Send out for some liquor, Nevill, don't let them go home empty.'

So he dropped his sculls into the water, and crossed over to the opposite bank. The workmen burst into cheering of derision as well as of triumph.

'He has escaped you,' I said to the Deputy Marshal, who with his *posse* now looked little better than so many fools, crestfallen and astonished, while the workmen on board laughed at their discomfiture.

'We shall have him yet. There are too many who would swear to him. Young gentleman,' said the Deputy Marshal, 'what I said was true. Submission and a clever attorney, and a little expenditure, with a good and respectable *alibi*, would pull Mr. Bayssallance out of this plight. Now, if he is caught, which will certainly happen, he will certainly be hanged. Yes, for sure, his neck will now be stretched. Pity ! Pity !' He shook his head compassionately

'May I set some liquor before you, sir ? There is good liquor at the Dolphin Inn, hard by. After your fatigues you must be thirsty. It may console you to find that your prisoner had a proper sense of what was due to your creature comforts. Will you choose rum, sir, or any other liquor ?'

'Rum, young gentleman, by all means, since you are so

generous. It is not every one who sets drink before the officers of justice.'

I exhorted the workmen to go on with their work, their master being now safe, and these officers only engaged in their duty.

Over the rum and water in the lodge, the Deputy Marshal grew friendly.

'You heard me, sir—you can bear witness—how I almost moved that young man, for his own good, to surrender. Sir, I ought to have been a barrister. I was born to be a lawyer. I could have moved juries. When I attend the trials I never hear the counsel without feeling that I could make out a better case. Genius, sir, pure genius. But what is the use of genius without opportunity? I was originally an attorney's clerk, and am now, as you see, risen to the rank of Deputy Marshal. Some day, perhaps, I shall be Marshal. What then? I can never be what I was intended to become—King's Counsel, Serjeant-at-Law, Puisne Judge, Lord Chief Justice of England. Ah! there's ambition for you! There's a field! Well, in the next world we shall all receive our deserts. As for me, I expect nothing short of Puisne Judge to begin with, and Lord Chancellor to end with; and many a Judge, Serjeant-at-Law, King's Counsel, and member of the Outer Bar that I know of now, and carry it off flauntingly, shall be simple ushers of my court, and wear white thread gloves.'

After this foretaste of heavenly joys, he drank my health in a tumbler of hot rum and water.

'May I ask, sir, the name of my noble entertainer? Most of those whom I arrest, or try to arrest, receive my visit in a spirit of hostility. I am glad to find that Mr. Bayssallance, though he has been so ill-advised as to escape, has left behind him a friend so civil and hospitable. Sir, I respect you and your friend. Sir, I honour you for this attention to the officers of the law. Sir, I drink again to your very good health. Ah! it's only on the river-side that one finds rum so mellow, and so old.'

'You are very welcome,' I said. 'As for my name and quality, I am an old schoolfellow and playmate of George Bays-allance, and my name is Nevill Comines, and I am a clerk in the Admiralty Office at Somerset House.'

He started and turned very red, looking at me in a manner that should have awakened my suspicions. But my mind was full of George.

'Hark ye, brother,' he whispered, with a sudden change of manner, 'if there is another boat anywhere handy, get down the rope, and into that boat, and join your friend. My men know thee not. Sheer off, while there is yet time Shog; that's the word. Shog!'

'Join my friend?' I replied, thinking he was drunk. 'Sheer off? Why should I?' For truly by this time my mind was so full of George and his dangers that I had clean forgotten my own. 'To begin with, I do not know where my friend is at this moment to be found.'

'Young gentleman,' he whispered again, his face again becoming very red, 'take the advice of one who is older than yourself. Shog, before more questions are asked. There is the door wide open. Be no more seen until the storm is past and gone. Lie snug, and all may be forgotten. Stay where you are, and the Lord knows what may happen. Best—'tis best,' I say. He actually took me by the shoulders and shoved me towards the door. I gazed upon him with bewilderment. Not even at this juncture did I remember what he might mean.

'A man must do his duty,' he went on, 'There's nothing to show that I knew my duty. Your name, young gentleman—I am sometimes hard of hearing—is Tomlinson—Tomlinson. Nothing against the name of Tomlinson, to my knowledge. Good day to you, Mr. Tomlinson, and many thanks for the compliment of the rum.'

'I think you must be mad,' I said. 'Who put the name of Tomlinson into your head? As for my name, it is, as anyone knows——'

'No, no; I do not know,' he interrupted, eagerly. 'Let it be Tomlinson, or, indeed, Jenkins, or anything that you fancy; but not—not—in the name of God, young gentleman,' he lowered his voice—'not Comines.'

'Why should I vanish?' I asked. 'To-night I go home to St. Katherine's Hospital. To-morrow I go to my desk at Somerset House.'

'Will nothing move you? Will no threat terrify you?'

I laughed. Who would believe that I could still be so demented as not to suspect?

'In that case,' he said, looking me hard in the face, 'young gentleman,' he began again, 'must I say more? If your name is not Tomlinson, but—you know—that other name—that devil of a name which may get you into trouble—that name——'

'Why,' I said, in my stupidity, 'it is Nevill Comines, and a very good name too.'

'Well, then, you have had every chance, and, though it goes against the grain, there is no longer any help for it.' He sighed, and produced a whistle, which he blew. Two of his constables appeared at the door. He then took up his staff with the gold crown on top, and lugged a paper out of his pocket. 'Nevill Comines,' he said, 'aged twenty-two, clerk in his Majesty's Office of the Admiralty, secretary of a certain seditious society called The Snugs—I apprehend you, Nevill Comines, on the charge of High Treason.'

Upon this, but too late, the full force of yesterday's doings, and the neglected warnings of the Marshal, rushed into my mind, and I think I must have swooned, which is unmanly.

When I recovered I was sitting in a chair, one of the men on either side of me.

'In consequence of information received, Mr. Comines,' the Deputy Marshal went on, 'I have visited the house where you met, and I have seized upon your papers.'

Heavens! If I had not neglected the plain and simple warnings! If I had destroyed those papers in time!

'Well, sir,' continued the officer, 'I am much concerned. It seems. after drinking with a man, to arrest him, as if—but it is the law. I am an officer of the law; I am carrying out my duties. Very well, then. In every profession we have our little ceremonies—formalities. A barrister wears his wig; a clergyman puts on his cassock; we of this branch—now, Tom—have a little ceremony.' Here the men seized my wrists and made them fast, without my being able to make the least resistance. 'It is called the handcuff, nothing but a formality—nothing but that. Well, one bird flies away, and another is caught; that is the way of the world. It is bad for the bird who is caught, but he ought always to think of the good luck of him who has escaped.'

'You are pleased to be a philosopher, sir.'

'Oh, sir! that is too high a word; philosophy belongs to corresponding societies and to such associations as your own. Indeed, sir, I could not afford to become a philosopher; I should lose my office and my living. Philosophy? The Lord forbid!'

'What are you going to do with me?'

'Why'—here he looked into the pannikin, which was

empty—'since there is no more drink, your honour might do well to fortify your spirits before we set out——'

'I want no drink.'

'In that case, the sooner we go home the better. When I say home, of course I mean the Prison of Newgate—the last home it has proved, indeed, to many. To you, sir, I hope it may prove a resting-place for a night or two only. A cheerful place and a merry one you will find it.'

CHAPTER XIII

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Thus taken prisoner and handcuffed, I was led away by the Deputy Marshal and his posse of constables. The people of the Dock, when they had seen their master escape, returned presently to work and paid no more attention to the officers of the law. Therefore, when I walked out with my guard, it was unobserved, and no attempt was made to rescue me.

They marched me first to the Globe Stairs, where they had a boat lying in readiness; they then rowed up the river through London and Blackfriars Bridges as far as the Savoy Stairs, where we landed.

'We are going to Bow Street,' said the Deputy Marshal, 'to the house of the Magistrate before whom we have laid the sworn information.'

It is not an agreeable thing thus to be marched through the streets of London in broad daylight. The sight of a prisoner handcuffed and guarded by a posse of constables is as attractive to the crowd as a fight or a fallen horse. The boys ran after us hooting; the draymen stopped their horses; the hackney coachmen drew up to let us pass; the people stared after us; the very windows seemed full of heads curiously craned out to look after us. Fortunately it is not far from the Savoy Stairs to Bow Street.

When we arrived at the new Police Office, the business of the day was not yet disposed of, and we had to wait while the Magistrate, Sir William Coddington, heard the rest of the cases. He sat at a table underneath the lion and the unicorn; before him was an open space, separated from the rest of the Court, which is open to the public. A railed space was provided for prisoners, and another for witnesses. Half a dozen Bow Street runners were in attendance. I was placed in the

space before the table. The Magistrate sat quiet and unmoved while the witnesses gave their evidence and the prisoner in the dock protested and cross-examined.

Well, my turn came at length. I was not placed in the dock, but I stood while the magistrate addressed me.

'Before committing a prisoner for trial,' he said, 'it is my duty to hear such evidence as may be offered in support of the charge against him. In case the evidence is not sufficient I can refuse to commit. In case the offence is slight I can admit bail. In your case I have certain information sworn in my presence this morning. On the strength of this I have issued a warrant, and I shall commit you for trial. You shall hear the information. You may make any observation you please, but you must remember you are not on your trial. Constables, remove the prisoner's handcuffs, and place him a chair.'

The coldness of this speech struck me to the very soul. I sat down while the clerk began to read the information in a monotonous voice, as some clergymen read the Service.

The sworn information seemed of great length.

Robert Olwin, Beadle of the Liberty of the Tower, made affidavit that he had seized in a certain wooden box, &c., the books here produced, containing lists of the members and the minutes of the Society called the Snugs.

William Fritter, victualler, swore that Nevill Comines was the Secretary of the Club or Society which met once a week in his house: that he had always understood it to be a convivial association of the shopkeepers and other respectable people of the neighbourhood.

Saunders Welsh, Gentleman, High Constable of the Parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, deposed to the fact of the riot on Sunday afternoon, headed by one George Bayssallance, a member of the society in question.

The information read: 'This,' said the Magistrate, 'is the case so far against the prisoner. The Crown may produce other witnesses. Meantime I commit you, Nevill Comines, to the Gaol of Newgate, there to be kept in custody until you are brought forth to stand your trial.'

So that was over, and I was fully committed. And then, but this time without handcuffs, and in a hackney coach, I was carried to Newgate Prison.

There are, as those who have passed by this gloomy place know very well, three gates to the prison, all opening upon

one side. The first of these is the small iron door which is thrown open only for the passage of the condemned convict on his way outside to execution. It is the Gate of Agony. The next is the private door of the Governor's house. The third is the Gate of Honour Lost, that by which prisoners are received and discharged, or sent out to the hulks ; also that by which visitors enter and depart, and the business of the prison is carried on. You walk up five or six steps, and find yourself faced by a double door, of which the outer half is a kind of hatch, five feet high, consisting of stout heart-of-oak, cased and bossed with iron, and the inner part, which swings open, and is closed separately, is a heavy iron grill, through which the gaolers can inspect a visitor before admitting him.

The upper part was now open, and a man was standing on watch over the lower part.

' Prisoner,' said the Deputy Marshal, briefly.

The man unlocked and unbarred, and we entered. The door was closed and locked immediately. I found myself in a large room twenty-five feet long and sixteen broad, of great height, with an arched roof, and lit by three small semi-circular windows, placed so high up that no one could hope to reach them ; and if he did, they were heavily barred. Truly, a fit ante-room, with its barred door and barred windows, to such a prison ! This room is called the Lodge.

I observed a row of buckets placed in readiness in case of fire. There was a wooden bench along one side, a table stood against the wall, with a book and ink and pens ; there was one chair ; there were two other doors. One of these opened into a small room in which was a cheerful fire burning : this was one of the rooms reserved for the turnkeys. I looked into it with envy. Those happy dogs could step outside if they chose, their work once done. As for me—when should I step outside, and under what circumstances ? I noticed these and many other little things of no importance, because in a time of mental trouble one notices things that otherwise would escape. The mind catches at straws to save itself.

A number of people, men and women, were waiting in this room ; some presenting a most hardened and downcast appearance, others (but these were fewer) were respectable folk, who appeared ashamed of being in such a place. These were friends or visitors of the prisoners waiting their turn for admission. As they passed one by one into the prison, each in turn, their pockets were examined, and a form of search made by a turn-

key and a woman stationed there for the purpose, so as to prevent the introduction of ropes or instruments of escape and of spirits, which are strictly forbidden. But I observed that the examination was of the slightest ; and, indeed, spirits are really introduced into the prison, as you will immediately perceive.

Among those who waited were several who, by their appearance, and by the bags they carried, seemed to be attorneys, or their clerks, engaged to advise prisoners in their defence. These marched up and down, waiting impatiently, and showing not the least concern. It was their daily business—they came here every day and saw the same sights.

Close beside me stood a young woman of respectable appearance. She carried a baby in her arms, and she was weeping without restraint

The Deputy Marshal whispered in my ear.

'Look at her. She is the wife of a young fellow who will be hanged come Monday morning. She is going to see him in the condemned cell. 'Tis hard on her. But she will presently dry her tears and forget him, and marry another. It frightens her to come here and think of his hanging. As for him, I warrant the dog has got his tankard in his hand, and his pipe between his lips.'

Then there came in three young women, dressed with some elegance, and all of pleasing appearance.

Among them was one whose face and manners betrayed that she was not long from the country ; her cheek had still the blush and hue of health and youth ; her eye was bright and humid ; her rosy lips were parted. She might have sat or stood as a model for a painter, to be called my Lady Innocence.

What did such a girl in such a place ?

Her friends tramped up the stairs and into the Lodge as if they were quite accustomed to the prison—which, indeed, was the case. But she hung back as if unwilling.

'Indeed,' she said, 'I will not go any further. I am afraid. I do not like going to a prison. It may bring bad luck.'

'Come, Jenny,' said one of her friends, 'don't be a fool. No one will eat you.'

So she came in.

'Lord !' she whispered, but so loudly that I overheard. 'They have brought in a prisoner. A young gentleman, too !

The poor young gentleman! What has he done, think you, Dolly?'

'I know not. They are always bringing in prisoners. We shall see him presently, I doubt not, within.'

The second speaker, I observed, lacked the innocent rustical look of her companion.

'I have seen dozens brought in. As for their going out again——'

'Lord, Dolly! will they hang the poor young gentleman?'

'Very like. They hang a cart-load every six weeks. You shall come to see him hanged if you like. When a gentleman is hanged he dies quiet and resigned. The rogue it is who kicks off his shoes.'

'Dolly, I am afraid. This is a dreadful place. Let us run away.'

'You are a fool, Jenny; besides, the Captain expects us. What matter to you if the gentleman is hanged or not? Why shouldn't he be hanged? A short life and a merry—that is the word for Newgate. He is no worse off than a soldier killed in battle. Here they are all happy because they know the worst. When their time comes—why, when all is told, it is better than suffocating in bed—my end, likely, and yours, too; what odds? Jenny,' she whispered earnestly, 'have you forgotten the bottle of rum for the Captain?'

'No, no; I have it in my pocket.'

'You step in between Sophy and me, in the middle; look as if you've got nothing. To be sure the searcher lets a body pass in as often as not without trouble. Why should she search? Why shouldn't the Captain keep his spirits up with a drop of rum? Besides, the Captain oiled her palm last week with half-a-guinea.'

These ladies had friends in the prison, then. But the place was every day thronged with visitors—as the prisoners, so their friends!

The second door was opened. The Governor of the prison himself came in, followed by two stout turnkeys. The officer in charge of the Lodge reported my capture.

The Governor, a man of hard appearance, glanced at me with neither interest nor curiosity. This, I confess, humiliated me. A prisoner feels that, at all events, a little interest is due to him.

'Nevill Comines,' he said. 'Enter his name. Age, twenty-two; occupation, writer in His Majesty's Office of the Ad-

miralty; residence, St. Katherine's by the Tower; charge, High Treason. Nevill Comines, your trial will come on at the Sessions following the time when the Crown has completed your case. Until your trial you will be in my custody. Take him away, and put on his irons.'

'Sir,' I cried, 'by your leave, sir, I am an untried man; I am held innocent till I am proved guilty. With submission, sir, an innocent man should not be loaded with irons; they are the outward marks of guilt.'

'As for your innocence, sir,' said the Governor, coldly, 'you are doubtless the best judge of that. I have nothing to do with a prisoner's guilt or with his innocence—I keep him safe until he is tried, and safe after his trial until he is hanged or transported. In order to keep you safe, sir, I clap you and all my prisoners into irons.'

'But I am not yet found guilty,' I urged.

'You are my prisoner. On that point set your mind at rest. You shall hear the rules of the prison, and you will obey them, or it will be the worse for you.'

So saying, he went away.

'Sir,'—my friend, the Deputy Marshal, plucked me by the sleeve—'suffer me to advise your honour. Do not argue with the Governor of the gaol. As for the irons, if you consent to pay garnish you will escape with a light and handsome pair. Lord bless me! some of them take a pleasure in their irons. "Music of Newgate," they say, jingling them. "Newgate Music." They will not hurt you; and, as for the look of the thing, even if you should find them not to agree with your good looks—why, what of it? It isn't the irons—it is the being in prison that galls. Pay the garnish, and be resigned.'

'But—' I replied, thinking of my slender stock, and knowing beforehand that my father, in the extremity of his resentment, would give me nothing.

'Sir'—the Deputy Marshal divined my thoughts—'your friends will have to pay the garnish and the prison dues for you. They must do so. Believe me, the place is bad enough even for those who can afford a private room in the Master's house. But for a young gentleman like yourself to consort with the master-felons on the common side—that, sir, would be barbarity. Why, suppose you to go among them at this moment, the next you would find yourself without your coat, without your waistcoat, without your hat, your purse, or your

buckles. All would be taken from you ; and at night you would be locked up with four-and-twenty villains—greater villains were never hanged—to sleep on a sloping board, with a rug for mattress, and to listen to talk more foul and wicked than you can hear on the river at Horn Fair Day. Pay anything—pay anything rather than that.'

'Come,' said one of the turnkeys. 'For garnish, as respects the irons, the gentleman will pay a single guinea ; for admission to the State side he will pay three guineas ; and for rent of his bed half-a-guinea. For another half-guinea he will have coal and candle, plates and knife.'

'And for food?' I asked.

'He will have a penny loaf every day.' The fellow grinned.

'You will have what you pay for,' said the Deputy Marshal.

'Is there nothing cheaper?'

'The gentleman can enter on the Master's side,' said the turnkey. 'The admission is thirteen shillings and sixpence, and half-a-guinea garnish ; his rent will be half-a-crown a week. Those on the Master's side are mostly tradesmen—shoemakers and such—who carry on their trades while they are in prison. Footpads and shoplifters many of them. Not fit company for a young gentleman.'

I grew desperate with the thought of losing all my money at the outset.

'What if I refuse to pay anything?'

'You have heard what the Deputy Marshal told you. The common side of Newgate is not a place where gentlemen seek society. But you will do as you please. Come with me now and be ironed.'

Well : there was little choice. I parted with my friend, the Deputy Marshal, for whom at this moment of leaving him I felt something like friendship, and I went with the turnkeys into the prison. We turned to the left into a dark and gloomy passage, through another heavy door of oak and iron, and so into a small chamber hung about with irons, manacles, handcuffs, chains of all kinds, ropes for the pinioning of the condemned before execution, the cat for flogging, and other instruments of justice. The man took down a pair of irons, rusty, heavy—such as might have been used for Samson by the Philistines. Terrified, I pulled out a guinea, and procured for this consideration the use of a pair of light shining

irons which, the turnkey assured me, while he riveted them, had just been worn by a certain murderer recently executed. My predecessor had, it appeared, found them quite to his taste. The sight of their brightness and the music of their jingling, said the turnkey, amused him, and diverted his mind from the contemplation of death. Heavens! To think that a man about to die could be amused by the jingling of his chains!

I next agreed, though with much misgiving, to pay an admission fee to the State side, of which the turnkey, in the name of the Governor, generously bated one third, or one guinea—business, he said, being slack on that side, though brisk in the master-felons' wards. This sum paid down, together with half-a-guinea for rent and half-a-guinea for garnish, which left me very low in purse, he bade me follow him to my new lodging.

I obeyed, finding the irons a great hindrance in walking, besides the fact that they filled me with shame, and made me long to hide my head in some corner where no one should see my disgrace. So he led me through one dark passage into another, now past high walls and now across open courts. Yonder, he told me, were the stairs leading to the chapel. Under the chapel were the cells for refractory prisoners. Here was the court given up to the common prisoners, those who paid nothing. The place was crowded, not only with the prisoners, but with their friends. Surely there can be no viler place in the whole world than the court or yard used by the poorer felons, surrounded by the wards in which they sleep. You can tell the prisoners from the visitors by their irons, otherwise there is nothing to distinguish them. They all loll and lie about together, visitors and prisoners alike, for the most part showing by their bearing that they belong to the detestable and mischievous class of those who will not work if they can avoid work by stealing. Rogues, vagabonds, and thieves were they all who filled this yard, and they drank their beer and sang and laughed as if next week would not bring their condemnation. Nearly all these wretches, the turnkey told me, were certain to be hanged. I speak of what I saw on my first visit. Later on I learned to distinguish—they are not all so bad.

Then we passed through another passage into a court smaller than that of the master-felons, surrounded, like it, by lofty stone walls and buildings.

'This is the State side,' said the turnkey; 'and here, sir, is your room.'

He opened the door and showed me into a room on the ground-floor of tolerable proportions, long and somewhat narrow for its length. It was lighted by four semi-circular windows, placed high up and strongly barred, one of them was above the door. The walls were wainscoted or lined with oak, black with age and dirt, and studded with great nails. The floor, without any carpet, was horribly dirty; there was a roaring fire; the air was close and smelt of cooking, tobacco, beer, and everything that can be imagined to belong to a room in which four or five men live, sleep, dress, and cook their meals. For furniture, there were chairs and a table and five pallet beds. About the fire was gathered a group consisting of four or five men and three girls. Bottles and glasses were on the table, and all were drinking. The girls I recognised for the three visitors who were waiting in the Lodge. I was sorry to perceive that my Lady Innocence had already, in a short quarter of an hour, acquired a flushed cheek and a brightened eye. The man who sat beside her, and had his arm round her waist, was a fellow whom at first sight you would set down as a swashbuckler; a man of forty or so, whose puffed face spoke of potations. The seal of many evil passions was stamped upon his forehead. He wore a dressing-gown and slippers, and occupied the only elbow-chair in the room.

'Gentlemen,' said the turnkey, 'here is a new collegian. And so, without more words, he went away and left me at the doorway.

'La!' said Lady Innocence. 'It is the young gentleman. La! I hope they will not hang him. I could not bear to see a proper fellow hanged. And they have put him in irons, too.'

The legs of all the other men in the room were, however, similarly adorned. She looked about her and noted this fact, and blushed to think that she had given offence by alluding to this delicate circumstance.

'Sir,' said the Captain—I call him so because I never heard any other name given to him—'Sir, I drink your health and to our better acquaintance.' He raised his glass and bowed politely. 'Be seated, sir; there is a chair next to our friend, Mr. Thorpe. Our better acquaintance,' he went on, after I had taken my seat, 'will be greatly promoted by

another bottle or two. This bottle runs low. I take your guinea, sir'—I took the hint, and, with sinking heart, produced my last guinea and gave it him—'as a sign and a token that you are willing to promote the harmony of the ward. This is not the common side of the prison. Here we are all gentlemen. This is, in a manner of speech, the Bond Street of Newgate. It is our coffee house, our tavern, our assembly room, where beauty does not disdain to show her lovely face,' he pointed to the girls. 'It is also our hell, as I shall take pleasure in showing you, sir, after supper, over a pack of cards. We are birds in a cage, it is true, but if you get everything in the cage that you can get outside, what odds for the bars? Here you have no anxiety; your creditors cannot dun you; they may try to keep you in; you fear no highwayman or burglar; after you have been tried, you fear no more the arm of the law. I wish you a long and peaceful residence, sir; your name escapes me.'

'My name is Comines, and with all respect, sir, I hope that your wish may not be granted.'

'So say all when they first come here. But I, who have inhabited the State side for three years and more, tell you that I have never before known true luxury and ease. They tried me at the Old Bailey close by, I was sentenced, now I come to think upon it, to the hulks and transportation. Ho, ho! But I came back here, and here I remain. When a man is a man of family—I hope, Mr. Comines, that you are a man of family—the Judge may pass any sentence he pleases—but that man of family remains on the State side. Nay, I know not whether I would wish to go out again. Sophy and Jenny and Sue come here as readily as to a tavern; my friends know where to find me; my enemies have done their worst; the company of the ward changes continually; we have no time to quarrel; the best friends part the soonest; one goes to the hulks, the other to the condemned cell; we lose no time in grief; we drink and gamble continually. As for you, sir, I hope your case will not lead you to the cell. If it does, remember that family interest may get you respite—but I hope not.'

'I cannot tell,' I replied, 'whither my case may lead me.'

'Even the condemned cell is not without its comforts—one can drink in the Press Yard—though the unmanly lamentations of some do much interfere with philosophical and

comfortable drinking. But since we must all die, what matter whether to-day or to-morrow? Death should have no terrors to him who reflects that it is as well to be suffocated quickly in the open air, and before an admiring, even an envious, mob, as to be choked slowly on one's feather bed, with no one to watch your dying agonies but a greedy apothecary.'

I learned afterwards, that this man, an illegitimate son of some great lord, and therefore, as he boasted, a man of family, had really by this family influence been saved first from the gallows, which he richly deserved, and, secondly, from transportation, to which he was sentenced. What he did, I know not; his father, however, who was powerful enough to save him from the consequences of guilt, could not procure his liberation. He therefore continued in Newgate, eating and drinking of the best, until his death, which happened a year or two later.

Sitting next to me was a person of grave appearance and manner—whom the Captain had named Thorpe—a substantial merchant. He seemed about fifty-five years of age; he drank not with the Captain and his friends, but he smoked a pipe of tobacco. He presently turned to me with a smile, showing his white teeth—as for a smile, I love to see it in man or woman—but this man's smile was too ready.

'Young gentleman,' he said, 'I do not welcome thee to such a place. I hope thy stay will be as short as my own. For my part, I do but await the formality—the mere formality—of a trial.'

'I do not know,' I replied, 'how long I shall be here, or what will be the event. I am arrested on a charge of High Treason!'

'High Treason?' He pushed back his chair as if afraid of being implicated by mere contact. 'High Treason! Shall the Prime Warden of a City Company sit in the same room with a rebel?'

'High Treason!' cried the Captain, sitting up. 'What? Say that again. Have we traitors here?'

'High Treason!' cried the Lady Innocence, starting to her feet. 'Oh!—the monster! He will murder us; let us run away, Dolly. Let us fly!'

'Hark ye, brother,' said the Captain. 'Here are many brave fellows accused of making mistakes about other people's houses, their horses, and their money, imitating their signatures, and so forth. Anyone may be charged with such a

thing ; that makes no difference in companionship. But we are all loyal to King and Constitution. Here, if you please, we will have no tampering with our liberties. There shall be given no countenance to traitors. No conspiracies and plots shall be allowed in Newgate while I am here. Mark that, sir, mark that, otherwise you shall speedily be made to feel the weight of my resentment and my cudgel.'

'It is not likely that you will be called upon to interfere,' I said. 'If you do, I shall know how to protect myself. Cudgel against cudgel, blustering sir.'

'Very well, then—very well. You are warned.' The Captain turned round in his chair and took another glass of wine.

The girl whom I have called the Lady Innocence continued to gaze upon me with pity and curiosity.

'So young,' murmured the merchant. 'The pity of it! The pity! Dear, dear. Ta-ta-ta—the pity of it!'

'Well sir,' said I, plucking up a little, 'it is not pleasant for any one, old or young, to be brought to such a place. As for yourself, now, if without offence I may ask the nature of the charge for which you await your trial.'

'Oh! certainly! No offence at all. It is nothing a mere nothing—a case which the magistrate himself, though he said he had no option but to send it up for trial, admitted to have no foundation. They will put me in the dock, read over the indictment, call for witnesses, and when there are none, they will dismiss the case, and discharge the prisoner without the slightest stain upon his character. Of that there is no doubt whatever—not the least doubt. I do not distress my mind with considering the thing as doubtful. Not at all. I sleep well, I eat well, I drink well, I grow fat and lusty in this prison. Because, young man, my heart is free from guilt.'

'Indeed, sir, I hope the end may be as you expect.'

'I shall leave the prison, and surrounded by my friends, who will hold a banquet in my honour, I shall go back to my house in Harp Lane, and shall renew my services as Prime Warden of my Company—an ancient and honourable Company—and member of the Select Vestry of All Hallows the Great.'

'You are happy, sir, in the consciousness of innocence. The charge itself?'

'A tilly-vally—an invention—a mere trifling suggestion,

without a tittle of proof. Ha! It moves me to laughter! Forgery, they call it. Yes, forgery,' he added slowly, 'forgery they called it. Ha! ha! Forgery! It is an excellent joke. Ha, ha!'

Said the Captain,

'It is so good a joke that every six weeks some one dances to the music of it with his feet in the air.'

The merchant of Harp Lane turned pale.

'At this very moment, you may go visit as fine a young fellow as ever stepped—a lad of spirit, mark you, although he was but a quill-driver in the City. What then? He must have his mistress and drive her out on Sunday, as well as his betters. We are all alike, though some are rich and some are poor. When a young fellow is poor he helps himself. This young fellow—'twould do you good to hear him sing—helped himself by means of his quill, which is sometimes a deadly instrument.'

'Sir,' said the merchant, 'I am not concerned with this history.'

'He lies in the condemned cell, or takes his walks abroad in the Press Yard—poor devil. Yesterday I went to see him, and we cracked a bottle together, so that he plucked up his spirits and danced a hornpipe. Next Sunday you shall see him in the pew of State, while the chaplain exhorts him to repentance. Ay! They all repent; they are sorry that they took so little, and that so clumsily. He repents that his forgery was not for ten times the amount, and that he could not pass it off, as he tried, on his master's son. These reflections will weigh upon his soul till the end, which is Monday morning.'

'How can you talk so, Captain?' said Miss Jenny. 'La! Now! Only to think of being hanged! And I hope that no one in this room will have such a fate—especially this young gentleman here.'

She meant me, and smiled sweetly.

'Talk not to me of the Press Yard and the cell,' said the merchant, who had been showing every sign of terror and anxiety. 'What have we to do with wretches who would even rob their masters to pay for their riotous living? Let them be hanged, and that without pity. As for you, my young friend,' he turned to me, 'let me, as one old enough to be your father, earnestly exhort you to employ the time that remains to you in a becoming spirit. Acknowledge and confess your iniquities.

Pay no heed to the lewd and profane talk which is too common in this place. Avoid drink'—he looked at the Captain—'shun bad company'—his pipe pointed, perhaps accidentally, at my Lady Innocence. 'Repent while there is opportunity. The hours fly. Repent in time. Read your Bible and meditate upon the wrath of an offended Deity. Fix your mind wholly upon the next world.'

'When Squaretoes has done,' said the Captain, 'come to me.'

'Say to yourself daily,' continued my new Mentor, 'that the law provides such and such for your case, and that the punishment thus decreed will be surely meted out to you. Perhaps you may fondly imagine that the evidence against you is not so strong as to justify conviction.'

'I think the case will prove weak against me,' I said, 'because I have never advocated insurrection or rebellion.'

'What odds about your case?' said the Captain. 'It is the Judge that makes the case weak or strong. Inquire into the temper of the Judge, and look for the end accordingly.'

'Too many prisoners,' continued the merchant, 'delude themselves in this manner. They think and say that their case is so weak that they must get off.' Heavens! only two minutes ago he was himself maintaining the same thing with regard to his own case. Thus do we see those faults in others which exist unseen in ourselves. 'Be not one of those unfortunates. Show a spirit prepared for the worst. Now in the case of High Treason what is the worst?' He approached this delicate part of the subject with manifest enjoyment. 'For traitors, it is not considered that mere hanging is sufficient. Murderers are hanged and shoplifters——'

'And forgers,' said the Captain, but the merchant seemed not to hear.

'Because they deprive a man of his life or of property, which makes life tolerable. But traitors commit crimes against a whole community. They are therefore sentenced to be hanged first, but are left swinging for five minutes only and are then taken off the rope, being still quick, and disembowelled with a butcher's knife; an operation causing the greatest agony, under which they expire. They are next quartered. Such has always been the righteous punishment ordained for traitors. Such is the wisdom of our forefathers.'

'If you come to that,' I said, 'the hanging reserved for

forgers kills them quite as effectually, if not so quickly ; and very likely it causes as much agony. After the hanging, the body of the forger is taken to Surgeons' Hall, where it is cut up for scientific purposes. I would as lief be quartered when I am dead as dissected. Perhaps, however, you are of a different opinion.'

'Young man,' he replied, with dignity, 'I fear that I have thrown away good advice. You are rude and unmannerly. What have I to do with hanging? Learn, sir, that a man of my quality, a merchant of my position, Prime Warden of an ancient and honourable Company, cannot commit forgery. He cannot, sir, I say he cannot.' He repeated the words with swelling cheek. 'No one ever heard of such a thing. His position forbids it—forbids it, sir.'

He rose, put on his hat, and walked forth into the courtyard.

'There goes a poor devil,' said the Captain, 'who would eat his cake and have it. Hanged he will be for a certainty, if only as an example to his brother merchants ; much good may it do the fat and greedy guzzlers ! Not possible for his worthiness to forge? Why, if you speak of forgery, never was a craftier forgery committed. Old Squaretoes will surely swing, whoever else may get off.'

About nine o'clock of the evening I sat alone at last. The orgy was over. The Captain's supper, with which he had treated the ladies, was finished at last, and the bowl of punch made with the smuggled rum was out. The gallant Captain himself lay on his bed, whither he had been carried by the united efforts of the ladies, his neckerchief untied, his face swollen, his breathing loud—he was in the condition commonly called 'as drunk as David's sow.' The merchant, too, had gone to bed after taking as much punch as was good for him, and now lay fast asleep. If these things were done on the State side, I thought, what must be the pleasures of the Master-felons' Ward?

We were locked in for the night, the fire was nearly out, the candle was low. The striking of the hour from St. Sepulchre's was like the tolling of a knell.

The only good thing about Newgate is the rule which sends away visitors early (even then some contrive to stay all night). This gives an opportunity for meditation to the poor wretches left in the wards. For the first time I was able to consider my most melancholy situation.

Consider : I had no more money, a few shillings was all my stock ; I could not hope that my father or Sister Katherine, or the Prebendary himself would befriend me. No, I was cast out ; that was certain. I could never be forgiven. What was I to do ? How to live ? I must go forth into the common side, and mate with the felons and profligates there. I must live upon the penny loaf provided daily for the prisoners. I could get no help from lawyers, having no money. Finally, I should be hanged, very likely, as a traitor. Here was matter enough for reflection !

A man must be indeed insensible if he feels no shame, or pain, or remorse when he finds himself in a common prison waiting for his trial, and that a trial which may end in a shameful death. A man, I say, must be an insensible wretch who at such a moment does not think of the misery he has brought upon his parents and his friends. To me it seemed as if I could not begin to think in any order. All together the thoughts crowded into my mind. I saw myself in irons, under lock and key, the companion of villains ; I saw my mother weeping, my father speechless with wrath and shame ; I saw the Prebendary himself dumbfoundered at the news ; I saw myself in Court being tried ; and I saw myself—at the last act of a condemned convict's life. And I saw all these things, I say, together.

It was ten o'clock and past. All was quiet in the prison, when I heard the opening of locks and the sound of steps and of clinking irons. They crossed the court ; the door of the ward was thrown open.

'Look, sir,' said the turnkey, 'here's your room, and here's your friend waiting up for you.'

I started from my chair, making my irons clash. Before me stood George himself.

CHAPTER XIV

NEWGATE PRISON

'George ! You here ?'

'No other,' he said. He took a step forward. 'These pretty shining things,' he said, looking down, 'make a man walk as gingerly as a passenger in a gale of wind.'

'You, too, in irons, George ? How were you taken ? You in irons ?'

'Why not, if you are, my lad? "Rings on his fingers and bells on his toes, He shall have music wherever he goes."'

'But how comes it? What fatal mischance is this? You had escaped—you got off free.'

'Ay, I got off; I rowed across to the Isle of Dogs. There, seeing no one in pursuit, I left my boat and walked along the river wall, by the Breach and the Gut and the Ropeyards as far as Wapping.'

'Well, why didn't you stay in Wapping? Why didn't you volunteer for the Navy? Why not go on board an East Indiaman or a Baltic ship, even as a common sailor?'

'I thought of these things, I even thought I would be pressed—no hardship for me to go afloat as a common sailor. But then, I haven't told you everything, Nevill; no, no, not everything.' George was one of those to whom the narrative form presents difficulties sometimes insuperable. 'I came to perceive, as I walked along, that after leaving it all to the Lord, and leading that Tom Fool's Riot on purpose, you know, to let everybody understand that I had left it to the Lord—because no one in his senses would have headed such a bawling mob—it would be worse than cowardly to run away, and, so to speak, take all into my own hands again.'

'This is madness, George. Every man is justified in saving his own life if he can.'

'Not madness; common sense. I will argue out the point with you if ever we find time and a fitting place, which I doubt. When I understood so much, and was enabled further to perceive that it would be cruel hard upon my soul to top up all my other sins with cowardice, a thing that never tempted me, but rather the reverse, the Lord be thanked, who inclined my heart to keep that law.'

'Go on,' I groaned.

'Many sins, I daresay, I have committed if I knew them; fortunately I do not, a choleric word here and there being always permitted to a sailor—not shameful sins, I am sure. To fight I have always been ready; never have I run away. So, after consideration, I thought I would wait till sundown, and then walk over to Newgate Prison and give myself up.'

'Oh! to throw away your life!'

'No, lad; I put my life in the Lord's hands. Can't you understand? I say, since it is best for Sylvia's sake that I should die, do Thou, O Lord, take my life in whatever way seemest Thee best. That is the whole gist of the thing. As

for dying, we confess that we are all in the hands of the Lord, the man at sea and the man on land, the sick man and the strong man, the young man and the old man. It is the Lord who makes us die: the way and manner of death we know nothing about beforehand. Therefore I do well to leave it openly to the Lord. I would kill myself, but it is a shameful thing to do. Now, having thus resolved, I am content and happy. I fear nothing more. I ask for nothing but that Sylvia may recover and forget me!'

This was the condition of his mind, nor could I by any representations or arguments persuade him that in his hair-brained fight with the press-gang, his conduct at the fire, his mad leading of the riot, his was not so much the part of the humble Christian as of the resolute suicide. A man must not kill himself. No, he would not commit that terrible crime. But he would put himself in peril so deadly that unless he had a charmed life he would surely die. That he considered was a righteous thing to do, and a Christian rendering of the commandment. Alas! we were all stark staring mad at this time.

I could not shake him from the conviction that he had done everything a good Christian should. He was so firm in this belief, that his mind was collected and easy; his discourse was cheerful; and his contemplation of the future without fear.

Yet, withal, a sense of the position gave to his thoughts a serious turn. When the clock of St. Sepulchre's, followed by the bell of St. Paul's, struck midnight, he said, as if to himself:—

'This place is more solemn than a church; it is like the entrance to a vault; I seem to expect the steps leading down into the grave. Each hour now will bring me nearer to the time when I must walk into my grave, though still young and lusty. Yet a week or two and I shall go down those stairs. Well, I am called away, my day's work is done. To some is granted a short day, to some a long day: in the end it matters little. I shall have a good deal to remember. Sylvia loved me once.'

'George!' I sprang to my feet but sank back again, startled by the clinking of the irons. 'What does it mean? Why have all these disasters fallen upon us? What have we done? A short while ago, and we were happy—what are we now? Sylvia, I verily believe, is dying; you and I are in

prison and will be tried for high treason; my father, your father—all of them will go in shame and mourning for the rest of their days. What does it mean? Never, never before have I heard of such a wholesale wreck! Never since the days of Job.'

'I have asked the same question, but there is no answer. Man, you might just as well ask why one ship sails safe from port to port and another encounters mutiny on board, fire, leaks, hurricanes, and finally goes to pieces on a hidden rock. There is no answer; wherefore let us seek no more to find one. And now, lad, we will turn in if we can.'

He got up and began to look about the room.

'The quarters,' he said, 'are not bad, but even a Newcastle collier would be ashamed of such a filthy deck. If we could throw open the ports for an hour or so the air would be less fragrant. There has been punch here of late,'—he sniffed the air—'and beer, and tobacco, and the society of women.' Here he picked up a lace mitten dropped upon the floor—'If we are to pass our time this way, my lad, 'twill be a poor preparation.'

He got up and began to examine the beds.

'Here's a drunken beast for you,' he said, gazing upon the prostrate Captain. 'He is a prisoner, I take it, of the unrepentant kind. Well, there are drunken swine outside Newgate. Here is one of another kidney.' (He looked at the sleeping merchant, who lay on his side, his face a lovely picture of Christian virtues, illustrated in the countenance of an elderly London merchant.) 'The good man in his nightcap dreams of St. Paul's Cathedral, I warrant. The beds are well enough, I daresay, but for cleanliness and comfort give me a hammock swinging free before the cockroaches that hide away in the cold latitudes come out again.' (Here the Captain turned his head and half awoke, with a drunken oath.) 'Ay,' said George, 'drink and damn, we know your kind. In Newgate we must expect Newgate birds.'

He lay down, and in a moment his light breathing showed that he had fallen asleep. Strange that a man who in one day had been snatched from the jaws of hell and in the same day had returned to the same perilous place, should sleep so soundly and so peacefully! As for me, I lay awake all night long. I could hear the bell of St. Sepulchre and of St. Paul's strike the hours one after the other. I could overhear footsteps outside the prison, and the voice of the watchman.

Happy watchman! He has no irons on his feet and he is free to come and go. In the early morning I fell asleep from weariness. When I awoke, the morning was already advanced; George was already up and dressed; through the open door came a refreshing stream of cold air. Our merchant had left his bed and was dressed and gone into the yard. The Captain still lay on his back, purple-faced, breathing heavily.

'Well, lad,' said George, 'what cheer? I have been foraging—you shall have for breakfast cold meat and bread, with a draught of small ale—nothing better.' He held the tankard in his hand. 'The air of Newgate is drowsy—I slept till seven. Jump up. There's a pump outside for those who choose to wash in the morning—a Newgate bird ought to neglect that custom I suppose.' His own face was glowing with the cold water of the pump. 'Jump up, man; come to breakfast.' One would have thought we were embarked on some pleasure trip, such was his cheerfulness. 'After breakfast,' he said, 'we will make things ship-shape. A mop and a bucket of water for the walls, a scrubbing-brush for the floor, another for the table and chairs, will improve the quarters. We must get linen somehow, and stockings, and many things. Your hair would look none the worse for a little dressing and your chin for mowing. There is mud on your shoes. Then, how are we off for provisions? The rations amount, I have already learned, to a penny loaf a day. Well, trust me for provisioning the ship. 'Tis a hungry air. I never thought,' he added, after a pull at the tankard, 'that a prisoner in Newgate, so near the appointed end, could find a draught of small ale so much to his taste.'

Our good merchant here returned, and seeing us engaged upon breakfast, stood over us and, in a fatherly manner, pointed out to us the sin—he feared it was the unpardonable sin of rebellion. I forbear from repeating the discourse, and at the time I refrained, though with difficulty, from asking him whether the sin of rebellion was greater than that of forgery. George continued his breakfast, preserving the respectful face with which sailors receive a sermon.

'If,' he presently said, 'we are now going to eat, drink, and sleep in the same place for the next three weeks or so, let us first make it habitable for decent folk. That shall be my business. Somewhere in the prison there must be a poor devil who will gladly earn a shilling or two.'

He went out, and presently returned with two fellows

carrying mops, scrubbing-brushes, pails of water, and soap. They were prisoners under sentence of transportation, but, as they showed themselves handy, civil, and orderly, the Governor kept them in the prison, and suffered them to pick up what they could get in jobs for the day, or when some prisoner, more particular than the general run, would have his room cleaned, these men set to work, and began with zeal to wash and scrub. I verily believe the place had not been scrubbed since the Gordon Riots at latest.

In the midst of their labours the Captain awoke, and angrily demanded what they were doing, and who had dared to assume authority in his ward. 'Look you,' said George, 'as for assuming authority, who made you skipper? Lie down, drunken swab, and hold your peace.'

The Captain obeyed: whether awed by the proportions and the resolution of the new comer, or whether still under the influence of the drink. He lay down again and said not a word.

In an hour the place had been thoroughly scrubbed and washed, both floor and walls, and the air of the room was changed.

'Now, my lad,' said George, 'this is better; as for provisions, I have learned that we can have cold victuals sent in if we pay for them: if we want hot things we must cook them ourselves. Very good then. I promise such a steak for dinner as you never ate before—so juicy and so well cooked—because I shall cook it myself. We may be prisoners, but we shall not starve.'

This promise he kept, and I may safely say that, for a beefsteak or a chop, or anything in that way, no cook ever had a lighter hand or a truer eye than George. Nowhere have I fared better than in Newgate. As for the Captain, he speedily discovered that George was a lad of spirit, a man after his own heart, a gallant cock, whose only fault was that he would not drink, and professed to dislike profane swearing, which was, he declared, the only language fit to be spoken in Newgate Gaol.

Well, but we were not yet settled; for, first of all, we had nothing at all except the clothes in which we stood. Therefore, George sent a messenger into Newgate Street, and there appeared, presently, a polite gentleman, in black silk breeches and white stockings, his hair powdered very beautifully, who agreed to sell us a change or two of shirts stockings, and

things. This he did, carefully taking our money beforehand, for fear that we might be hanged between that time and the delivery of the goods. Lastly, a barber was found, also a felon from the common side, who dressed our hair and shaved us, so that we were able to present a very respectable appearance, a thing which should be studied as much in a prison as outside it.

'And what have you done, brother?' asked George, looking at the barber's legs, which were decorated like our own, but with a more rusty pair.

'Nothing of the least importance, your honour; not worth making a fuss about.'

'What is it, man?'

'They do say, sir, in their malice, that I was engaged in the coining and passing of bad money.'

'Ha! and what sentence does the judge pronounce in such cases upon conviction?'

'Exactly the same as for your honou the fellow replied with a grin, and pointing with his finger to his throat. So he gathered up his tackle and withdrew.

The yard of the State side was not crowded. As yet, however, there were no visitors. As the company here is of a much better class (though villains all) than belongs to the Master-felons' side, their behaviour is more seemly. There is no rude horse play or monkey-tricks; there is little bellowing of coarse songs; there is no open drunkenness, though certainly some of the men seem anxious very early in the day to deaden their anxieties with beer. For my own part I cannot blame them greatly. Any one who has experienced the gnawing anxiety which preys upon the mind before trial, when one fears the worst and has the worst always before his eyes, when a man continually exhorts himself to prepare for the worst, yet cannot—I say, such an one must regard with tenderness the man who yields to the temptation of drink, and either lulls his cares with beer, or uses it to get him Dutch courage.

Yet I have known some who, at the thought of hanging, fell into terrors too dreadful for speech, yet, when the moment came, walked out to the scaffold with a step as firm and a face as resolute as a brave soldier going into action.

The first effect of imprisonment is to make a man neglect his outward appearance. He no longer washes, dresses his hair, shaves, or changes his linen; his self-respect is gone; he loses

his pride ; a brave show in dress is a mark with most men of self-respect : in the prison that mark is no longer observed, save with one here and there. Our merchant, for instance, was as choice about his linen in Newgate as on 'Change, but then he said he was an innocent man. Most of the men on the State side came into the yard in slippers and a dressing-gown, their stockings in holes, their chins scrubby, their faces unwashed, some with a nightcap on ; they lounged about, or if it was too cold for lounging, they shuffled about ; and everywhere, in all faces alike, the same anxiety in their eyes, the same restlessness, the same desire to chatter about nothing, to drink, still to be moving—anything, anything rather than sit down in silence and to meditate.

It is extraordinary how quickly prisoners will find out the offence with which a new chum is charged. Everybody knew when we went into the Yard who we were and what had been done. Everybody knew that George was the leader of a riot in which the name of the King had been traitorously handled, and that I was the Secretary of a seditious society which was said to have set on foot this riot. They regarded us with the curiosity and interest extended to all new comers.

We learned, in course of time, that there is even on the State side a kind of scale for crimes, some being admired, and others despised.

On the common side this feeling is well known and understood, their hero being the proud highwayman, and their admiration growing gradually less as one descends to burglar, coiner, footpad, shoplifter, child robber, mudlark, or night plunderer.

Among the better class of rogues a man who had killed another in a fight was held in great esteem, while one who had treacherously murdered a man with a hatchet was shunned with loathing. There was one fellow among us (a handsome dare-devil rogue of thirty) who was committed for marrying five-and-twenty wives. His method was to hunt about for some woman, a widow for choice, who had money. He would marry her, and after he had secured all the money, he would make off with it, and desert the woman. He had done this in a dozen great towns, leaving a wife in Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham, Norwich, and I know not where else. Some of the wives, who seemed only too willing to forgive him, came daily to see him. In the end I believe he got off by causing every single woman to believe that she, and she

alone, was his one and lawful wife, so that no witnesses appeared for the prosecution. This man was greatly admired for his courage.

Another fellow was much envied for a display of audacity which carried him along for many years of prosperity, though in the end it brought him to the gallows. He personated sailors, and drew their pay and prize-money. This required great skill and impudence—qualities which are both admired among rogues.

As for our worthy friend, the merchant of Harp Lane, I found that he was an object of contempt. It was true that he had forged a banker's draft, and that for no less a sum than fifteen hundred pounds! Such a magnificent booty made smaller rogues hide their faces, glorious no longer. Fifteen hundred pounds! Such opportunities have these rich merchants on 'Change! Such are the privileges of the great! If that was all, he would have been indeed worthy of respect; but this man spoiled all by his preaching. He exhorted every man, first, on his particular sin which had brought him to Newgate, and on the subject of general virtue next. That which one does not expect even from the Ordinary are we to receive with meekness from a brother rogue?

The crimes of sedition, revolutionary teaching, and rebellion were regarded, I believe, with respect among those who associated them with the transference of property. London for a whole week in the hands of the mob! Had George Bayssallance effected this and commanded the insurgents he would have been a hero indeed! That he only attempted it was, of course, something to his credit.

At ten o'clock the visitors were admitted. The first to come were the attorneys and their clerks, armed with bags full of papers. And then there was retiring into corners to confer, walking up and down the yard, eager questionings, affectionate wringing of hands—for no man ever appears so much your friend as the attorney who prepares your defence. Alas! in most cases it is labour lost—for the defendant. The attorney secures his pay before he begins. Then came the friends of the prisoners; some were men, but most were women. They brought baskets full of necessaries or luxuries. Now as in this ward the company were of a class higher than that on the common side, so among the women who visited us the emotions of shame, sorrow, and terror were more easily moved; therefore there was weeping enough to tear the heart

out of those who looked on and listened. Yes, from the soft and silent tears of despair to the loud cries and hysterical lamentations of her who fell upon her loved one's neck for the first time in prison, or for the last time in the condemned cell. I declare solemnly that every young man should be taken, as soon as he is old enough to understand the pitifulness of the thing, to Newgate Prison at the time when visitors are admitted, there for once in his life to see and understand for himself how dreadful a thing is crime, if only for the misery and shame which it brings upon those unhappy ones who are bound to the prisoners by ties of blood.

What have they done, these poor women, that they should be made to suffer so? By the iniquity—nay, sometimes by the momentary madness—of the man on whom they are dependent, are they plunged at once into shame, contempt, and poverty. Unto the third and fourth generation, saith the Commandment. For so long a time their children lift not up their heads; they lie in the deeps; they are obscure; they are forgotten; when the memory of the thing is clean forgotten they come forth again, and climb the tree of fortune and fame, like other men.

Heard one ever of a Bishop, and of Bishops there are many of low origin, the son of a hanged convict? or of a Judge, though the Bar is a great nurse of ambition lowly born? Not so; in order to rise in the world one may be the son of a tinker or cobbler, but one must be first the son of an honest man. Unto the third and fourth generation, saith the scripture. Wherefore sometimes I think that, for something some ancestor of mine did in his generation, were these afflictions laid upon us.

Among the visitors I presently remarked a young gentlewoman of modest aspect, and of great beauty. She was attired plainly, and was accompanied by an elderly servant, who bore a basket upon her arm. She looked about the yard, as one who took no heed of any present, but was looking for one man. Then she espied our worthy merchant of Harp Lane, and made her way through the crowd, followed by her attendant. She was his daughter.

'My child, my Lucinda,' said the good man, kissing her fondly. 'I expected thee to-day. Thy mother, my dear, is well, I trust.' Then he marked her pale cheek and red eyes. 'Why, fond one,' he said, 'what occasion is there for tears? Never shed tears over such a trifle as my temporary incon-

venience. See! I grow fat—I am jolly—I rest from my labours. The price of stocks disturbs me not. I am on a holiday. It is as if I were standing on the sands of Margate, save that the air here is not quite so balmy. Yet a healthy air—oh! a healthy air—I do well upon it.'

She tried to speak, but her voice stuck.

'I reckon,' he went on, 'that in a fortnight I shall be free again. Yes, they cannot delay the ceremony they call my Trial above a fortnight more—ay! In a fortnight I shall be tried. Now, my dear, I have in my own mind arranged all. Your mother and you will be present at the trial. You will come fitly attired in your best to a ceremony in which your father will take the most distinguished place, and receive all the honours of the day. Ha! you shall hear the machinations of the wicked defeated, and the Judge ordering the prisoner to be discharged, without the least stain upon his honour. I should not like you to be waiting at home while these honours were paid me in public. The Court of my Company I shall also invite. One must not neglect the Livery. I look for a banquet in my honour the day after my Triumph in Court.'

The girl smiled, but faintly; then she showed him what she had brought—some confected dainties—pies and such, with wine and a book which he had desired; and then she kissed him and turned to go, but I marked as she walked through the throng how the tears rained down her cheeks, so that it was pitiful to see. She knew the truth, which her father, with such obstinacy, persisted in concealing from himself.

What hath since become of that poor girl, so innocent, so beautiful, so unfortunate, on whom, thus early, was laid so great a load of shame, I know not. She looked so virtuous and modest that I trust the Lord hath kept her from harm, though to shame she was already handed over.

'Why does she cry?' asked George.

'Because her father is a prisoner. He is to be tried for his life.'

'What! That good old man who preached to us? What has he done, then?'

'He is charged with forging a bank draft, and that for a great sum, indeed. He may be innocent. Indeed, he swears that he is innocent. But he is a prisoner like ourselves, he is to be tried like ourselves, and if he is found guilty——'

'He will be hanged by the neck like ourselves. Poor girl!

poor girl! Nevill, this is a dreadful and a terrible place. I would the Lord had ordered otherwise; but one must obey. He knows what is best for Sylvia.'

Then he grew silent for a while.

'Nevill,' he went on, presently, 'it is hard upon my father. As that poor girl will go all her life in shame for her father, so will mine go in shame for his son. I had not thought of him. It is hard for him—yet it was the will of the Lord; clearly the Lord's doing.'

While we thus talked there came toward us, hat in hand, a thin shrivelled up little creature, dressed in black, bowing low.

'Gentlemen,' he said, with insinuating grin, and rubbing his hands, 'I am happy to make your acquaintance, though the circumstances are not so joyful as one might hope.'

'Sir,' said George, 'what may be your business?'

'My business, gentlemen, is to procure the acquittal and release of gentlemen like yourselves, charged with what I may be permitted to call irregularities; irregularities of any description. My name, gentlemen, is very well known in Newgate—very well known and blessed—by all who have at any time resided within these walls. You yourselves must surely have heard the name of Quellet—Samuel Quellet, solicitor and attorney—some say, the Great Quellet.'

'It is an attorney, George,' I said, recognising the man by his manner. It is, indeed, as easy to tell an attorney by his appearance as a carpenter or a brewer, or a man of any other trade.

'Oh!' said George, viewing the man with contempt. 'What can we do for you, brother?'

'Sir, it is not what you can do for me, which is little indeed. It is what I can do for you, and will do, sir—will do—with your permission. My whole life, sir, is spent in doing good to my fellow creatures. I think of nothing else. It is my trade, my pleasure, my duty. I have chosen among the whole of humanity that part of it which I find here. In other words, sir, I conduct the defence of prisoners, and that is my single occupation. Outside, you will hear my name exalted to the skies by grateful multitudes; it has even been proposed at the Salutation Tavern—'twas after the acquittal of an honest gentleman charged with forgery—that the King should be asked to confer upon me the honour of knighthood. Within this prison, there are now a score and more of poor

fellows looking to me—happily, with well-grounded confidence —for their release.'

'Do you, then, blind the Judge, and make the juries deaf?'

'Ha! ha! Your honour is facetious. I do indeed, in a manner of speaking, affect his Lordship—I say it with respect —with a kind of judicial blindness. I make juries deaf and the Court blind. My methods, sir, are as various as they are ingenious. I look for, and I find, a flaw in the indictment. This established, out steps my friend from the dock and walks away free. I prove an *alibi* by evidence which cannot be overthrown; I cause the witnesses to be terrified and confused, and to commit, unconsciously, acts of gross perjury. I rake up their past lives and make them confess to past crimes and misdemeanours. I show, against the clearest evidence, that the real criminal was another person altogether. There is no end to the twists and turns which I invent to procure the acquittal of my client. In such cases as these,' he added, with emphasis, 'when the life of a gallant young gentleman is at hazard, everything is allowed. Yet, for myself, I hope that I yield to none in religious profession. Every Sunday morning, and not infrequently on Saints' days (when the Court is not sitting), you may observe me in my pew at the Church of St. Clement Danes; it is in the gallery—left hand, looking towards the altar, front row. But, sir, for my clients' sake, I use every form of invention, quibble, and obstruction. I stand on the side of mercy. That is my proud position.'

He ceased, out of breath.

'Well, sir,' said George, 'as for me, you can be of no service, because I shall employ no lawyer.'

'No lawyer? Are you aware, sir, of the charge against you—the very serious charge? No lawyer? Do you know that your life—your life—is not only threatened, but is in most grievous peril?'

'I believe it is,' George replied; 'yet I will have no lawyer.'

'Consider, sir, pray consider. Any poor little shoplifter, any wretched woman who steals a loaf for her starving children, may be condemned to die, but she mostly gets off, because our juries generally refuse to bring in a verdict in such a case. She may hope to get off. But for you there is no hope, no doubt at all. For, first, you were the leader of a seditious riot in which men bawled for the overthrow of King and

Church ; next, you were seen, and can be recognised by many, as having withstood and fought the constables ; thirdly, the temper of the city is hot against you. Every man in the jury-box when he takes his seat will have already condemned you in his heart. The judge will have condemned you beforehand. There is no hope at all for you except in getting a clever and ingenious attorney, such as myself. Then, indeed, you may hope to come out of court a free man. Otherwise you will come out of it with the rope already round your neck.'

'Yet,' said George, 'I will have no lawyer. Sir, do not pester me ; my mind is resolved. But here is my friend, Mr. Nevill Comines, whose case is not so grave ; you might perchance try your hand upon him. What say you, Nevill ?'

'Why, George, if the gentleman has so Samaritan a disposition as to undertake my cause for nothing——'

'Sir,' said Mr. Quellet, 'nothing would more please me, such is the goodness of my heart. I say it without boasting, because it is a natural gift – just as strength and comeliness belong to this young gentleman, who is resolved to break the hearts of the ladies by getting hanged. But I have a wife and six children depending upon me for their daily bread : I have pew-rent to pay : I have charities to bestow. Hence I cannot afford myself so great a luxury.'

'I have plenty of money, Nevill. What ! man ! You to want assistance when I can raise as much money as is wanted ! Shame !'

'Shame, indeed,' said the attorney. 'We must be spared that shame. Very well, then ; that is settled. Since there is no doubt about the money, I will take this case in hand at once. I shall want a fee of a hundred guineas, to be increased by fifty more if—that is, when—an acquittal is pronounced.'

'You shall have it,' said George. 'I will write to the attorney who proved my uncle's will, and give him my dock at Rotherhithe——'

'Ha ! he has got a dock at Rotherhithe, and he goes wilfully to his destruction !' said Mr. Quellet.

'He will procure the money, and anything more that I may require. You can go and see him if you please.'

'It need not,' Mr. Quellet replied. 'Give me your bond—your signature—your promise for a hundred and fifty guineas, which I can present to your attorney, and I ask no more.'

So he prepared a paper of some kind, which George signed

and his own clerk witnessed. And so I was provided with an attorney for my defence.

I learned afterwards that I had fallen into the hands of a low and creeping creature, who lived by persuading prisoners that he was able to procure them an acquittal if they would give him all the money they possessed. This was not generally much. The fellow had the impudence to make George sign a promise to pay a hundred and fifty guineas in advance, instead of the hundred agreed upon; and I believe that he never, before or afterwards, did such a good stroke of business. It is true that he had on more than one occasion procured the acquittal of a prisoner; but in most cases the wretches who relied upon him learned too late that they were leaning upon a reed—in other words, that where the case is plainly proved, no wrigglings of a crafty attorney will avail to get a man off.

Mr. Quellet then proceeded to ascertain the particulars of the case as against myself. I told him everything that I could remember. He made notes in a pocket-book, sighed, nodded his head, shook it, wagged it, coughed and hemmed, as if the case was one of prodigious intricacy.

'Sir,' he said at length, 'I must apply to the magistrate for a copy of the information. I knew not when I proposed to undertake your defence for so paltry a sum that it would prove so difficult a job. Do not fear, however. I am, I hope, a man of honour.' He laid his hand upon his heart. 'Had I undertaken this responsible and difficult business for no more than a crown piece, I would carry it through. My wife may grumble; and Jack—my boy Jack—must go without those new small clothes he was promised; but I am a man of honour. You may trust me, sir; you are in the best hands possible; your acquittal is certain; I see an absolute answer; a clear and certain way out of the business. Sleep easily; look forward with confidence; you are quite safe, sir, I assure you. What? You have heard of Michael Considine, the murderer. Everybody said that nothing could save that vill——, that unfortunate man. I pulled him through I, myself, no other—I it was who caused the principal witness to be drugged the day before the trial, so that when she went into the box she was so confused that she knew not what she was saying nor what had happened. She contradicted everything she had sworn; and when the judge threatened to commit her for perjury, she fell into a fit, in which she presently, having been carried out of the court, breathed her last. And

Mike Considine escaped. It is true that he was killed a month afterwards in a drunken brawl, somewhere, and his body carried to the middle of the garden of Russell Square. But he died, I am proud to think, grateful to his attorney. For this day, Sir, I can do no more for you. But be easy, be happy. If you could procure for me the defence of your friend, who will otherwise most certainly be hanged, it would be an outward and visible sign, as we say in the Catechism—I hope you are a member of the Church of England—of your gratitude for my services. Think of me, Mr. Comines. Good morning, sir—good morning.'

In the afternoon two more prisoners were brought into the State side. They were the young Templar, the most zealous Republican of our Club, and the Atheist Poet from Oxford, who was equally zealous for the overthrow of everything. Like me, these young gentlemen were now disowned by their parents and were penniless. George paid for all. Had it not been for him, we must all three have gone over to the common side, and lived on the prison ration of a penny loaf a day. Mr. Quellet, on the strength of a second promise, undertook also the defence of these two. I looked daily for the arrest of Richard Archer, but for some reason or other he escaped, though the most guilty of all. Our president also escaped in a very simple manner, as I afterwards learned. He had taken the precaution to give a false name when he entered the Society, and as he lived at the other end of town, somewhere near St. James's Street, he was not known to anybody. The smaller fry, the mechanics and tradesmen who formed the bulk of our members, were suffered to remain unmolested. Within the walls of Newgate Prison lay the four members whom the Government had resolved to prosecute. To this end had we been brought through our membership of the innocent and convivial Club called the Sublime Society of Snugs.

CHAPTER XV

ON THE MASTER'S SIDE

Thus began our imprisonment in Newgate, a place vile and intolerable to those who cannot afford to pay the exorbitant fees of the better side; noisome and stinking even on that side, with its close yard, which no fresh air seems to reach,

and its wards reeking with the fumes of beer, punch, fried onions, toasted herrings, and all the odours that hang about a kitchen where the sluts never open the windows. We began this first period of captivity in the first week of the month of June; it lasted until the third week of October; we spent the whole of the summer and the autumn of the year 1793 within the walls of Newgate, where there is never a green leaf or flower, and the sun only falls upon the yards to make the foul air hot and to increase the power of the smells. Looking back at that time I marvel how we endured it for so long. But we were young; we expected every day that we should be called up for trial; we were in good heart, and with the help of George's money we were in good case, well fed, and as well lodged as the place allows.

We presently changed the quarters into which we were thrust at first for a more commodious room on the second floor, where we enjoyed better air and more light. This room we shared with our fellow prisoners, the Templar and the Oxonian. I need say but little of these two young men, our companions in misfortune. The former was a brave and ardent youth, all for action, and would have pulled the whole Constitution of Great Britain to the ground and set fire to the wreck in order to establish the Republic, which he thought would prove to be the Kingdom of Heaven itself. The latter was one who desired a Revolution chiefly, I believe, out of pity for the poor and oppressed. To him the destruction of King, Church, and Lords meant the introduction on a stable basis of universal virtue—the reign of the Christ, whose example he would fain see followed, while he professed not to believe in Him. He readily made verses better than any I had ever before read, and his poetry, like his talk, was full of noble aspirations for universal happiness. It is by such aspirations, whether we own that they are due to a Divine Exemplar or not, that the soul is uplifted; it is also by such aspirations that humanity is advanced. This man, so noble and generous, whose thoughts were always far above the world, they expelled from Oxford and tried for High Treason. I suppose it could not be helped, but I now understand that such an one ought to have been allowed to say what he pleased; he should have been set in a fair garden and ordered to write, to speak, to meditate—to teach and delight mankind. He was a Prophet, who knew what should be, and in time (we hope) shall be; but he thought that merely to state the case

was to command reform. In appearance he was tall and fair; his head was small, but beautifully shaped; his eyes were bright and large; his eager mouth was always trembling in response to his thoughts; his laugh was ready; his rage and scorn against oppression and injustice were readier than his laugh.

We were waiting our trial for High Treason. It seemed certain that we should be convicted, and that we must expect a heavy sentence, even a capital sentence. Nay, in our case, a capital conviction was likely. Yet (a thing which one would not expect) after a day or two, this probability caused us no uneasiness at all. I am now able to understand the insensibility with which the fellows on the felons' side, who were all most certainly going to be flogged, or hanged, or transported, await their fate; it is because the mind (even the mind of one of the better sort) cannot endure the continual contemplation of impending misery and pain. We call not the young man insensate because he laughs and sings and lightly makes love; yet he knows very well that the years which quickly pass (alas! how quickly!) will soon bring with them old age, disease, and death. It is much the same with the poor wretches in prison; they know they are going to be punished—they will suffer the agony of the lash or the torture of the gallows—yet not to-day, not to-day; therefore they sing and drink.

Not to-day. Therefore we laughed and sang, and made ourselves as happy as we could. Prisoners though we were, you might have sought outside in vain for four more cheerful companions. We kept the ward like a ship, having stated times for turning in, getting up, washing the floor, making the beds, cooking the meals, and everything, each man taking his turn and developing dexterity in the various household tasks previously unsuspected. Who, for instance, would have believed that the Poet should have shown a hand so light with the ham and eggs and the frying-pan? Who could have suspected George of genius in discovering when the steak was done to a turn, or, as they say, done to a cow's thumb? In the evening, over a glass of wine, we talked. Heavens! how in those days we talked! With what enthusiasm! with what wild hopes! with what ardour for the perfecting of mankind! What virtues, what heroism, what glories lay, before our imaginations, in the Republic of the future (the universal Republic of Peace), when every race should rule itself, and there

should be no more king or wars; when ambition should cease, and——See. The old talk returns to me. It is five-and-twenty years ago and more, yet again my heart leaps up and my blood quickens, and the old joy of anticipation comes back to me. I believe no longer that this or that form of government can create the virtue of unselfishness. I know that great and many and various are the dangers of Republican rule, yet still I think that under that rule the way of man's advance is the easiest and the most likely to be taken; and still I think that the best chance for the future of the world is always to hold up the banner of Republican equality. This comes of having been twenty years of age when the Bastile fell. The young men of the present have no such opinions.

In one respect we were all four alike. Namely, that we were all cast off by our own people. Of all the prisoners in Newgate we were the most abandoned by our friends. No one came to see us. To our letters there was no reply; we received no reproaches; we were cut off like so many black sheep. I wrote, for my own part, letters to my father and to the Prebendary explaining how—by what reading and meditation—I had arrived at political convictions of which, I was aware, they could not approve. I informed them how I was led insensibly to taking an active part in the propagation of ideas which seemed to me reasonable in argument and beneficial in their practical application. With this object I became a member, and even the Secretary, of an association or club connected with the well-known Corresponding Society; that our proceedings were always, save on one occasion, conducted in order, and that no disturbance or riot had been sanctioned or approved by myself or by the moderate members of the Club. I concluded with expressing my submission to their displeasure, and begging forgiveness. In fact, my letters were as respectful, I am sure, and as submissive, as any parent could desire. At the same time I did not pretend to be ashamed of my opinions, or to have changed them in consequence of imprisonment. Finally, I begged of my father to communicate news of Sylvia, and I sent a most tender message to my mother.

No answer came to either of those letters.

Our only visitor during the first part of our imprisonment was the man Quellet, our attorney. He came daily to the prison in search of new clients, and would willingly converse

with us, partly because he had obtained, as I have told you, the job of defending the Templar and the Oxonian on the same terms as myself, namely a hundred guineas for each ; partly in the hope of bringing George into his net on the same terms ; partly because he generally found a bottle of wine in our ward ; and though so thin and dried up, to outward appearance, he was a great toper when the opportunity favoured him. As soon as he had got three or four glasses down his throat, his conversation began to turn upon his favourite topic, the tricks and turns by which he and his friends sought continually to baffle justice and to secure the escape of a criminal. Sometimes (but this was lofty treatment) there would be a flaw in the indictment ; generally, he sought to destroy or to pervert the evidence. Once, as he boasted, he caused a pocket to be picked of a certain letter without which the case would fall to pieces ; the recollection of this feat caused him the most profound satisfaction, as much as if it had been a good action. At other times he sent the principal witness into the box so drunk that he could say nothing ; or he bribed the witnesses to contradict themselves, to mix up events and dates, to declare that on a pitch dark night there was a full moon, and so on. He never failed every day to assure us all three that he had our case well in hand, and could foretell, on his professional reputation, our certain acquittal. Perhaps we believed him. Whether we believed him or not, we were all, I can certify, of good heart. Nay, though we knew that George, who would engage no lawyer, was certain to be found guilty and to be condemned, we ceased to concern ourselves about him. His impending fate had no terrors for us, any more than it had for him. I have already explained the reasons of this apparent insensibility. It is, in short, quite true that at this time our position affected not our spirits one whit. We joked and laughed ; we feasted ; we talked and argued as if we had been in the back parlour among the Snugs ; and we even made the evenings merry with the singing of songs.

At first, we daily expected to welcome other members of our Sublime Society. The Chairman, for example. Surely the Chairman was a more important member than the Secretary. As I have already explained, the Chairman had the good sense to be entered under a false name and to live in another quarter of the town, therefore he could not be found. Or there was Richard Archer. Of all our members, none was more dangerous than Richard Archer. And the minute-book of the

Society, which had been seized, showed this. Why was not Archer arrested? And many others there were; the tradesmen and mechanics who formed our rank and file. It had, however, been resolved to pass them over, and to make an example of none but the most prominent. Yet, why not arrest Richard Archer?

And at the outset we expected daily to be upon trial in a week or two. We knew nothing about the delays of lawyers, especially of Crown lawyers. They had us in custody. Very well. That once secured, the rest could follow at their leisure. And in the end it was not till near the beginning of November that we were brought out to stand our trial. We were kept five months waiting. I submit that this is not just to prisoners, guilty or not guilty. They should be tried within a week or two of their committal. Our own case, however, was not so hard as that of Henry Yorke, tried at the York Assizes two years later. The poor wretch languished in gaol for fifteen months before the Government brought him forth for trial. I suppose, therefore, that we should be thankful for our speedy despatch.

Richard Archer, then, was not arrested. We supposed, knowing that he was deeper in the business than anybody else, that he had been able to give the runners the slip. He might have enlisted or have volunteered for the Navy; or he might have gone away into the country—anyhow, he had clearly escaped, a thing for which we were glad, though I, for one, loved him not, and George had quite forgotten his short and fervid friendship for this strange and moody man.

I was, however, uneasy in my mind concerning Sylvia, of whom we heard nothing. Not so George. Unshaken in our belief that his own disappearance (that is his death) was necessary for the recovery of his mistress, he remained persuaded that if she was not yet perfectly recovered that happy event would quickly follow—after the trial and the subsequent proceedings, which he contemplated without the least horror. I think I see him now, sitting with his legs stretched out, a great figure of a man, his kindly face smiling, his eyes calm and serious.

'Why,' he said, 'her recovery is already prepared for her. The Lord hath so ordered it. Truly, I would rather live for Sylvia than die for her. But if she can no longer so much as endure the sight of me why should I desire to live? Take courage, Nevill—Sylvia is yet neither better nor worse.

When I have obeyed the will of the Lord and am gone, she will immediately pick up her spirits and begin to mend. More; she will have forgotten me except as an old playfellow. She will never know that I was made to die for her. And she will marry some other man, more worthy of her. She is a pious soul, and, I think, should marry some minister of the Gospel.'

These things he said not once, but many times, and always with great seriousness, and as one who believed every word of what he said. Now, after three or four weeks of prison, I, who could not share in this belief, could no longer endure the suspense. Since no letter addressed to my father received any reply, I bethought me of my old friend, the Wise Woman of the Precinct. The go-between, the secret messenger, is always the old woman. To her I sent, begging her to come to the prison. This she did very willingly, finding, as her kind commonly use, a singular pleasure in contemplating men about to die, or to be transported, or flogged, or in any other way under punishment. This pleasure is not altogether confined to her class. I have heard of a gentleman of high rank and noble family who would run over the whole of Europe only to see a man broken on the wheel or tortured. Thereupon Margery came, looking about her with the greatest curiosity, and regarding George especially with peculiar interest, as one who could not possibly escape. When she had done holding up her hands, and crying out on the barbarity of the law in cooping up four such goodly young gentlemen, and when she had refreshed herself in the manner which most she loved, I asked her about Sylvia.

'I saw her yesterday,' said Margery. 'She is much the same. Since you left home she neither mends nor worsens. She remains the same. If you speak to her, she replies. If you ask her to stand up, to sit down, to walk, or to eat, she does it. But she takes no interest in anything. Her mind is clouded. She weeps no more. I think she has forgotten everything.'

'What did I say?' cried George, with satisfaction. 'Why — so she has really forgotten. Nothing could be better. When I am gone——'

'You won't go,' the Wise Woman interrupted him. 'They say in the Precinct that you must be hanged. Everybody else may escape, but not you. They are bound to hang you because you led the riot. That is what they say. Not so, however. The rope is not yet twisted that will strangle you

and the tree is not yet planted that shall be your gallows. No, young gentleman. Be easy. Sylvia will mend, and you shall escape the gallows This is not common witchcraft. Those who cause may cure : they may even prolong the spell ; but they cannot destroy. And all shall fall again upon their own heads. Oh ! you shall learn—you shall find out. The Wise Woman knows something, after all, though she cannot set you free, nor can she bring a remedy to the poor young lady.'

Strange that George should in his madness prove right. Sylvia was no worse. Why, this was what he said ! Was George Bayssallance also among the prophets ?

Then we asked her after the elders. Everybody knew, she said, that the Lieutenant refused to speak of his son, and that Mr. Comines said openly that he had no longer a son. So much one expected. I sent, however, a letter privately to my mother, to which I presently received a letter by the same messenger, and so two hearts were lightened.

Before our Wise Woman went away, I inquired cautiously after Richard Archer. She looked at me suspiciously.

'What do you know about Richard Archer ?' she asked, quickly.

'Why, I know that he is—well—organist and schoolmaster.'

She still looked suspicious.

'What more should I know ? Where has he gone to ?'

'Where should he go ? He still teaches school and makes the music.'

'Still teaches school ?'

'Why not ?'

The Wise Woman did not know everything. So much was certain. But Archer still to continue at his business ! Why, he was the most fiery of all our club, more fiery than the Poet even. He it was who planned the riot, he who put George on to be its leader, he was the most guilty of all. And yet the Government, which had in the books of the club clear proof of this, did not arrest him. What could this mean ? We were soon to find out.

CHAPTER XVI

A TRUE BILL

THE delays of the law in bringing a prisoner up for trial are in one sense wisely ordered in the prisoner's interest, so that nothing shall be done in a hurry or in a passion. But they add greatly to the horrors of a trial.

In our case we were arrested in May ; we were not tried until the end of October. I have said that we managed to preserve a show of cheerfulness during the summer, though the air of a prison in August suffocates. In September we learned that a Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer had been issued under the Great Seal to inquire of certain Treasons and Misprisions of Treason within the County of Middlesex. This brought the nature of the case home to us.

George alone remained unaffected. 'So,' he said, 'I began to think that they had forgotten us. Well, the sooner the better.'

Three weeks later the Special Commission was opened on Thursday, the 12th day of September, at the Session House, in Clerkenwell. It shows the temper of that Government at the time, and their apprehensions as to the extent of the danger, that so much importance should be attached to a little insignificant club and to a petty riot. But as I have already shown, no one knew how widespread were the meshes of the Corresponding Society or the magnitude of the Conspiracy. The President of the Commission was none other than the Lord Chief Justice, Sir James Eyre. With him sat the Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, Sir Archibald Macdonald ; Sir Beaumont Hotham, Baron of the Court of Exchequer ; Sir Francis Buller, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas ; Sir Nash Cross, Justice in the Court of King's Bench ; Sir Soulden Lawrence, also Justice in the Court of King's Bench. With these great potentates of the Law sat also many Justices of the Peace. So great was the importance attached to four simple young men ; such honour was done to the Sublime Society of the Snugs to which they belonged ; so mighty was the alarm caused by the shouting of a hundred disorderly lads through the City of London on a

Sunday afternoon. After the Commission had been duly read, the Sheriff proceeded to deliver the panel of the Grand Jury. This was called over, and the Jury, twenty-one in number, all of them gentlemen of position and character, were duly sworn.

This done, Chief Justice Eyre delivered his charge to the Grand Jury.

I have since read this address, which, I doubt not, contained the whole law. The Grand Jury have nothing to do but to follow the directions of the Judge when he lays down or expounds the law. It is not for an unlearned person like myself to presume even to question the law as laid down in that charge. I would only point out, however, that when the Judge had delivered himself of the following passage, no other course was possible for the Jury but to find a true bill; and that if such is the law, it clearly appears that every person desirous of any change or reformation is compassing the King's destruction. I am no lawyer, but if this is law, where is the liberty of which we boast?

'A project to bring the people together in convention, in imitation of those national conventions which we have heard of in France, in order to usurp the Government of the country, and any one step taken towards bringing it about, such as, for instance, consultations, promoting of committees to consider of the means, acting on those committees, would be a case of no difficulty. For it would be the clearest High Treason: it would be compassing and imagining the King's death, and not only his death, but the death and destruction of all order, religion, laws, all property, all security for the lives and liberties of the King's subjects.'

After the delivery of the charge, the Sheriff handed into Court the panel of the Petit Jurors.

On Monday, October the 7th, after sitting and deliberating for twenty-six days, during which they heard the principal part of the evidence, the Grand Jury returned their verdict. As for us, during this time, we only heard that the proceedings were being held, and had no voice or say in the matter at all. I am astonished, now that I have read the Chief Justice's charge, that there should have been any delay at all, because, knowing the facts of the case, I should myself, had I been on the Grand Jury, have returned a verdict in a quarter of an hour.

The Grand Jury then, nearly four weeks after the Chief

Justice had charged them, returned a True Bill for High Treason against the following: First, George Williams, Chairman or President of the Club or Association called the Sublime Society of Snugs, not yet in custody. You have already heard that this prudent person, who was entered in our Society under a false name, and lived in quite another quarter of the town, escaped detection, and was never brought to trial. Next, against George Bayssallance, of the Oak Apple Dock, Redriff, owner of the aforesaid dock, formerly third mate on board the *Hooghly*, East Indiaman; Nevill Comines, Clerk in his Majesty's Office of the Admiralty; John Campbell Power (this is the young man whom we called the Templar), of the Inner Temple, student-at law; and Arthur Hallett, late of Merton College, Oxford, gentleman—all for High Treason.

Our attorney came to tell us this news. He rubbed his hands and nodded his head. 'Joyful news, I call it, gentlemen, because your trial cannot now be any longer delayed, and with your trial will come your freedom; that is'—he looked at George and shook his head—'the freedom of those who use the weapons of defence which Providence has put into their hands. I say Providence, gentlemen, who has found for you one acquainted with the stratagems of the law; who is also a stickler for the Church, and a pew-holder in the church of St. Clement Danes. For those, I say, who disdain not to use this weapon thus providentially placed ready to their hands—I say that this intelligence, which would dash the spirits of others, should be considered joyful.'

'Very like. Very like,' said George. 'You will all be acquitted, lads. So much the better for you.'

'But you, my dear sir—you—you—the most guilty of all—it is not yet too late,' cried the attorney. 'Even now there is time. What! A thousand ways are open——'

'No,' said George. 'One way alone is open. Man, trouble me no more.'

For the moment Mr. Quellet desisted. There was a look in George's face which commanded obedience. He sat down by the fire in silence; while the attorney, drinking a glass of wine—say, rather, a bottle of wine—proceeded, as usual, to boast of his tricks. One trick of his he did not relate; namely, that of bribing the turnkeys with a percentage or commission on all moneys he obtained from prisoners who employed him at their suggestion. Nor did he warn us—

though he must have know all along—that nothing he could do would be of the slightest avail in our case, of which the facts were indisputable. Yet he took three hundred and fifty guineas from us—that is, from George—for pretending to conduct a defence where there was no defence possible. 'Tis the trade of a fox.

Then for a week we heard nothing more. But a heavy load lay upon our spirits. We laughed no more, nor did we sing. On Sunday, when we attended the service in the chapel, I trembled, thinking that perhaps in a week or two we ourselves might all four be sitting in the condemned pew like the poor wretches who lay there huddled together like sheep waiting for the butcher.

On the Monday following, however, a turnkey brought us a summons from the Governor, who ordered us to attend at his private house. Accordingly we followed, and were taken to a room reserved for such communications as that made to us.

We found a gentleman seated at a table, on which were four small packages of paper. He was an elderly man in a full wig, yet not a barrister or a clergyman; he was dressed in black, with very fine lace at his wrists, in the old fashion. He held in his hand a snuff-box, and he was conversing with the Governor, who sat beside him. At the back of his chair stood a clerk, obediently waiting.

'So,' said this gentleman, 'these are the prisoners, are they?'

He look at us sternly, and shook his head.

'Misguided young men,' he said to the Governor, in a low voice. 'Pity! Pity! See the end of it.'

'These are the prisoners,' said the Governor.

'Gentlemen'—he turned to us—'the Solicitor to the Treasury, Mr. White, hath a communication to make on the part of the Crown. I entreat your attention.'

'George Bayssallance,' began Mr. White, reading our names, one by one. Each man answered in his turn.

'I have to inform you that a True Bill has been found against all of you by the Grand Jury summoned and sworn for the purpose. A copy of the Indictment has been prepared for each. It is here.' The clerk distributed these documents.

'Next a list of the jurors impanelled by the Sheriff has also been made for every one of the prisoners, and is hereby delivered to you, so that through your counsel you may

challenge any or every one of them.' The clerk distributed this paper.

'Lastly a list of the witnesses who will be called for the Crown has also been drawn up for everyone.' Here the clerk gave us the list.

'You are thereby enabled, through your counsel, to learn beforehand the nature of the evidence that will be produced in Court. That is all I have to say.'

The turnkey opened the door, and conducted us back to our ward.

Then I confess, a great heaviness fell upon my mind. And I could perceive that two of my companions were equally affected. As for George, nothing moved him. He tossed the papers on his bed, and went on with the work in hand, which was the preparation of a stew for dinner, peeling the potatoes, and slicing the onions and carrots, as if nothing had happened.

Our attorney, however, who was in the prison, hurried to our ward to receive the documents. First, he opened and read out aloud the indictment, which was truly the most long-winded paper I have ever seen or heard. Yet Mr. Quellet read it with round and swelling voice, and with as much satisfaction as a poet shows in reading a fine ode. The longer and more wordy is a paper, the greater is the pleasure felt by a lawyer. What the whole amounted to you can easily understand. It was a charge, in short, of High Treason.

'Yes,' said the attorney, contentedly, ''tis a very fine indictment, truly. Oh! you gentlemen of the Treasury know how to draw up an indictment. So much I willingly concede. It is in the handling of the materials that our skill comes in. There you own our superiority, I believe. Well, we shall see. Luckily for you, gentlemen—I mean for three of you—that I was enabled to become an instrument—I say—an instrument. Well,' he sighed, 'let us see the panel. Anyone can frame an indictment. It takes a jury to believe it, and witnesses to prove it. And here, gentlemen, I think you will first begin to admire my skill—the skill of the lower branch. For I shall so challenge and pull to pieces—through my counsel—every man, that they shall with difficulty get a jury at all.'

'Yet,' said George, 'considering that in the long run they will find a jury, what does that help?'

'That helps greatly. With submission, sir, you know nothing whatever about the subject. You have never, I take

it, been on your trial before. Any pickpocket could answer that question for you. Every delay, every difficulty, every impediment makes for the prisoner. That is why our ingenuity is always inventing fresh obstacles. What! Think you that the jury sit unmoved when they see counsel (employed and instructed by the attorney) straining every nerve, seizing on every point of law, to defeat the prosecution? Not so, gentlemen, believe me. Often have I said to myself, when I have witnessed and heard such noble efforts, that were I on the jury I could not resist those efforts—I must give way, and return an acquittal. The feelings, gentlemen, the emotions of the jury must be considered.'

'We have next'—he went on turning over the papers—'a list of the witnesses to be produced by the Crown. Let us see whom they will call. A shabby lot, I warrant. Constables—what jury regardeth the oath of a constable? Runners—a corrupt crew—we shall make mincemeat of them. Yes, as I thought. Here are constables who speak to the riot itself. That does not concern you three gentlemen. Yes, they will speak glibly. But wait until my counsel tackles them. Then, if you please, another turn shall be played. But I forgot—you, sir,' he addressed George, 'persist even now in refusing the aid of the counsel. Your fate be upon your own head. Now, gentlemen, as regards yourselves. There is the landlord of the tavern where you met. What can he depose? That a convivial association, known as the Sublime Society of Snugs, met there once a week, and that he provided them with liquor and tobacco. Very well. Then there is the book of minutes and the list of members. The book of minutes—in your handwriting, Mr. Comines. Yes, that may be difficult—to an unpractised hand it might be a very awkward piece of evidence. However, prove to me, if you can, that it is in your handwriting. Next, prove to me, if you can, that the contents are treasonable. Eh? Then there is the Deputy Marshal, who arrested you, and there is one Richard Archer.'

'Who?' we all cried out, startled.

'Richard Archer, schoolmaster of St. Katherine's Hospital.'

'Oh!' cried one of us, 'Richard Archer? Is it possible? Richard Archer?' from one to the other (excepting George) passed the word. 'Richard Archer? It cannot be.'

'Richard Archer, schoolmaster of St. Katherine's Hospital,' repeated our attorney.

'But,' I said, 'he was foremost among us. Archer was our most zealous speaker; Archer was the leader of the more violent among us. It was Archer who dragged George into the riot; it was Archer who enlisted him; it was Archer who designed a universal and simultaneous rising.'

The attorney nodded his head and repeated his words. 'Richard Archer, schoolmaster of St. Katherine's Hospital.'

We looked at each other in amazement. This, then, was the reason why he, the worst of all, had escaped arrest.

'Richard Archer, gentlemen, has turned King's evidence,' said the attorney. 'Why, had you told me about him, I should have warned you to expect this fact. We who have to do with Courts and criminals know very well that when a crew is broken up or a gang clapped into prison it is always the one most deeply implicated who is the first to become King's evidence, if the Government will accept him. He thinks, you see, to save his own neck by tying the rope round the necks of his friends. Honour among thieves, they say. Ha! they know nothing; only a Newgate attorney knows the truth. Gentlemen, there is no honour at all among thieves, but rather treachery, villainy, and cheating. And if no honour among thieves, how, saving your presence, can one look for honour among conspirators? Well, Mr. Bayssallance, I hope you are quite satisfied now.'

'I am perfectly satisfied,' said George.

This, then, was the end of so much zeal. Archer had turned King's evidence.

'George,' I said, 'I can understand it all. This man has compassed your destruction and mine as well; he is the cause of the whole trouble. Can you see? Are your eyes opened? This man, your friend, in whom you confided more than in your old friends—this man, who has never ceased to envy and to hate you—has devised a hellish plot to ruin and destroy you, and with you us as well. You were too prosperous and happy for him. He was filled with jealous hatred. I understand it all. What if, by some devilish machinations, he has brought that affliction upon Sylvia's head?'

'What does it matter?' George replied, unmoved. 'The man may be a villain; well, then, he was suffered to be a villain. So that I understand the Lord's will in this business, why should I inquire how it was brought about? Villain or true man, I have no further concern with him.'

'The poor gentleman is mad,' whispered the attorney.

'No one but a madman would talk of his trial in such a way. Oh! he is mad. Well, gentlemen, you might have suspected this man. Of course, I fully understood that there would be King's evidence; there always is. Otherwise there would be no trials of any kind possible. Leave your case with me. Before that witness leaves the box he shall wish he had been in the dock, quiet and comfortable, with nobody to ask him questions. Rely upon that, gentlemen.'

CHAPTER XVII

THE TRIAL

Now we had not long to wait. Our case, once completed by the prosecution, was immediately set down for trial. We were informed that it would probably be called on Saturday, October 26. As for our defence we had severally and separately stated for Mr. Quellet's information everything that we could possibly remember bearing at all upon the charge. That is to say, I, for my part, wrote out and gave to my attorney such an account of my connection with the club as you have already read in these pages. I described how the members were principally Republican in theory only; how the violent measures advocated on the last evening that ever the club met were proposed by another member (not myself), and reprobated by the Chairman.

Well, I set down many things (I believe I might have spared the trouble), partly because our clever attorney certainly paid no attention to them, partly because the conclusion of the case was resolved upon from the beginning. As for George, he prepared no defence, refused legal assistance, and continued in cheerfulness, unassumed and real, but the rest of us grew restless, and fell into moods of silence, walking about like caged creatures (which, indeed, we were).

On Monday morning George brought a piece of news upstairs from the yard. Our friendly merchant, who was in for forgery, had been sent up for trial.

'It is certain,' he said, 'that the case will go against him. The amount which he obtained by his forgery is very large. There is no hope for him except from the King's clemency, and yet the poor man went off laughing and dancing, taking

leave of the prison as of a place he should never again see, because he was going to be triumphantly acquitted. Well, he will come back presently a wiser man.'

I gave no further thought to the case of this worthy and virtuous person, whose sentiments were so opposite to his conduct, because my own case now occupied all my thoughts.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday, October 26, we were all four taken from the ward and brought to the gate at which we entered—that which I have called the Gate of Honour Lost. Here we were handed over to the custody of the Sheriffs' Serjeants-at-Mace, eight of them, attended by sixteen Yeomen, all dressed in blue cloth gowns, and carrying truncheons. Guarded by these officers we marched out into the Old Bailey and so down the street to the Session House. George marched at the head of us with cheerful and shining countenance; the rest of us, I fear, with pale cheeks and trembling lips, though we endeavoured to assume a confident carriage and appearance. That man, truly, who can stand up in a Court of Justice and answer unabashed to a capital charge must have the insensibility of brutishness, or he must be, for the time, as George was, deprived of his full reason. For some moments after we were placed in the Dock I could see nothing clearly; a mist was before my eyes. I could hear nothing distinctly; a ringing was in my ears. Presently I recovered, and became aware that the Judges were in their seats, and that the clerk of the Court was standing up to read the Indictment.

I already knew the contents of that windy document, and felt no inclination to listen to it again. I therefore allowed myself to look about the Court.

The Session House of the Old Bailey which, I suppose, very few people are curious enough to visit, is a square Hall of good size, lit by three windows in a row; through the windows one sees nothing but the wall of Newgate Prison. Along one side is a long gallery for the accommodation of those who wish to attend the trials. I am told that many people do nothing else but sit and watch the course of Justice from this gallery. On the side facing the windows is the Dock, or enclosed place for the use of the prisoners. On the opposite side is the Bench, which runs from one side quite to the other. Here are seats for the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, the Ordinary, the Justices of the Peace, and visitors of quality, who are

permitted to sit here by the Judges. There are also desks for the use of the Judges. The sword of Justice hangs on the wall behind the chair of the Presiding Judge.

Below the Bench and on the Judge's right is a square box or pew, in which the witnesses take oath and give their evidence. On the other side, at the left of the Judges and under the gallery, is another box, much larger and square, divided into two pews for the accommodation of the jury. By this arrangement the jury sit with their faces in shade, while the full light of day falls upon the witness and upon the prisoners. Further, by this arrangement, the Judges command the whole Court—jury, witnesses, and prisoners. The middle of the room is taken up by a large table covered with a green cloth, on which are laid out a quantity of law books for reference by Judge or counsel. Places are also provided for counsel; for solicitors or attorneys, for witnesses waiting their turn, for reporters, and others. This morning I observed that the place was quite full. Barristers in wig and gown were crowded in the body of the hall. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and some of the Aldermen, were in their robes and chains, sitting beside the Judges. There were also some ladies (I heard afterwards, very great ladies) curious to witness a trial for High Treason. All gazed curiously at the prisoners—the four young men charged with attempting a Revolution in imitation of that successfully accomplished across the Channel. Three yeomen stood before the Dock, one at each side, and the rest behind.

The Judges who were assembled to try the case showed by their numbers and their rank the importance attached to the trial. Lord Chief Justice Eyre presided; with him were Lord Chief Baron Macdonald, Mr. Baron Hotham, Mr. Justice Buller, and Mr. Justice Grose. The majesty of the law was, indeed, made manifest to the most stupid person in the array of these learned and illustrious Judges, and in the awful gravity of their faces.

The indictment having been read, the plea of Not Guilty was entered in our behalf. Then Mr. Attorney-General, who conducted the prosecution for the Crown, rose and informed the Court that three of the prisoners were represented by counsel, while the fourth refused any legal assistance. The counsel for the three prisoners wished each case to be tried separately. He had no objection to this course save on the ground of delay, and should begin with the case against the

prisoner Nevill Comines, Secretary to the seditious Society spoken of in the indictment.

Upon this my counsel, Mr. Felix Vaughan by name, a gentleman as learned, I dare say, as he was fluent, rose, and after informing the Court that he appeared for the prisoner Nevill Comines, asked that the Court should adjourn until Tuesday, the 29th, to which course the Court consented.

This done there was nothing but to be marched back again by our friends in the blue gowns and to wait, with as much patience as we could muster, each for his own turn; but the weary hours crept and dragged.

Tuesday morning dawned at length, and I was once more taken to the Session House, this time to stand my trial in earnest.

The same Bench of Judges sat; the Court was crowded. The Counsel for the prosecution consisted of the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Serjeant Adair, and five juniors; while I had but one barrister, Mr. Felix Vaughan aforesaid, and he was a junior.

If I dwell upon the proceedings of this trial, it is not, believe me, in order to procure for myself the appearance of great importance, but, because in its particulars it closely resembled the trial of George which followed, so that in describing one I am describing both.

At first it seemed as if we should never be able to get a jury, because my Counsel challenged one after the other, either in the name of the prisoner, without assigning any reason, or because they were not freeholders of the county of Middlesex. At last, however, twelve men were found and duly sworn, and took their places.

This done, the Clerk of the Arraigns, one Thomas Shellen by name, rose and spoke as follows:

'Nevill Comines, hold up your hand.

'Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner, Nevill Comines, stands indicted, together with others——' Here he read over again the long indictment which I omit. 'Upon this indictment,' the Clerk went on, 'the prisoner, Nevill Comines to wit, hath been arraigned, and upon this arraignment hath pleaded not guilty, and for his trial hath put himself upon God and the country; which country you are. Your charge is to inquire whether he be guilty of the high treason whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty. If you find him guilty you are to inquire what goods and chattels, lands or tenements,

he had at the time of the high treason committed, or at any time since. If you find him not guilty, you are to inquire whether he fled for it ; if you find that he did fly for it, you shall inquire of his goods and chattels as if you had found him guilty. If you find him not guilty, and that he did not fly for it, say so, and no more, and hear your evidence.'

The case was opened by the Junior Counsel in a very short speech.

When he sat down, the Attorney-General rose, with a pile of papers before him, and after arranging his gown so that it should not interfere with his gestures, he began a speech worthy of a much greater case. I blush, even now, to think that a person so humble as myself should have been the subject of this great oration by one of the most illustrious lawyers of the time. Why, I was but the Secretary of the Society of Snugs, and he gave me a speech which occupied eight hours in the delivery. He began at nine ; he went on with a short interval until nearly five, when the Court rose for dinner. He had then, however, concluded.

Eight hours ! Could Catiline himself expect more ?

He began with great solemnity to inform the jury that the indictment, stated generally and stripped of its legal phrases, charged the prisoner with compassing the King's death (a most terrible crime, indeed, and one of which I was entirely innocent). He then spent at least an hour in setting forth the heinousness of the crime, the various ways in which it would be attempted, and the opinions of great lawyers upon it, and especially those of my Lord Hale, of whose memory he spoke with the greatest respect. Now when he had laid down the law and some of the facts, that is to say, the existence of our poor little Society, he connected the crime of compassing the King's death with the members of the club as follows (I copy from the speech as it has been printed) :

'Gentlemen, I think that the evidence that I shall lay before you will most abundantly satisfy you that the association, of which the prisoner, through his society, was a member, designed to alter the whole form of the sovereign power of this country ; that it was to form, or to devise the means of forming, a representative government ; to vest in a body, founded upon universal suffrage and the alleged inalienable, and, as they are called, imprescriptible rights of man, all the legislative and executive government of the country ; that a conspiracy to this end would be an overt act of high treason

cannot, I presume, be disputed. It deposes the King in the destruction of the regal office in the Constitution of the State.

'Gentlemen, I go further. If it had been intended to have retained the name and office of the King in the country, and to have retained it in the person of the present King, creating, however, by the authority of the intended Convention, a new Legislature to act with him, provided they would allow him to act with such new Legislature, and then calling upon him to act against the express obligations of his Coronation Oath, if he could forget it, still would it have been a conspiracy to depose him from his Royal authority as now established; if he refused to act, he must necessarily be deposed from that authority; if he did accept, he was not the King of England as he is established by law the King of England. But he could not accept, he could not so govern, he is sworn not to so govern; he must refuse, he must resist, and in consequence of his resisting, his *life must be in danger.*'

This argument proved effective. Considering it after the lapse of so many years, and the dying out of heat and passion, I think it forced the point. But that matters nothing now; I have no intention of giving you the whole of this great speech. You have seen how the compassing of the King's death was arrived at. I will try, however, to show the drift of the address. He proceeded next to speak of the clubs or societies established in various parts of the country, artfully comparing them with the famous Jacobin Club of Paris, from which such vast evils had proceeded to the kingdom of France. He then proceeded to describe the Constitutional Society, the London Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Information; he read documents which proved their opinions and their activity; he dilated at great length on the mischiefs which would follow the general adoption of those opinions—the destruction of the ancient Kingdom of the Two Islands; the ruin of trade; the general bankruptcy (this went home to the jury, who were all tradesmen) of persons carrying on business of any kind; the overthrow of religion—not the abolition of the Established Church alone, but the complete suppression of every form of holy religion (some of the jury were Nonconformists, perhaps); the wars, both intestine and external, into which the country would fall; the neglect of agriculture; the destruction of commerce, great and small; the fall of all our institutions; the starvation of the

people. What a picture did he draw of Great Britain, should the people resolve to rule themselves!

He read extracts from Paine's 'Rights of Man,' a book praised by the Society for its constitutional information. Also from Joel Barlow's 'Advice to the Privileged Orders,' which had been equally honoured, and, indeed, had received the special thanks of the Society. These extracts he connected with a running commentary, insomuch that the faces of the jury grew harder, and it was apparent that they would show no mercy to those who should be convicted of holding such opinions.

In a word, the Attorney-General first laid down certain principles, definitions, and opinions of great lawyers. Next he described certain well-known political societies of the day and their opinions. He then drew a moving and eloquent picture of the disasters which would follow the adoption of these views. He proceeded to connect with the greatest skill the poor little Society of Snugs with the great Corresponding Society, and made out that we were a great and important body—perhaps the central and most representative body—although occupying a position so obscure and apparently humble.

He then read from our minute-books a great number of passages, all showing the dangerous character of the society. It is quite true that we had offered congratulations to the friends of the Constitution, generally called the Jacobins, in Paris; that we had passed resolutions of thanks to Tom Paine and Joel Barlow; that we advocated a better representation of the people. I dare say there were many other resolutions which could easily be twisted about so as to show sedition, or treason, or anything you please. At the same time we were, I maintain, a harmless body of obscure people who loved to talk, and would have done no harm.

Lastly, he made a great deal of the riot, which he called a rebellious and illegal gathering together of the King's enemies. It was advocated, as was shown by the minutes, in the club itself on Saturday; it took place, headed by a member of the club, on the Sunday. The minutes which he should read would prove so much. (Alas! my unfortunate minutes! Why, why had I not followed the advice of the Marquis?)

Enough of the Attorney-General.

It was, as I have said, five o'clock when he sat down, after a most eloquent appeal to the jury. The Court rose for dinner.

At seven o'clock the case was resumed, and the first witness was called.

This was the landlord of the 'King's Head' tavern, where the club met. He deposed that the Snugs were a society originally founded some fifteen years before by certain quiet and respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood; that it had met every Saturday evening during that long period; that he himself was not, and never had been, present at the meetings; that to his certain knowledge all the original members of the club had either retired or were dead; that the club was founded for convivial purposes only; that he had never been informed of any change in the character of the club, but he had observed that of late the members had ceased to sing and drank less, but talked the louder. As to what they talked about he knew nothing, and had never inquired; he was wholly ignorant, and had never suspected, that he was harbouring a seditious and treasonable association. The officers of the club, he said, were one George Williams, chairman, of whose occupation and residence he was ignorant; and Nevill Comines, the prisoner at the bar, whose father was High Bailiff of St. Katherine's Hospital. Shown a certain box, he recognised it for the box in which the papers and property of the club were kept.

On cross examination he said that he had known many respectable tradesmen members of the club; that he had heard voices raised in conversation or argument, and might, perhaps, have heard something of what was said; that he had never heard any treasonable talk whatever; and that he was himself a loyal subject of King George. The door was kept locked, but that was also the custom with Freemasons, the Lumber Troop, the Gormagogs, and other societies who commonly carry on their proceedings in lodges (or rooms) tyled or closed.

The next witness was a runner, who deposed to taking away from the tavern the box lying on the table, with the papers and books of the Society; these he identified. Another witness, one of my superiors in the Admiralty, deposed to my handwriting in the book of minutes. Cross-examined: gave the prisoner an excellent character for intelligence and zeal at his desk.

I think it was at this point that my counsel, Mr. Vaughan, called attention to the lateness of the hour, though, for his own part, he was ready to go on till any hour. It was in the

interests of the jury that he ventured to ask his learned friends if they intended to finish their evidence that night.

His learned friends said that it was impossible; their evidence was not half concluded. Then, after more of that wrangling without which no business can be conducted, the Court consented that the jury should be accommodated by the Sheriff with beds for the night, and adjourned the case (it being then half-past twelve) until eight o'clock in the morning.

They took me back to the ward, where the others were quickly awakened and eager to know how the case went on. When I had finished telling all I remembered it was close upon four in the morning. That night, however, I had no sleep; yet I was no longer terrified. The utmost majesty of the law, after you have watched it for a whole day, presents its points of human imperfection. Even though a man wear the wig and the robes of a judge, he presently shows himself to be a man. I say that I was no longer so much awed by the appearance of the Court as beaten down and overwhelmed by the vehemence of the Attorney General. So great a criminal; designs so monstrous; conspiracies so wide-spreading; caused his speech to be like a raging torrent. I had never believed myself to be so great a sinner. Nay, I had never felt myself a rebel or a traitor at all. Therefore, excited, anxious, and stricken with amazement, I lay awake until the time came to go back to the Court, where I stood as the clock struck eight, unrefreshed by the night, and anxious only to have it over, and to know the worst.

They began calling the rest of their evidence. Why set down what each man proved? Why stop to tell of the constant wrangling between the counsel—of the little points of contradiction when some witness blundered? Dates, distances, clocks, watches, handwriting—everything gave my counsel an opportunity. I know not what he was paid, but he earned his money. They proved the riot, and they read the minutes which spoke of the violence proposed and carried.

Then they called Richard Archer.

This villain, as he was about to prove himself, stepped from the body of the Court, where I had not seen him, and entered the witness-box. He glanced at me as he took his place. He met my indignant eyes with a scowl such as I had never seen upon the face of any human being—a scowl of malignity and hatred. Perhaps it was only the natural

expression of his own shame. For why should he hate me? What harm had I ever done to him? None, to my knowledge.

He took the Book and his oath, and then turned to the Counsel for examination. He was perfectly self-possessed, calm, and easy—one would have said that he was accustomed to the presence of Judges. He even looked handsome, his black hair brushed back from his white face, and tied with a silk ribbon, neat. His brown cloth coat was neither above nor below his station. His manner was respectful; he answered the exact questions put to him; and his language was that of one who has received a superior education, and knows how to express himself with correctness if not with eloquence. With such ease and confidence did this man betray his friends and comrades. Oh, front of brass!

He deposed, therefore, that he was by calling a schoolmaster, and that he taught the school of St. Katherine's Hospital, being servant of that honourable Society, and residing in a house provided for him within the Precinct. He was also organist to the church, and played for the services on Sundays and High Days. Further, that he had joined the club called, foolishly, the Sublime Society of Snugs, in the belief that he should be honoured with the society of sober and respectable men—chiefly substantial tradesmen and shopkeepers—who, over a cheerful glass and a song, would converse upon such matters as occupy public attention from day to day, and that within the proper boundaries of loyalty and decorum, such as fitted his own station in life and his calling.

I observed, at this point, that the jurymen of the trading classes, who do not regard as of much account a mere schoolmaster—were greatly impressed by the modesty with which this man spoke and carried himself. He actually understood that a schoolmaster is honoured by the company of a draper or grocer. A very worthy young man this. Even the Lord Chief Justice nodded his head in approbation of his excellent sentiments, and the Attorney-General, with a wave of his hand, wafted them with encouragement into the jury box.

'In gradual course,' he went on, 'a change came over this originally harmless assembly. The men of substance left it; new members came in, chiefly of the mechanical class; he hoped, at first, that they were respectable and sober-minded men, not unfit to associate with himself, though not of the class and position of their predecessors. Three or four, how-

ever, belonged to the better sort ; of those one, Nevill Comines, was the son of the High Bailiff of St. Katherine's, and held an appointment in His Majesty's Admiralty ; another was a student of the Temple ; a third had been a student at Oxford University, but was expelled for atheism. There was also one George Williams, who was the chairman and a very dangerous person. The conversation now became highly seditious in character ; the most radical changes were freely discussed and approved ; the murder of the French King was freely advocated before that lamentable event took place ; the club entered into correspondence with the Constitutional and Corresponding Societies ; passed resolutions conceived in a revolutionary spirit, and called out for the overthrow of the constitution and the reform of Government in every branch. As for himself, he said that he was pained and grieved at first, but remained silent, hoping that the club would return to its original spirit. When this proved impossible, he still remained with the intention of preventing mischief.

'Now, Richard Archer,' said the Attorney-General, 'I ask you to carry your memory back to the Saturday evening, the day before the riot took place. Do you remember anything?'

'I do remember that evening.'

'What can you tell the Court about that evening?'

'There was a meeting at the club as usual. And there were delivered one or two most violent speeches, that is to say, speeches advocating violence.'

'Do you remember who spoke?'

'There were several. The most violent speech was that of the prisoner.'

'Do you remember what he said?'

It is incredible to relate what followed. This man—this villain of the deepest dye—actually quoted passages from his own speech on that evening, and gave them as mine. He put his own exhortations to violence into my mouth—mine! Why, I had said nothing. I voted in the minority with the moderate men. But the minutes contained an account of what had passed *without names*. Was there ever a more detestable monster?

He was perfectly safe ; the prisoner could not open his mouth ; no one else was in Court who could speak to what had been done. As for the other members of the club, they were scattered and disguised, every man happy in not being

pursued, none so ill-advised as to venture their necks within reach of the Old Bailey.

My advocate then took him in hand. He made him reveal the whole of his past life. At first I thought it would damage his evidence when he told how he was formerly a barefooted boy who had no father, and whose mother took in needlework. But this, I soon saw, was ridiculous, because there is no disgrace in making your way upwards. My counsel seemed to make a point when he pressed the witness as to remaining in the Club after its sentiments had become distasteful to him. He made him confess that he had never protested against the opinions of the members. Questioned on the subject of betraying friends and comrades, he grew for the first time confused, but quickly recovered, and said that his duty to the King was above the claims of private friendship. Asked how much he was going to receive as reward for his treachery, he said that he had received nothing, and was not aware that anything would be done for him. Asked whether on that Saturday evening he had not himself introduced one of the prisoners, he confessed that he had done so in the hope, he said, of keeping him out of more mischief. 'But,' said my counsel, 'there can no greater mischief happen to any man than to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for a rebel!' Asked if he had not himself exhorted the Club to violence, this perjured villain flatly denied that he had spoken at all that night. 'Not even to protest against disloyalty?' asked the counsel. 'Not even that,' replied Richard Archer.

So he stepped down from the box, his evidence done, meeting my look once more with a malignant grin. I have never, before or since, felt (as then I did) a consuming desire to kill a man. Could I have killed him on the spot, I would have done so. This I now confess with shame. He who kills a man in intention breaks the commandment as much as he who actually slays another, so that I was a murderer as well as a traitor. When he sat down, I understood very well the effect of his evidence:

(1) The jury were now fully persuaded that I was a violent and dangerous revolutionary.

(2) They were also persuaded that I, with my friends, had been constantly crying out for open rebellion.

(3) That it was after my exhortation that the riot, which they magnified into the march or progress of a rebellious army into the heart of London, was carried out.

At the beginning of the trial, if I caught the eyes of the man Quellet, he would nod and smile, as much as to say that our time was coming. He now kept his back turned to me, and he smiled and nodded no more. This I understood to mean that his former assurances were futile, and the case was lost.

Other evidence there was, but of a formal kind.

My counsel addressed the Court in defence. He spoke first of the youth and previous good character of the prisoner. Next, in admitting that the prisoner held views much to be regretted and fatal to good government if they were to be carried into effect, he contended that a great many other people in this country, carried away by zeal and by dreams of universal liberty and peace, had similar views, but that the Government had not thought proper to arrest these people, whom all the gaols in the country could not accommodate.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'the prisoner is young: he has been carried away by excess of generosity to excess of folly. He thought that the moment a republic was proclaimed, all ills would cease, all crimes would vanish, every man would love his neighbour, none should cheat or overreach—and, in fact, the kingdom of Heaven itself would begin its long-wished-for reign upon the earth. But, gentlemen of the jury,' he went on, 'it was a generous, if mistaken dream, and we must not condemn a young man for dwelling on a delusion which, when he grows older, he will perceive to be impossible. The Attorney-General has read extracts from the minutes of the club to which the young man belonged. These minutes were no doubt reprehensible, but they should be considered as standing by themselves, not as part of the conspiracy or agitations carried on by the Corresponding Societies. They are mere theories advanced by men who argue. Have we all not heard, when young men get together, views and opinions are advanced in the heat of argument which in cold blood would be quickly rejected? It was the misfortune of this society that its members kept minutes at all. Had it not been for this unlucky accident, the young man now at the Bar before you would be walking free and unmolested. Well, they unfortunately kept minutes. Mr. Attorney-General, with all the eloquence for which he was famous, with all that grasp of law for which he is so illustrious, has turned these minutes of an obscure and insignificant club of young enthusiasts and

harmless mechanics into the mischievous conspiracies of a great Revolutionary Centre.'

These words I remember very well, because I thought them more likely than anything that had been said before to influence the jury.

Mr. Vaughan followed up this line of argument for some time, saying it over and over again, repeating it in different words, going back to it, a method which then seemed to me tedious, but which I now understand to be the very best way of driving a thing into the collective minds of a British jury, which is apt to be prejudiced and certain to be stupid. He dilated on the members of the club. Who were they? Watchmakers, silk-weavers, shoemakers, with two or three young gentlemen among them. Out of the whole club, none but these four young gentlemen had been arrested. Where was the President or Chairman? No one knew. That was suspicious, for the President was surely more deeply dipped in sedition than anyone else. Where were the other members? Their names were all in the hands of the Government. Why were they not produced to support the evidence of the Crown? Out of the whole list but one was forthcoming—this schoolmaster! This sneaking reptile, who continued in the club long after, according to his own account, he ceased to be in harmony with its sentiments, solely to reap reward by denouncing men who regarded him as their friend and brother. None but this wretched schoolmaster, who would doubtless, if this ancient and venerable Society of St. Katherine's preserved its character for loyalty, receive another kind of reward. Well, he said (this man) that the violent speech of the last night was made by the prisoner. They had no other evidence of the fact. No other evidence at all—not the minutes, because they mentioned no names; not any other members of the club——'

I forbear going on with the speech. Suffice it to say that, if eloquence and reasoning could have saved me, Mr. Felix Vaughan would have done so. But I looked in vain on the faces of the Jury for any softening. Hard and unforgiving faces they were. When my counsel sat down they were as hard and as unforgiving as at the beginning of his speech. Long before this candles had been brought—a pair of candles for the desk of every judge, candles for the table in the court, candles in the sconces on the walls. I looked at the row of faces on the bench; the Judges, severe and stern; the Mayor and Aldermen, fat and rubicund, but stern; the Justices of

the Peace, men of property and position, scowling at the revolutionary who would deprive them of their all. Even the ladies, of whom there were half a dozen, looked as cruel as the women of Carthage. They would have liked to see the man who wanted (so they were taught) to rob them of their fine houses and their wealth dragged and drawn asunder by wild horses. There was no pity in those faces; the candles showed them hard and cruel as the faces of the jurymen. Whenever I looked about the court, whether on the Bench, or among the Jury, or among the counsel in the court, I saw written, plain and clear—Condemnation.

It was ten o'clock at night when the Attorney-General rose to reply. He knew very well that the effect of his opening speech was still fresh in the minds of the Jury; he therefore said little. He reminded the Jury that he had proved all he had undertaken to prove. He said that no real defence had been set up at all. As for pretending that the club was a convivial club, the very pretence made things worse, because it showed the members carrying on these treasonable practices under cover of good-fellowship. And, as for youth, what man in his senses would acquit a grown man, two-and-twenty years old, of a crime on the ground of youth? Therefore he called upon them for a verdict as loyal men, lovers of King and Constitution, and desirous above all that order and tranquillity should in this country allow every man to carry on his business undisturbed by murderers from France, or by their friends and sympathisers in these islands. So, after a short speech of uncommon strength and vigour, the Attorney-General sat down.

The Judge summed up, also briefly. He pointed out the law, as he had done to the Grand Jury. He told the Jury that they had nothing to do with the apparent harmlessness of the club, or with the youth of the prisoner, or with anything at all but the plain law. As well pretend that a young pickpocket must escape a whipping because he had an innocent-looking face, or because the watch which he stole had nothing but a tortoise-shell case. They were, then, to find guilty or not guilty according to the law of the land. And the law was what he himself had laid down for their guidance.

The jury returned a verdict without leaving the box.

'Guilty, my lord,' said the foreman.

Then a sudden horror seized my soul. The Court swam before my eyes; I should have fallen but for the arm of the

turnkey who stood beside me. I recovered immediately. The Judge was asking me, with a hard voice and hard eyes, if I had aught to say.

I tried to tell him that indeed I had nothing to say, but my voice stuck. I could say nothing. I shook my head. I was conscious that the people in the Court were murmuring their satisfaction at a verdict so speedy and so just.

The Judge waited a moment for me.

Then he put on the black cap.

At that moment the Ordinary of Newgate appeared behind the Judge's chair, habited in his robes.

The Judge, in an awful silence of the Court, pronounced the sentence—the awful sentence upon traitors, which they no longer carry out in its entirety. No, I cannot repeat it.

He concluded, 'And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.'

The Chaplain replied, 'Amen.'

When the Judge began his sentence the Serjeant-at-Mace standing on my left seized me by the right-hand thumb and held it, I knew not why. When the Judge came to the last words, he slipped a noose of twine, or thin string, over my thumb and drew it tight. 'Twas the outward sign or token of the rope that was soon to be pulled tight about my neck.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CONDEMNED CELL

The left-hand serjeant tapped me on the other shoulder. I turned to leave the Court. The fine ladies were chatting and laughing loudly; the Sheriff was walking out after the Judges; the counsel, the attorneys, the witnesses, and the jury were all tramping noisily out of the place—the show was over. Only Richard Archer—perhaps I was mistaken—lingered behind: the last face I saw was his, with a horrid grin of malignant joy. Well, he had compassed my destruction. What good would it do him?

In moments of great trouble, when the mind is overwhelmed, it is impossible to think of anything; there is no sequence or reason left; the brain has lost its power of control; there is no power of election or repression left;

there is no will ; the thoughts fly about the brain like thistle-down ; they dance like motes in the sunbeam ; they appear and disappear like goblins. When our procession came out of the Session House into the Old Bailey, first I noticed that the stars were shining brightly overhead ; I wondered why they took the trouble to illuminate this gloomy place. While I was thinking this, I became aware that my irons were making quite a new music ; their monotonous jingle-jangle had become a glad and triumphant song, as if they rejoiced over the verdict—fetters and the gallows have always been sworn brothers—certainly they never before sounded so pleasantly ; at first, I remembered, I used to hate the sound of them. Now, however—oh ! wonderful ! Would it appear incongruous if I began to dance to this sweet music ? Would they increase the sentence yet, how could they increase it ?—if I were to sing as we went along ? I even thought that Sylvia, who was always fond of a new tune, would like to hear this ; I pictured her dancing with me along the flags between these prison walls, as we used to dance about the apple trees in the orchard.

'This,' said my conductor, waking me out of my dream, 'is the Condemned Cell.'

'He had a lanthorn in his hand, with which he threw a little light about the place. I saw that it was quite a small room ; there was a barrack-bedstead, that is, a sloping plank—two, in fact, side by side.

'Take this,' he said, pointing to one. 'To-morrow you may have a cell to yourself. This bed is hardly cold yet from Dick Pennyweight, hanged o' Monday. Your turn will come next Monday, unless you get a reprieve. There's the water-jug.'

'So saying, he left me at the bedside and went away, locking the door after him and leaving me in the dark.

The sight of the bed filled me with a longing for sleep and rest. I was hungry and thirsty, but I was tired to death. I threw myself down on the bed, dressed as I was, and in a moment fell fast asleep. Strange, that not even the thought that I was lying in this dreadful place could keep me awake one minute.

'Twas then about eleven o'clock. I slept in this condemned cell until seven next morning ; then I was awakened by a dismal groaning in the cell. Outside it was daylight, but the small window high up in the wall admitted but a dim twilight. I could see, however, on the bed beside me the

figure of a man, crouched like a child, his head on his knees, groaning and crying. Then I remembered where I was, and why. In the condemned cell! Heavens! There was another wretch with me in the cell—another poor creature doomed to die.

'Who are you?' I cried, springing to my feet. 'Who is this other miserable creature?'

'I am an unfortunate merchant in the City; I am Prime Warden of my Company, and churchwarden of my parish church.'

'What!' I cried, 'you are Mr. Thorpe? You are found guilty of forgery? You, who went off to Court like a bridegroom to his wedding?'

'Alas! it is the same,' he replied. 'I am now a disgraced man. I cannot tell how I shall ever recover the shame of the trial; for the rest of my days I shall be pointed out on 'Change. I shall be the man who was tried for forgery and found guilty.'

'Sir! this is the condemned cell; we are both to be hanged! What nonsense is this about 'Change?'

'No, young man'—he sat up in his bed, with dignity—'you are mistaken; I shall not be hanged. You will, of course; but I shall not. Richly you deserve it. You will be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as becomes a traitor to his country. Your friends will be served in like manner. Ha! 'twill be a noble lesson, and a warning to all traitors. What! laws would be of no use if villains like you escaped. But as for me, 'tis not with me a question of hanging. No, no, that would be preposterous; 'tis the verdict—the verdict—that it is which sticks. Why, I looked for nothing less than an honourable acquittal! I was certain of it. I looked to leave the Court and return to my friends and my business without a stain upon my character.' (And yet this man had forged a Bank draft for 1,500*l.*!) 'I thought we should have had a great banquet in my honour at my Company's hall! See the cruel turn of Fortune! I am found guilty. Was there ever jury more prejudiced, more obstinate, more stupid? And for the form of it—only the form of it—the Judge, who showed by his face, so hard and stern it was, his opinion of the Jury, was compelled to put on the black cap and pronounce a sentence'—(he caught his breath)—'a sentence of the kind reserved for criminals—for the form of it.'

'Sir,' I said, 'I know not what the form of the sentence

may have been in your case, but the manner of its exe— I mean its carrying out—will probably be the same as my own.'

'Ha!' he gasped. 'Thus it is—this young man understands nothing. Learn, sir, that when a man has friends so powerful as mine, he is not subjected to this infamous punishment. My friends are nothing short of the whole great, rich, powerful City of London. Hang me? The Government cannot do it, sir. They dare not do it. The greatest city in the world says to the King: 'Your Majesty will be pleased to exercise clemency in this case. This gentleman, most unfortunate at his trial—a most worthy, upright, God-fearing gentleman, will receive at your Majesty's hands, a pardon full and free.' Nothing short of a pardon full, free, and immediate, will satisfy the City in this case. No, no, it is not the sentence that troubles me. It is the verdict; the malignity of the prosecution; the perjury of the witnesses; the imbecility of counsel; the misdirection of the Judge, though I think the poor man meant well; the stupidity of the Jury; all combined to bring about the verdict, and the formal—the formal sentence. Next week I shall be out again. But I fear it will be some time before my friends will be able to reverse the verdict.'

Here the warder unlocked the door.

'I shall now dress and go abroad,' said the unfortunate forger, 'to take the air in the Press Yard. I should recommend you to stay here and meditate. A Bible and Prayer Book are in the cell. Remember, young man, thou hast but a few hours to live.'

It was now light enough, the door being open, for me to see what kind of place I was in. First of all, it was a small cell, not more than nine feet by six, but vaulted, and about ten feet high; in the upper part of the vault was a small window with a double grating, the stone walls were lined with planks studded with broad-headed nails. A doleful room: a dismal, horrible place, haunted with the groans and tears of despair, and the sighs of those who fear that their punishment will only begin with their hanging. The most callous criminals grow pale and tremble when they are thrust into these darksome cells.

There are fifteen of these doleful abodes, five on each story. In general, each prisoner has his own cell; but when, as sometimes happens, there are more than fifteen awaiting execution,

there must be more than one in a cell. Therefore, I found myself with the unfortunate forger.

Though there are sometimes so many criminals lying in the condemned cells, by the King's mercy they are not all executed. Respites, as everybody knows, are common, and easily obtained, under one pretext or the other, so that a man may lie for weeks, months, and even (as has happened) for years, in this dismal place, and yet in the end be taken out and hanged. Hope, as is natural, springs up anew with every respite, so that in the end the unhappy wretch does not believe that he must die, and loses all his terrors, and forgets his repentance until it is too late.

When I went forth into the Press Yard—the long and narrow court with high walls in which we had to take air and exercise—I found some of my companions in misery already out of their cells. They were walking up and down the court; my friend, the merchant, with the dignity due to his position; they were sitting in the day-room assigned to us. The friends of the prisoners were already admitted; they brought with them food, beer, cards, tobacco; some, if they were of the better sort, even spirits, if they could be smuggled. We had the yard for fresh air and the day-room, on the ground floor, for rain and cold weather.

By this time the drinking and the riot of the day had already begun. I say riot because, although the place was a haven of peace compared with the Master Felons' side, it was shocking to see men condemned to die within a few days or weeks drinking and smoking with the utmost indifference and recklessness, gambling and jesting with careless ribaldry. Every morning there came to the Press Yard a certain worthy and pious soul (not a clergyman of the Church of England) who offered his services for prayer with the condemned: by all but a few he was derided and refused. Yet he came daily. This morning I observed that he spoke earnestly to the merchant, in a low voice.

'Sir,' said he, 'I thank you heartily; in the church you will always find me performing my duties. But for prayer in a condemned cell—there, indeed, sir, you must hold me excused. My respite will arrive in an hour or two; my pardon shortly afterwards. There are, however, others—this young gentleman, for instance, to whom your services may be useful.' He indicated myself and resumed his walk, his hands clasped behind his back, his head erect; it would have been the walk

of a great City merchant on 'Change, but for the irons which caused his feet to drag, and clinked as he moved them.

I presently discovered that there is little friendship among these companions in misery. They look at each other for the most part askance, unless they happen to be highwaymen, whose calling is regarded by all malefactors with envy or with pride. Shop-lifters, forgers, burglars, sheep and horse-stealers, coiners, and the like regard each other with contempt; and the crime of High Treason I quickly found was abhorred by all. You would have thought, to see their brazen faces and to hear their talk, that they cared nothing for their awful fate. Yet, when I conversed apart with one of them and marked his haggard, anxious, and roving eyes, his twitching cheeks, his sudden pauses and breaks and silence—nay, the very eagerness with which he drank it became apparent that the bitterness of death was upon them—they looked forward with fearful hearts. And at night they had to endure the cell—perhaps alone; perhaps—sometimes more terrible—with a companion: always being startled out of their sleep from time to time when the gaolers go their rounds.

The condemned cells are, in fact, like the rest of the wards in one respect. The men can receive their friends; they may feast on what they please, or on what they can get; they may drink; but little joy comes to them with their drink, only insensibility at the best, or a drunken braggart courage.

All the men, except the merchant, were rough and common fellows, with whom one could not converse. I walked about; I returned to the cell, and sat on the bed.

A strange eagerness fell upon me, I wanted the thing to be over and done with. I wondered how one would feel dangling and turning round and round, like a leg of mutton. As for other things, my parents and my sister, the safety of my soul, I could not as yet think of them at all.

About three o'clock in the afternoon another prisoner was brought to this gloomy place. This was George himself, his trial already over. Yet mine had lasted two long days. He marched along briskly, lifting his legs as lightly as if there were no chains upon them, his face shining, a smile upon his lips.

'Well, lad,' he said, cheerfully, 'here I am at last, to keep thee company.'

'You, too, George. Yet what else could I expect?'

'To be sure, who but I? The trial is over. I pleaded

guilty, because when a man is so near his end he cannot afford to tell lies. "Guilty," I said. Well, I thought there would have been no more ado, but the Judge would have sent me off at once. Not so; five long hours did they spend over their evidence and their charges and deliberations. Never mind.'

He shook himself like a dog out of the water.

'That's over at last. A brave show they made with their robes and chains: the Lord Mayor himself is a sight to remember. Nevill, my lad, that fellow, Archer, is a villain—a perjured villain. I suppose he thought to save his own neck, but he is a liar. He told the Court that the speech at the club about the rising—I believe that was full of lies—was made by you.

'"My Lord," I said to the Judge, "this man is a liar."

'Whereupon the Judge bade me hold my tongue.

'"My Lord," I said, "with submission, the worst you can do to me is to hang me, which I believe you intend, wherefore I am not afraid. This man," I repeated, "is a liar and a villain."'

'"Hold your tongue, sirrah," said his lordship, sharply.'

'"In good time, my lord," said I. "This fine speech was not spoken by Nevill Comines, whom you have sentenced to death, but by the witness himself. He it was who exhorted us to rebellion; took me to the club, and made me promise to lead the rebels. A perjured villain! That is all, my Lord."'

'Well, the Judge grew very red in the face. I suppose he is not used to be spoken to—prisoners are mostly afraid of a man who can order them to be flogged and what not—and he opened his mouth twice to speak. Then he composed himself, and said gently that, being the prisoner, I could not give evidence; that if I chose to make a defence, I could do so, but I had already pleaded guilty; that I could, however, cross-examine the witness, if by so doing I could mitigate the extent of my guilt. But I had no more to say, and so they went on, and here I am. We must make the best of things, lad, though we shall miss the comfortable room on the State side. Enough said; no lamenting, Nevill,' for the tears were in my eyes at the sight of this poor fellow. Who could have thought that, for no sins of his own (of which we knew), so many evils should have fallen, and that so suddenly, upon him? All because his mistress loved him no longer—there was no other cause—and for this he must be taken out and hanged.

'Last night, Nevill,' he went on, 'the news came that thou wast sentenced. Well, they will not hang thee. Why? I know not why; but I am certain that the only one to suffer for that Sunday's work will be myself.'

'Not hang me? But I am in the condemned cell! My doom is pronounced.'

'Yet they will not hang thee; that I know full well.'

My heart leaped up: I had not thought of this chance. What if I should escape the gallows after all? Man is a selfish creature. I forgot the fate of George—I forgot everything except the chance that I might yet escape the gallows.

'How do you know, George?'

'I know——' he hesitated, uncertain, 'I know because I have been assured. Since I have entirely submitted to the will of the Lord; since I know that He hath ordered the manner of my death for the good of my poor mistress and sweetheart, I know—perhaps the Lord hath put these things into my mind—that none shall die except myself. They have sentenced thee, lad, through the perjury of the villain Archer, whose ribs I would assuredly break with a cudgel were I free. They will perhaps sentence the other fellows, our two messmates—that I know not—but they, too, will escape. No—they will not hang one of you. And as for me——' He stretched out his hands and raised his eyes, and his face became all glorious as one who hath a heavenly vision; yet we were standing together in a corner of the Press Yard, and around us were the vilest and most profligate wretches, men and women, in the whole of this great city. 'Oh that I could die by the cruellest and most lingering death if only I could restore Sylvia to health thereby! I see her poor thin cheeks filling out when I am gone; she regains her roses; her eyes are bright again; her mouth smiles; she dances as she goes; her heart is light. She has clean forgotten me. That is as it should be. I shall be dead; I shall have died to save my girl. What better lot, Nevill, what better lot?'

. . . . . .

On Friday evening, about nine o'clock, when we were already locked up—so that I knew not until the morning—they brought to the condemned cells the other two. So that now our party was complete.

All night long I lay awake on my hard bed praying with all my heart and all my soul for an escape—any escape—from the fatal tree. I remembered the words of the old woman:

'He shall not have power to destroy.' Who could be the master of all this mischief, unless it was perhaps the villain, Richard Archer?

The next morning was Saturday—on Monday those condemned, unless a respite came, would be taken forth and hanged.

CHAPTER XIX

SATURDAY

'Now,' said the merchant, in the morning. 'The Governor will send for me as soon as he is dressed. "Sir," he will say, "I have great pleasure in telling you that the King hath been pleased to grant a respite." That is the first step towards the pardon which will follow. By the word pardon is meant, in such a case as mine, not so much the forgiveness of a crime which was never committed, but the consequences of a mad and mischievous verdict. Young man, I would that I could feel an assurance that your conscience was as clear as mine. Then you would be enabled to contemplate your awful fate with resignation, if not with hope.'

I was by this time buoyed up with the hope (founded on nothing but George's assurance) that the gallows was not to be my awful fate. Yet the good man spoke so earnestly that one could not resent his advice. It was like unto cold water poured down the back. It recalled the actual truth. This was the more impressed upon me when I met the other two, the Templar and the Oxonian, who had been put to the Bar together, their offence being exactly the same, in succession to George, and after a trial of eight hours were found guilty. The Judge, in their case, dwelt heavily on the danger of the times, and the necessity for making an example.

'You are young,' he said, 'but the youngest can set fire to the house; you are not too young to know the wickedness of such an act; you are well educated, which makes your case the worse. Expect not, therefore, any clemency. You have conspired to bring over to this country the crimes which now disgrace the ancient kingdom of France; you would destroy the Throne, the Church, and the aristocracy; you would render it impossible for honest men to pursue their business; you would fill the streets with murder and massacre. You have been prevented in good time; you will have the satisfac-

tion of feeling, with your latest breath, that the principles of order, law, and true liberty are still as strong in the heart of the Briton as when these things were fought for and won.'

'Expect no clemency?' Why, then, what did George mean? Rather, what a fool was I to rely upon George, whose mind was weakened by his troubles, so that he could not see aright! There was nothing, therefore, before us but preparation. And here, I confess, I had an excellent example set me by our two companions. One of them (the student of law) set himself earnestly to work upon the condition of his soul, availing himself daily of the help rendered by that good and pious man whom I have already mentioned, reading and meditating every day in the gloom of the cell, whither no one followed him. The other (whom I have called the poet) had unhappily abandoned his religion; chiefly, I believe, because he could not answer certain questions—as if the whole scheme of the universe stood open to the gaze of a lad of twenty-one—but he retained some faith in the Universal Father, to whom he composed a hymn during these days, most beautiful and moving. The horror which one naturally feels for one who has lost his religion was, in his case, changed into pity that a man whose heart was by nature singularly so pious should have to die while that piety was gone a-wandering out of the right path. He looked forward to death without fear. 'We live at the most,' he said, 'for seventy years; then we die and are forgotten. We came from whence we know not; we go whither we know not. After we are dead nothing signifies to us. If there is another life, which we cannot affirm or deny, it is not on this earth, but elsewhere, and the loss of a few years here will not be felt or remembered there. If there is, on the other hand, no life to come, then we shall feel nothing and know nothing, any more than we did in the ages before we were born, ere ever the world was made.' 'Twas a strange young man, tall and thin, of soft speech, yet eager—of brightness that was sometimes fiery, and of affections always ready. Well, the history in hand will presently tell what became of him.

We spent the morning in this gloomy conversation, surrounded by the poor wretches who were to suffer, like ourselves. One can think of death with resignation: it is the common lot; there is a hope beyond the grave; to the penitent forgiveness is promised, to those who are forgiven there are also promised joys of which we cannot even dream; we are born to

a more glorious inheritance than we can even imagine. Yet even to him who dies of a disease which leaves him time for meditation, the prospect of separation causes tears. To me, while I forced myself to think of the life to come, the thought of the shameful gallows would intrude. Then my heart would stop, my pulse cease, and a deathly chill would fall upon me; then I would sit, eyes staring, mouth open, until the horror of it passed away. When I say that I felt this, so also did my companions, except George, who remained in his cheerfulness. Yet, as I knew, his was not the insensibility of the wretches who drank and sang with their fellows at my elbow, but the confidence of one who is at peace with his Saviour and with himself.

Understand that this was Saturday. If no respite came, we should suffer on the Monday morning. After the severe words of the Judge there seemed no hope. And—a thing which I had forgotten—who was to ask for this respite? For we were all four abandoned—cast off by our friends. The meanest, lowest, poorest rogue in the Press Yard was richer than ourselves; none so poor but he had some friends who would plead for him. We had none.

The striking of the bells—that of St. Sepulchre and that of St. Paul's—became the knell of a parting soul: the cell was a tomb—darksome, terrible: the sight of those who laughed and roystered made the prospect more intolerable: the high walls found voices to mock at one: at moments, one seemed to go mad.

'Courage, lad'—George laid his hand upon my shoulder—'they shall not hang thee. Remember, I *know* that none shall die, except myself. This knowledge has been placed in my heart, I verily believe, for thy comfort. Shall Sylvia—shall that girl for whose sake all this trouble has been raised—shall she have to weep and mourn because her only brother has been hanged? Never! That will not be permitted. What did thy eyes gaze upon just now, that made thy teeth to chatter?'

'George, I saw a gibbet, and a dangling body turning round and round, quivering upon the rope in dying agonies!'

''Twas my gibbet and my body. What are any agonies to me, seeing that they bring back joy and health to Sylvia? My gibbet—my rope—my body——'

And even while he spoke there came the respite, as if to show the truth of his prophecy. We were not quite abandoned

by our friends. There was one who, as soon as he heard the sentence, began to work on our behalf.

It was the afternoon : the clock had just struck three ; the day was cloudy, and the twilight was already falling upon this deep and narrow hole. I saw the Governor himself appear at the other end of the yard, and with him one who was hidden by the throng. At sight of the Governor all sprang up with pale faces and trembling lips, and eyes of longing. For he brought a respite for some one.

The poor merchant, the companion of my cell, ran to meet him as fast as his irons would permit, crying, 'My respite! My respite! It has come!'

'Sir,' said the Governor, 'no respite has come for you. Prepare for the worst.'

He fell back, laughing—he actually laughed. 'It will be here before the night,' he said. 'The pretence has been carried on long enough—quite long enough. But I am not concerned.'

I watched him. He suddenly ceased to laugh ; his cheeks became white, his eyes stared ghastly. I knew that, like me, he had caught sight of that gibbet and that swinging body. Then I saw who accompanied the Governor.

We were not abandoned, I say. We had one friend still, and he was here. There was a respite, and it was for us ; and the man who brought it was none other than my old friend and patron, the Reverend Prebendary Lorrymore, at sight of whom I was fain to cover my face with shame.

'Sir,' he said to the Governor, 'suffer me to have speech with these young gentlemen. Take me, Nevill, out of this place, which causes one to understand the tortures of the damned. Is there no retired spot away from their sight and hearing?'

I led him with hanging head to the cell.

He sat down on the bedstead.

'Here,' he said, 'is an awful twilight as of the tomb. Here we can converse as in the presence of Death and the Great Judge of all. Nevill, unhappy boy, think not that this thy fate leaves us callous. Nay——' But here he stopped, while the tears ran down his cheeks. I fell on my knees before him. 'Nay,' he recovered himself, 'twas not to weep with thee, nor to reproach thee, poor boy. Thy reading led thee into the false reasoning which comes of a little knowledge and a lack of wisdom. Thy generous heart caused thee to

believe doctrines which are easy to proclaim and hard to be disproved. I blame thee not for Republican opinions, but for thy secrecy. Yet will I not reproach thee. Know, then, Nevill, that the sentence will not be carried into effect for a week longer yet. There is so much respite obtained. I had much trouble to procure this favour because the Judges are severe, the temper of the better sort is exasperated, and the danger from such as have been thy friends is very great; but there is a respite.'

He then went on to an exhortation or discourse on the duty of one in my position, which I forbear to set down, though I remember it every word.

This done I ventured to ask him concerning my parents. That my father was still unforgiving, I expected, and that my mother went all day long in tears surprised me not, though it added to the remorse of my heart. Sylvia was unconscious of all, and remained in the same condition.

At this point, therefore, I thought it well to inform my patron of the strange reasons which had led George into the business. I told him all that I knew; how he conceived the idea that nothing but his own death would bring relief to Sylvia; how he would not kill himself, but sought death in one shape after the other; how, finally, at the suggestion of the man Archer, he was brought to the club and made to lead the mob in the miserable little riot which they called an insurrection. This narrative touched him deeply. I asked him, further, to tell the Lieutenant and Sister Katherine everything, in hope that thus their hearts might be softened.

He was greatly moved. He ordered me to bring George to the cell where he sat; he conversed with him alone for half an hour, while I stood outside the door. Then he called me again.

'This business,' he said, 'grows more strange. It seems all—in every point—to have grown out of that fit which seized Sylvia. For, first, George was thrown into a kind of madness—the madness and melancholy of love—thus he fell a victim to suggestions and illusions of the Evil One; finally, he became a ready prey to this man—this villain—the serpent whom we have nourished in our bosoms (but he shall stay there no longer), and was put up by him to lead what was hoped would prove a signal for general insurrection. Poor lad! Well, I bade him prepare for death, and he smiled; he says he is already as one dead; he is obeying the Lord's will;

Sylvia will recover and forget him; he is happy. Poor lad! Poor lad!'

He presently rose with a few final words of forgiveness and blessing. Before he departed he also spoke to our two companions words of admonition, which they received in good part. So he went away and hope revived. The cell ceased to be a tomb; and the striking of the clock ceased to be a knell for the parting soul. We were safe for a week longer.

The next day being Sunday, we were all taken to the chapel for morning service, except those who refused to go on the pretext that they belonged to some other form of faith, but in reality because the condemned pew is a most dreadful place. Every Sunday we had attended the chapel, so that the sight of the men about to be hanged had grown familiar. But this was the first time that we sat in that pew.

Those who know not the chapel or the prison may be told that it is a large room of convenient proportions. The pulpit is affixed to the wall. A large space is railed off at either end, one for women and the other for men. The prisoners can attend or not as they please; those who do, behave for the most part with some show of decency, though sometimes there is a brawl. A small gallery near the pulpit gives seats to the Sheriff and others who come to hear the sermon preached to the condemned; and these themselves sit in a large square pew in the middle of the chapel.

Nine men and two women occupied the pew on this Sunday—namely, the merchant, our party of four, four or five rogues, male and female, and one, a murderer, who was brought out from the cell where, as soon as a murderer is sentenced, he is kept on bread and water, and watched day and night lest he should destroy himself. The middle of the pew is taken up by a black coffin, to remind the worshippers, if they needed other reminder, of the fate awaiting them. The chapel was this day filled with visitors who came to look upon convicts out of the common—a City merchant of good reputation to be hanged for forgery; four young gentlemen to suffer for high treason; these were occupants of the pew not often to be seen. Well, I hope that our bearing and appearance satisfied them. The City merchant looked about the chapel smiling on the visitors; the pretence was to be kept up to the last. He carried a large Prayer Book, and he led the responses, though one of the warders acted as clerk, in a loud and clear voice. When the sermon began, he turned his eyes

to his companions in the pew, and, at the more striking periods, he gravely nodded his head, or emphasised with his forefinger, as if to press the point home to them. The wretched murderer seemed beyond all feeling or consciousness; he lay huddled in the corner, and never moved during the whole service. The rogues—who were condemned for smaller crimes—listened in apparent attention; the coffin riveted their eyes; from time to time they passed their hands over their cold, wet foreheads. Poor wretches! If the Church allowed the custom, I would long ago have caused prayers to be said for the souls of those whose flight, upwards or elsewhere, I so nearly shared!

The service came to an end. When it was over, and we rose to go, our friend the merchant, who had borne himself so bravely, as I had noticed before in the Press Yard, turned suddenly white, and gazed with staring eyes before him. Then he reeled, and fell forward, lying along the coffin.

They carried him out and gave him water to drink. Presently he recovered.

'My respite,' he said, when he was brought back to the Press Yard, 'is strangely delayed. I cannot understand the cause of this delay. Any other man would feel uneasy. But I am not—no—not in the least. It will come to-night—or, perhaps, the first thing to-morrow.'

His daughter came to see him—the poor girl whom I had already seen—in the prison. Alas!—the poor girl! Her eyes were streaming; she could hardly stand upright; she fell upon her father's breast, weeping and crying aloud, so that it tore the heart only to see and hear her.

He laughed; he bade her be of good cheer; he assured her that he should be out of prison in a few days; all would yet go well; she must not believe what was said; with a great deal more. So that she went away at last, persuaded perhaps that her father would yet escape. Alas! poor girl. How would she find herself mistaken in the morning! He slept all night without waking. I thought he was free from care. I have since learned that this long sleep was probably the effect of the heavy load of care upon his mind. Yet I am certain he persuaded himself of his own safety. He should escape the gallows, he thought.

All night long, for my part, I was kept awake by the sound of hammers; they were erecting the scaffold outside the

prison. Monday's batch were to be hanged here according to the new and humane custom.

At two in the morning I heard the ringing of a harsh hand-bell. It was followed by a hoarse voice, bawling so loudly that those who were awake in the condemned cell could hear the words in the dead stillness of the night :

> All you that in the condemned hole do lie,
> Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
> Watch all and pray ; the hour is drawing near
> That you before the Almighty shall appear.
> Examine well yourselves, in time repent
> Lest you may to eternal flames be sent.
> And when St. Sepulchre's to-morrow tolls
> The Lord have mercy on your souls.

My companion in the cell heard not these words ; he was sleeping soundly. The door was thrown open while it was yet dark, and the gaolers roused him up.

When he heard that he was to be hanged in two hours he laughed. 'I thought,' he said, 'that the respite would have come on Saturday ; as it did not, I perceived that the form was to be kept up. Well, my men, I will dress and attend you. The Governor, however, has the respite in his pocket.'

They offered him what he chose for breakfast ; they sat in the cell while he dressed. At half-past seven they told him it was time.

'Ay, ay,' he said. 'Well, we are ready, we are ready ; a tedious form, but rules must be observed. Well, I suppose I shall return in a few minutes, unless the full pardon has been already made out.'

So he walked away cheerfully ; I went out of the cell after him. The five rogues who were to suffer with him were being led away with hanging heads ; the murderer, half dead with fear, was supported on his way ; the merchant walked after them, holding up his head, and carrying his hat under his arm as if he was going on 'Change.

Then the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll the knell of the dying.

When the unfortunate man arrived in the room where they knock off the fetters and pinion the men, and understood at last that there was no respite for him, but that he must surely die, he fell down, seized with a swoon of the most deadly kind.

They carried him out and supported him to the end, and

even the hangman could not tell when he tied the rope whether the unfortunate gentleman was conscious or not. I hope that he remained unconscious after he was turned off.

CHAPTER XX

THE KING'S CLEMENCY

We spent five days more in this stinking place, where I verily believe some of us would have died had our stay been prolonged. We were still under sentence of death ; and a respite is so commonly granted on such trivial pretexts, if only to allow more time for preparation, that it counts but little, and should not (as it always does) raise hopes of pardon or commutation. Our only friend, the Prebendary, came often, and never failed (though he was working assiduously in our interests) to admonish us on the shortness of the time that remained, and to exhort us to repentance. Sometimes, in the dead of the night, when I lie awake, this terrible week returns to me with all its attendant horrors. I see the rogues who are to die on Monday morning rolling drunk about the yard, their chains clinking, their mouths full of blasphemies, bawling ribald songs, supported by other rogues and drabs like unto them, not yet condemned to die. I see in a corner some poor trembling wretch, not so lost to shame as these, reduced by poverty to crime, waiting in misery for the day of doom : with him some woman—wife, or daughter, or sister—on whose face it is written that death—any death—would be better than this shameful fate. I think of what followed for that poor girl, daughter of the forger : a life ruined, cast down, and disgraced. Where doth she now live ? Where doth she hide her poor head ? I see the tall and burly figure of George himself in good case, in spite of his long sojourn in the gaol, cheerful and contented—even happy, because he thinks that he knows the will of the Lord, and is obeying it. Now, he who does his duty cannot be far wrong. As I recall this scene, so full of shame and pity, I feel again the heaviness of the sentence, and expect again to hear my own knell rung and my own funeral service read.

Enough of it.

On Thursday morning, my patron having given us no hint

of what was likely, the Governor ordered us to be conducted from the Press Yard to his own house.

'Is it another respite?' I asked the warder.

'Prisoners in the Press Yard are never taken out for a simple respite, they only leave it to be hanged, or for chapel, or to hear a change in the sentence. But I know nothing. Bless you, the Government don't send messages to the warders. If it's good news, gentlemen, a guinea is the least I can expect.'

'A guinea from each,' said he of the Temple. 'Push on, man, I feel these cursed chains already slipping from my ankles. To escape from this abode of all the devils I would be content to become like that other eminent traitor, Lambert Simnel, a scullion in the Royal Kitchen. I would scullion it with zeal. Push on!'

We were taken to the same room in which we had received the papers concerning our trial. As before, the Governor was seated at his table; beside him, as before, sat Mr. White, the Solicitor to the Treasury.'

'Prisoners,' said the Governor, 'I have ordered you to be brought here in order that you may receive a communication from the Government, brought by the Solicitor to the Treasury.'

Mr. White looked up.

'You have gone through a period of great anxiety,' he said, 'since last you came before me. Anxiety, I am sure that you now acknowledge, richly deserved. But these are my private sentiments. One cannot change a trial for High Treason into a wedding feast, nor turn a prison into a palace, or the condemned pew to a stall at St. George's. If you will listen, I will now read you the paper which sets forth His Majesty's gracious intentions in your case.'

'God save the King!' said George.

'Amen,' said Mr. White, solemnly.

He then received from his clerk, who stood behind his chair, a paper, which he read aloud. It was like the indictment, long and full of repetitions, and read without any stops.

He finished it at last, and laid it down.

'In other words,' he said, 'by the King's clemency your sentences are commuted. You, John Campbell Power, and you, Arthur Hallett, who were simple members of this seditious club, and are not proved to have encouraged or advocated

violent measures, yet continued members long after you knew the revolutionary sentiments of the members, are to receive the King's pardon in consideration of these facts and of your youth and inexperience, on condition of being imprisoned in his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate for one year, reckoning from the time of your arrest. You will be treated as misdemeanants only. Your chains will be knocked off, and you will live, if you please, on the State side, or in any other lodging that the Governor may assign to you.'

They changed colour ; they became pale ; the tears showed in their eyes. This was, indeed, an unexpected mercy.

'Let them sit down, warder,' said the Governor, kindly. 'Give them chairs. So. They will recover immediately.'

'Yours, Nevill Comines,' continued the solicitor, 'is considered a more serious case. You were the Secretary, the most important member of the club. The evidence before the Court went to prove that you were also one of the most active. It is certain that you constantly took part in debates and proposals concerning matters of High Treason. Yet His Majesty is unwilling to take the life even of one whose projects, if successful, would have destroyed his own. He offers you a free pardon on condition of your serving him for five years in some branch of his forces, by sea or land. He gives you the choice of service.'

'I am His Majesty's grateful servant,' I replied, not knowing what else to say.

'Show your gratitude, young gentleman, by devotion to loyalty when you return to the duties of a civilian's life.'

'Lastly, George Bayssallance, I come to you. It is true that you were the leader of the riot.'

'I was,' said George.

'You walked at the head of it carrying a drawn sword—a drawn sword—in the streets of London—on the Sunday.'

'I did,' said George. 'It is most true.'

'You have richly deserved the worst fate. Yet, His Majesty, graciously considering that no lives were lost, no property damaged, and that the riot was quelled before it became serious, offers you a free pardon on condition of being transported, for the remainder of your natural life, to one of His Majesty's settlements abroad.'

'God save the King!' said George. 'But, sir, I know not how I can accept that condition.'

'Not accept the condition?'

'Else,' said the Governor, 'you will be hanged on Monday. To-day is Thursday.'

'I am not my own master in the matter,' George explained. 'There is One higher than His Majesty. I mean the ALMIGHTY. It is His expressed will that I must die. Unless I am assured to the contrary, I cannot accept this condition.'

'The man is mad,' cried the solicitor; George was mad, but not in the way he understood. 'Am I not here to signify the order of the King?'

'The sentence of the Judge,' said the Governor, 'expresses, when it is delivered, the will of the Lord; the pardon of the King shows the mercy of the Lord. What other assurance or revelation can you expect,' Mr. Bayssallance? The days of revelation finished with the Book of Revelation.'

'No, no. I mean an inward assurance.'

'Is he of the Methodists? Is he one of those who have gone mad with enthusiasm?' asked Mr. White.

'Not to my knowledge,' said the Governor. 'Come, sir, do not stand in your own light. Transportation, to a temperate and pleasant climate, is a light punishment for a young and healthy man like yourself. Why, some of the transported convicts have sent for their sweethearts and are married. You yourself——'

'I have an express assurance,' George repeated. 'Gentlemen, in this case it is not my own life only that is concerned—it is another's.'

The Governor shook his head. 'Well,' he said, 'you will, perhaps, get that assurance after one more night in the condemned cell. Remove the prisoner, warder.' George bowed, and went off with a smiling face. 'You, gentlemen,' he turned to us, 'will go back to the State side; you will be relieved of your fetters. You, Mr. Comines, will make your choice with as little delay as possible.'

We went back to our old quarters on the Master's side, the irons knocked off, the bitterness of death past and gone, rejoicing over our good fortune. Who so happy as three condemned convicts newly pardoned? 'Why,' said the Templar, clapping me on the shoulder, 'you are already a free man. To serve in the King's army is liberty. Your five years of service will be nothing. Perhaps they may make you an officer. The war we are now waging promises to be long. There will be marching to and fro and campaigning here and there. You

will be winning glory on the field'—much glory, indeed, the private soldier wins!—'you will come home and tell of war's alarms.'

'As for you,' I said, 'your short imprisonment will be over in a few months. Then you will be free men.'

The first glow over, one began to examine into the situation more closely. Certainly it is better to march with a regiment than to hang on a gibbet. Life has always some sweetness. Yet at two-and-twenty, after the ease and comfort of London, the barrack has few attractions; discipline is severe; it is difficult to escape the lash of the cat, or at least the sergeant's stick; drill is irksome; a camp is rough; the fare on a campaign is seldom abundant; there are many fatigues and many dangers.

'When we do go out,' said the Templar, 'what shall we do next? For my own part, I have no money and no trade; my father hath renounced me. What shall I do?'

'I, too, am cast away by my parents,' said the Poet. 'Well, we will find something, I doubt not. Meantime, let us celebrate the loss of our chains with a bottle of port.'

In the end, when they came out of Newgate, they found themselves penniless and friendless in the streets. No one would employ a young gentleman fresh from prison. I found one of them a few years later when I returned home. It was the Templar. He was then employed in teaching caligraphy by day, and in the evening he played the fiddle at a drinking and dancing place near the Strand. Had it not been for the Society of Snugs, he might by this time have become a Judge, or King's Counsel at least. As for the Poet, you shall hear in due course what became of him.

The commutation of the sentence was due to none other than the Prebendary himself. With great difficulty he caused to be represented to His Majesty such extenuating facts as could be produced. He produced affidavits from three members of the club, who (under an assurance that their names would not be divulged unless under promise that no steps should be taken) swore that the only violent speech the day before the riot was that made by the King's evidence himself, Richard Archer. He also showed, by the same evidence, that George Bayssallance had been a member of the club no longer than that single night, so that it was wrong to impute unto the club the actions of this young man. He further showed that the riot was not of a dangerous character, but was rather

a frolic of mischievous boys, resulting in no losses or destruction of life or property. And then he set forth plainly that George was a young man of good character and loyal disposition, who had become deranged through a love-disappointment. In fact, his Reverence laid before the King exactly the defence which should have been laid before the Court, had we engaged an attorney who knew anything at all except the conduct of cases concerned with burglaries, forgeries, and common shoplifting or sheep-stealing.

He prepared this case, therefore, with great thoroughness, and caused it to be taken in hand by one great man after another, until it reached the King himself And the well-known clemency of His Majesty, as well as the popular opinion that the Judge had been too severe in his charge and in his verdict, inclined him to extend his grace to the poor convicts.

'To you, young gentlemen,' said the Prebendary, when he visited us on the afternoon of that day, 'you, who have still to serve an imprisonment of a few months, I recommend a course of serious self-examination. You will find that you have been betrayed by inexperience and ignorance (because even at two-and-twenty the judgment may go astray) into rashness amounting to madness; you have foolishly tilted at strongholds which laugh at your puny efforts; you have permitted yourselves to be allied with men of neither position, knowledge, nor character. What! you to stoop to friendship with such as the man Richard Archer? These are grave offences. Ponder them therefore.'

He shook his head, and bade them leave him alone with me.

'Nevill,' he said, 'I have taken advice, and been at much trouble to find out what course is best for you under the conditions of this pardon. Five years' service in some part of His Majesty's forces by sea or land. Consider. Able seaman thou wilt never be. No, thou canst not now begin to run about the rigging of a ship, nor to learn the sailor's trade. There are so-called landsmen on board every ship – armourers, carpenters, cooks, and so forth; but I think this will not do neither. The companionship of sailors is rough and rude; but that, I fear, one must not consider, because, wherever we turn, the companionship is rough and rude. Let us consider the army. It is now a time of war, and, unless the Allies prove more successful than at present they promise, the war may prove long, and even disastrous. Well, if I were a private soldier, I

would rather follow the flag afield than live in a garrison. In the open field the living is uncertain, and the sleeping is hard; there are many discomforts, but to such a man as you, a man of books, of quiet habits, the campaign will be more tolerable than the barracks. There will be no daily drill, no petty tyrannies of the sergeant, no indignities to endure at the hand of the officers; soldiers in time of war become brothers, whether they are officers or in the rank and file. True, one may be shot or speared; one may take disease and die; these are chances. Yet I think that we may find something better than mere soldiering. Listen, therefore. I have inquired farther; I have learned that another company of marines is to be sent immediately to the convict settlement of Botany Bay. They will go out in charge of the next convict ships; they will land with them and join the garrison of the settlement. These men are reported to lead a life of comparative ease and comfort. They have few duties; the convicts give them little trouble; some of them live in cottages of their own; many of them have their wives with them. I have made application, therefore, for you to join the regiment of Royal Marines. And I have made further interest to have you appointed to the company going out to New South Wales. It will go hard, my poor boy, if I cannot provide thee with a comfortable voyage, an indulgent commanding officer, an easy captain, and a sergeant whose interest it shall be to keep thee out of trouble. If there should chance to be an engagement or an action, why—then I know that thou wilt do thy duty as a man.'

I thanked him again for this fresh proof of his kindness, which indeed knew no bounds.

'I have again spoken to thy father, Nevill. For the present he will not look upon thy face, nor will he suffer any of the household to see thee; not until the punishment is complete. Yet his heart is softened, and I doubt not that in the long run he may relent. I bring thee a tender message from thy mother, with which thou must be content. Sylvia, alas! regardeth not anything.'

I asked him what of Archer, who had given the evidence?

'That person,' replied the Brother of St. Katherine's, 'disgraces the Society no longer. We called a Chapter—it met this morning—at which all the Brothers and Sisters were present. We resolved that, seeing he had been for a long time, unknown to his employers, a member of a secret and

seditious Society—that, by his own evidence, he had been present where violent discourses were held; that by the united testimony of three members, not arrested, and of the four prisoners, it was he himself, and none other, who had delivered the most seditious speech of all; and that it was he himself, and none other, who, knowing full well the character of the club, had persuaded George Bayssallance to become a member, and introduced him, the Society adjudged that he be forthwith expelled from his employment, and from the Precinct itself, as a person improper for the teaching of the young, and unfit to take part, even as a penitent, in the service of the Almighty.'

'That is something gained,' I said. 'He may yet learn the bitterness of the prison to which he brought us, his sworn brothers and companions.'

'The man is changed, however. He is strangely changed. He obeyed our summons, and stood before us, but he behaved with a new insolence. For, instead of waiting submissively to hear our will, he told us that he had come to lay down his post; he would, he said, be schoolmaster no longer, nor would he play the organ any more; henceforth the world should hear of him in other and nobler places—and so flung out of the room, and hath now left the Precinct with his mother. He will perhaps become a highwayman. What other occupation is possible to a man without friends, without money, and without character? Well, let him go for a knave.'

CHAPTER XXI

RICHARD ARCHER'S GOOD FORTUNE

THE man Archer did not propose to become a highwayman. The reason of his impudent bearing towards his employers was a thing totally unsuspected: a thing which could never have been guessed—one of those strange discoveries of which one reads in idle romances. You have read how the Wise Woman told his fortune from the cards. Wealth, rank, and authority, she said, were to come to him. You shall now hear how this part of her predictions came true. There was a sequel to the fortune, also hinted by the witch. This, also, you shall learn.

It was, again, the Wise Woman who revealed the thing to

him. How she got the secret I know not; but since I am not willing to believe that supernatural powers can be attained by any person, I suppose that, having been told the principal incident by Archer's mother—that quiet and well-behaved person, who lived with her son, and still worked for the ladies of the Hospital—she contrived, by means known only to herself, to ferret out the rest. Remember that it was Margery's business to learn everything about everybody, so that there was not a person in the Precinct whose private history she did not know—all the love affairs, all the secrets, all the things—if any—of which that person was ashamed, and would fain conceal. Therefore I believe that, when Mrs. Archer first came to the place with her infant, Margery made haste to find out who she was, and who was the father of her child. Once you have won the confidence of a woman, sooner or later she will tell you everything you want to know. All that this poor woman could tell about her husband, therefore, she had told. If the witch knew more, she must have ferreted it out for herself.

Richard Archer went to her house one evening about this time, in obedience to a message from her. But this time he went openly, and without attempt at concealment.

'Well, gammer,' he said, roughly, throwing himself into a chair. 'You want to see me. Well, I am here. What have you got to say?'

He was gloomy, because he daily expected that the Society whose servant he was would find out the part he had played at a certain trial.

'I do, young sir—young gentleman, I should say.'

'I am not a gentleman.'

'Wait, wait—many a strange thing happens. Do you remember the last time you came here? To be sure you do. You have never forgotten that evening. The old woman, to begin with, told you a great secret—a wonderful secret—a secret that made you twice the man you were before: such a secret as filled your whole soul with joy and pride. You pretended not to believe it. Well, was the old woman right? Evil Heart and Evil Eye—she said—was she right, my son? Was the power there? Have you tried it and proved it, and found it true? Have you ever gone to the old woman and acknowledged that she was right? These innocent people whom you have yourself overwhelmed with misfortune—do they bear witness to your power?'

'Ay! sometimes I think it is true; but what if I have

such a power! It has proved of no use to me. It won't bring me money or buy anything for me.'

'Not a bit; you have used it for a villainous purpose, you see. Had you—but never mind what you might have done. Since you learned that you possessed that power, an innocent girl has been afflicted with madness—well-nigh to death, but not quite. Three gallant young gentlemen are languishing in prison and are disgraced for life; another is lying in the condemned cell, and will be hanged o' Monday, for all the world to see. But, if I know my trade aright, he shall not be hanged.'

'Did you send for me in order to tell me this?'

'No; I have a great deal more to tell. Well, the Brothers and Sisters have found out at last, though none of them would read the reports of the trial, that the chief evidence was Richard Archer, their schoolmaster and organist, and to-morrow you will be haled before the Chapter and expelled. Sister Katherine came here to-day, talking about witchcraft—and told me so much. She thinks that you are bewitched as well as the rest. Ho!—ho! And what will you do when you are turned out? You cannot go into the market and be hired for your Evil Eye! And the common people in the Precinct have found out by this time that you turned informer. They swear that they will have your blood. An informer—and living in their midst! Have a care lest a bludgeon end thy days for this precious day's work.'

'Tut; do I look afraid of their bludgeons?'

She looked at him with the admiration which old women openly bestow upon young and straight-limbed men, and she laughed.

'No,' she said; 'if you have to fight, you can protect yourself. Well, he will be satisfied when he sees you.'

'Who is he—who is to see me?'

'Wait a bit—wait a bit.'

'They will turn me out, you say. Very like. Will that give them back their sons? Will that bring back things as they were before you told me—if that was true?'

'Why, any man can compass revenge and hatred. Love alone is the gift of God. Evil Eye or not, anyone can work mischief, young gentleman——'

'Again—I am no gentleman.'

'Young gentleman, I say. Do you think I do not mean my own words? Why, I promised wealth, station, and autho-

rity. These, I say, I promised ; you remember so much. Now the time has come for you to receive them.'

'I am in no mood for trifling,' said the man. 'Wealth will satisfy me ; station is impossible ; and, for authority, why I have the past behind me. The former schoolmaster of St. Katherine's will hardly be received into a place of authority. Give me the money'—he held out his hand. 'Hand over the wealth you promise,' he added. 'What is it? A new crown-piece?'

'I mean what I say ; but, on conditions.'

'What conditions?'

'Is your envy or hatred of these people satisfied?'

'That's as it may be.'

'Why, you have done as much as any reasonable man could desire for his worst enemy. You have brought them all to death's door. You should be satisfied.' The man smiled. He had certainly seen his victims overwhelmed with disaster. 'The only condition is, that you cease to compass evil for them, and think of them no longer. It will not be difficult, because you are now going to leave the Precinct ; you will enter into other company much greater even than that of the Brothers. Oh! it will be easy for you to forget them—unless you are in love with Sylvia.'

'I am no longer in love with her—I never was, but I thought to spite the other man. Let them who will fall in love with her languishing blue eyes and her soft voice. Give me a woman with a spirit of her own—a woman I can fight and subdue.'

'Why, then, we are agreed. Give up, I say, your malice and persecution, and suffer them to recover in the best way they can. Do you promise? Mind—wealth, authority, and station, is what I have to give you. But you must forget your rancour ; else you shall have none of these things.'

'Why,' said Archer, slowly, 'I don't believe you can do what you say—how can such power be yours? But, if you make me rich, I don't know—I say—I don't promise.'

'Then you shall not be rich,' the old woman interrupted him ; 'go away ; remain poor ; go out into the street and starve. You shall have nothing. Go. You are a devil.' She spoke so fiercely, and her eye glittered so terribly, that Archer was shaken.

'Is it real?' he asked.

She made no reply.

'Tell me! Is it real? Come, then, I promise—I swear. I will pursue them with no more animosity. From this moment I renounce it all. If I begin again take from me that wealth which you have promised.'

'Kiss the book,' said the witch, earnestly. He took the Testament which she offered him, and kissed it solemnly. 'So, now you have sworn. If now you break that oath you will lose all. Nay,' she added, 'for aught I know you will lose all some time or other.'

'Give me a long rope, but let me feel rich once before I die! Let me know what it is to buy every pleasure, and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy, if it is only for a twelvemonth. Then let me die, and it will be with a cheerful heart.'

'I will give you more, a great deal more, than you desire or expect. Listen now, young gentleman—young gentleman, I say—what did your mother teach you about her marriage?'

'She was truly married in church, but to a villain who was married already. His name was Archer, and he was a sailor. Doubtless he is dead long ago, cast away upon a cannibal coast, perhaps, and devoured by savages, for his sins.'

'Suppose he told her the truth when he said that he was single. Suppose, therefore, that you are his legitimate son. Suppose, further, that he was not poor, but rich.'

Richard Archer sprang to his feet.

'Suppose that he is not dead, but lives, and that his wealth is of that kind which descends from father to son.'

'Is this true?'

'It is, indeed, most true. Your mother is that man's lawful wife; you are his lawful son and heir; you will inherit his estates and his title.'

'His title?'

'He is no less than a nobleman. He is a Viscount. His name is the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Aldeburgh, formerly Rear-Admiral in His Majesty's Navy.'

'Does my mother know this?'

'No, she does not know all. You shall tell her. But first see his lordship your noble father.'

Richard Archer sat down again.

'My noble father! my noble father!' he repeated. 'I am to see my noble father! I am to go to him in these clothes! I suppose he is dressed in satin, and surrounded by his people in livery. How will he receive me? When I tell him that I have been schoolmaster to a charity school, and that I have

been King's Evidence in a trial for High Treason, how will he receive me then? When he sees my boorish manners, how will he receive me?'

'You need tell him nothing about yourself. You are educated; you will go to him dressed as becomes your rank; you are handsome, and will become your clothes. When you have got a sword by your side and lace at your wrists, your manners will become as fine as your clothes.'

'How is this story to be proved?'

'It is proved already. There is a gentleman of the law, a proctor who practises in St. Katherine's Court, a very learned person, who is so wise that when he wishes to learn the future, and whether he shall be successful or no in any enterprise, he comes to ask my advice, and as I advise him, so he acts. A prudent, careful, and far-seeing gentleman! He is therefore prosperous. To this gentleman, who is secret as the grave, have I opened the business, and he has now discovered the whole. First, he knows a man who was at the time his lordship's valet, and remembers the circumstance; how his master came to the City disguised as a merchant sea officer, in love with a City tradesman's daughter; and how he married her openly in the church of All Hallows the Great, Thames Street; and how, after a month or so, he went off and deserted his wife. Now, young gentleman (who will be a lord before many years are out), the first wife of his lordship, from whom he was separated, died a week or two before he married your mother. The certificate of the death and of the marriage prove this fact. Believe me, your mother, if she had her rights, would be the Lady Aldeburgh. Your mother has letters from her lover, which are signed with his name, Stephen Archer. But, indeed, there is no doubt whatever.'

'No doubt,' he echoed. 'She says there is no doubt whatever.'

'All is prepared. This good proctor first wrote a letter to his lordship, and has since seen him. He says that your father, who is confined to his chair with a stroke so that he can no longer use his legs, stand upright, or walk, first fell into a violent rage—his temper is well known—swearing that the thing was a conspiracy. But he presently condescended to listen to the facts, and though he doth not acknowledge and confess that he was indeed married to your mother, he is so far moved that he consents to receive you.'

'All this without my learning anything of the matter.'

'What need to tell you until the business was completed? Well, to cut the story short, my lord is now ready to be convinced, my friend is quite sure that you are his son, but he will not yet acknowledge you. He will first see you, converse with you, watch you. It appears, luckily, that he has quarrelled with those who look to succeed him. If you do not please him you will have to wait until his death, which will not be long delayed, because he is subject to heart pains which will kill him soon, besides his stroke. Do your best to please him. Go gaily dressed, let your talk be of things that most he loves: wine and feasting, music and play-acting, singing women and dancing women. You can play to him, and he can himself make music on instruments—even the bloodthirsty spider loves music; play not the things which you play on Sundays in the church; Psalms and such he does not desire; play songs about love and all kinds of profane delights. And hark ye, do not hang your head; forget the school and the organ gallery; show a dancing leg and a laughing eye—— What!—you have too dark a look. You brood over your lowliness. The time for hatred and envy is gone; you are going to become the richest and most fortunate young gentleman in all London. Hold up your head, therefore, and look cheerful, and above all, show yourself a lad of mettle. Be not afraid of him—— What? He is a devil, as is well known. But so are you, Richard Archer, as I know. Stand up to him, therefore. He cannot live more than a year or two if things come to the worst.'

'When am I to go?'

'You will go to-morrow. Wait.' She fumbled among the folds of her gown and produced a letter, folded. 'That is for you; it is from your friend the proctor; take it, and now go. Wealth and station and authority—all these I promised, all these I have given. How long you keep them, or how you lose them, is your own affair.'

This is the reason why, when the Chapter sent for their schoolmaster, he treated that venerable body with a disrespect the like of which they had never before experienced; but he was not, as they suspected, resolved to try his fortune as a highwayman.

That day he left the Precinct, with his mother, and never was seen in the place again.

CHAPTER XXII

A SUDDEN CHANGE

GEORGE went back to the Press Yard and the condemned cell, his end being now certain, and fixed for Monday morning.

As for me, I was presently transported by boat under guard of two men belonging to my regiment (as I must now call it) of Royal Marines. I sat between these two fellows, and told myself that I must now put on the scarlet coat with the stift white collar, the black hat with the white plume, the pipe-clayed shoulder-belt decorated with an anchor, and that I must now learn to hold myself as upright as the Lieutenant, carry a musket and bayonet, and very likely go to sea and fight the French. But by great good fortune I had no fighting during my time of service. So I became a recruit, and was placed in the awkward squad, and began to learn the drill. A man should begin soldiering early if he would enjoy the work. But one must make the best of what cannot be avoided, and I hope that I became in a few weeks a tolerable soldier. The life of the rank and file is hard, but then they are born to endure hardness. The conversation that one hears is coarse, but then these fellows are accustomed to coarseness. After Newgate, indeed, it was almost pious. At first there was a certain prejudice against me, partly because I was a gentleman, and partly because these honest lads love not the smell of prison, which still clings to the gaol-bird, but they found me harmless, and this prejudice wore off.

In the barracks there were no newspapers, and I heard for some time nothing of what had happened. Moreover, as I was in some sort a prisoner, I had no liberty outside, and could not for some time learn any news. Presently, however, I procured a paper with a list of the hangings of that Monday morning when George was to have suffered. Heavens! The name was not among them. In another place of the same paper I read as follows:—

'George Bayssallance, the fortunate proprietor of Oak Apple Dock, lately mate on an East Indiaman, who was to have been hanged for High Treason, has accepted (though at first he refused) his King's clemency, and goes out to Botany Bay for life. His Dock is confiscated, and will be sold by the

Crown. To a pretty market has this young man brought his pigs.'

Afterwards, I learned what happened.

George returned to the place from which he was brought, showing the same resolution as before, and the same unflagging cheerfulness. A condemned convict may be reckless; he often cracks jokes (especially in his cups) on the fate that awaits him; he may be penitent; he may be despairing; he may moan and lament; he may be insensible, until the last moment, as to his position; but a condemned convict who is always cheerful, and apparently happy, is a thing wholly out of the common experience. No one had ever seen the like of such a convict. I suppose, however, that George is the only man who ever expected hanging with happiness, because it was the will of the Lord, and the only way to make his mistress happy.

Nay; to all the persuasion and exhortation of the Prebendary—whose advice at other times would have been a command—George turned an ear of mulish obstinacy, and in a matter of such vast importance as the Lord's will he pretended to know better than the learned Divine. It was still, 'By your leave, sir,' or, 'With submission, sir. I am inwardly assured that I am obeying orders. It is God's command, laid upon me to die—and it is not for me either to disobey or to choose the manner of my end.'

In this extremity he was visited by Sister Katherine, despite the Lieutenant, who would not so much as suffer his son's name to be mentioned any more than at the Master's house my name was tolerated. He had no longer a son.

'Try, in the name of the Lord,' said the Prebendary. 'Move him, if you can. For my part, I cannot. The boy loved you always. Go, Sister Katherine.'

The sight of the Press Yard with its crowd of wretches, both bond and free, those who were to die, and those who were to live a little longer, all drinking and roystering together, filled her soul with terror.

'Take me, boy,' she cried, 'take me from this dreadful place.'

'We have but small choice,' George replied. 'There is the Day Room, which is as crowded as the Press Yard. There is also my cell. We can sit there retired enough. It is not, to be sure, so cheerful as your own parlour, Sister Katherine. But you can sit down on the bed, and at least you will not see

these poor wretches. I believe,' he added, 'that they are sometimes noisy; but I regard them not; besides, they are for the most part rogues, and will soon be hanged—all of them—and drinking is their only pleasure. Since they will not repent, let them drink.'

'They are wretches! Oh! George—to think——'

Then she burst into tears.

He led her to the gloom of his cell, and here she wept, bewailing all that had happened. When she recovered, she addressed herself to the task of persuading him to live.

'Oh! my dear,' she said at last, when all had failed, holding him by the hand, 'my own boy George, of whom we have been so proud! No one like our George in all the world—so good as well as so comely. And now, to think of it—oh! only to think of it! To end in Newgate—in this dreadful place!'

'To me it is not dreadful, because I know that it is the will of the Lord.'

'The will of the Lord! The will of the Lord! This is the hundredth time.' She flung away his hand and sprang to her feet. 'Who are you that you should know the will of the Lord better than the clergyman? How do you know this will of the Lord? Is it written on paper? How has it come to you? What angel brought the message? The Lord's will! Not so. It is your will—your own wicked, masterful, obstinate will. Will is the cause of love, they say. Well, "He that will not when he may, When he wills he shall have nay." For the girl's sake, say you. How will it help the poor girl when she recovers—if ever she does recover—to know that you flung away your life for a silly whim? Lord's will, indeed! Oh! grant me patience!'

She sat down on the bed again, wringing her hands.

'Who shall persuade this mule—this stubborn ass—this boy with a bee in his bonnet? Women, pigs, and bees cannot be turned, they say. What? You think Sylvia will be pleased to hear that you have been hanged by the neck, and your bones an anatomy at Surgeons' Hall! Why, sorrow comes unsent for, as we all know; but sorrow pays no debt. Grant me patience!'

'Truly,' said George, 'I am right sorry to anger you.'

'Anger? Anger? The boy is going to be hanged by the neck till he is dead, and he thinks he will anger me. Child! it kills me. I feel thy rope round my own neck: I am

ashamed to stir abroad: the rogues of St. Katherine's Stairs look after me. They say, "There is the woman whose nephew is to be hanged o' Monday." It kills your father. None of us can hold up our heads any more, that is certain. We never can: we are ruined. And he talks of angering us!'

'It is worse for you than it is for me,' said George, 'because I am doing the Lord's will; but you——'

'Oh!' she cried. 'Again! He says it again! Never was there any man before who wanted to be hanged. Art afraid of growing old—that thou must be hanged when thou art young? Yet half an hour's hanging hinders five weeks' riding, as they say. But it is no use talking. Yet, to young and old alike, life is sweet: while there is life there is hope. What? Oh! it is horrible! It is dreadful! There are no words for this madness. "The Lord's will! The Lord's will!" Oh!——'

'Not madness,' said George; 'but sober sense.'

'It is witchcraft,' said Sister Katherine. 'I said so at the very outset, and I say so again. It is witchcraft, rank witchcraft—such witchcraft as I never thought to see in my lifetime. First, it is Sylvia who is bewitched. She must hate the man she loves. Then it is the lover who is bewitched. He must die to make her well again. Well? What is it to be well? It is to love him again—and he is dead. What health is this? Then the poor boy Nevill is bewitched, and he must needs turn the world topsy-turvy, and so brings his own neck into danger, and now wears the King's uniform, and carries a pike on board ship as a Marine. There's a fine end to come to! And now thou art so mulish that nothing will serve but—— Oh! lad, lad—George, my George——' She changed her note, and burst into weeping and sobbing. 'Live, my dear. Only consent to live, and Sylvia will recover. Consider, thou must go away out of her sight. She will recover, and perhaps, even yet, all will be well, though I know not how. But live—if it is at the other end of the world, among the naked savages—live. Oh! my boy, thou must not die before me. Live! Still 'tis day while the sun shines. Only live—only consent to live!'

He was much moved by her tears and importunity—more moved than by anything that had been said to him. But he remained in his mulishness. It was the Lord's will. He could not fly in the face of the Lord's will; and, for Sylvia's sake, death was nothing. So she sat weeping in the dark cell for

a while longer, and then came away. That was Saturday afternoon. On the Monday he must die.

But there was to be one more suppliant, who would move his heart and change his mind.

You have seen how the man Richard Archer conversed with the old woman, and what grand things she promised him. You know what she thought: how she laid the whole burden of these woes upon an Evil Eye and an Evil Heart. I repeat that I have never been able to believe that any man should have so much power entrusted to him. We ought not to believe such things. They are pagan: they belong to the days of superstition: they consist not with the doctrines of the Christian Church. But things which happened must be related in due order.

It was on the Wednesday evening that he held the discourse with the Wise Woman. On Thursday morning he visited the Proctor, of whom mention has been made. After this he attended the Chapter, and behaved with the strange insolence of which you have heard. On the same day he took his mother away with him, and returned no more.

On Friday morning Sylvia, who had gone to bed heavy and melancholy, as was her wont, slept all night long and into the morning. At seven her mother found her sleeping, and left her, being unwilling to disturb her. At nine she was still asleep, and at ten. Towards noon she awoke. Usually she awoke with a start and a sense of pain, which only increased as she returned to consciousness: usually she awoke with a memory of evil dreams and the foreboding of a miserable day. This morning she awoke gently, with the sweetness of a night undisturbed, and—what next? She sat up in bed and looked around her, wondering. She rubbed her eyes. What had happened? For she felt a strange sense of relief. Her head was light again: her heart was light: her limbs were light. She was frightened. She cried aloud.

'Ah! mother, mother—what is it? What is happening to me?'

'Child!' Her mother ran to take her hand. 'What is happening? Oh! I know not. Is there new pain?'

'No—no—— What is it? I feel no pain, but pleasure. I feel light again. The pain is gone. Mother, am I dying? Is this the beginning of sweet heaven? I feel light again, and happy. I can speak. Something has been taken away from me. Am I dying?'

'I know not. Oh! my dear, I know not.'

'Where is George? If I am to die, let me die with my hand in his!'

'My dear, why talk of dying? There is a colour in thy cheeks again. Thy head is cool. Thy pulse is regular. Death? Nay, I think rather it is life.'

She brought out a bottle and gave her a few drops of cordial. Sylvia drank, and sat upright.

'If this is death——' she murmured, waiting for her last moment.

But while she waited she became aware that not the chill hand of death, but the warm breath of returning life was upon her. For the first time for six months her cheek was touched with colour, her eyes were soft, her head was held erect.

'Mother,' she said, 'I shall not die, but live. I have been —I know not how—in some strange dream, that has held me, and filled my mind'—she shuddered—'spectres and wicked words, and—and—I cannot remember. I have loathed to look upon George. Now all are gone. Oh! will they come back again? Mother, mother, call George to me—quick—quick—before they return! There is none but George who can save me. Oh! bring him soon. Where is he? Where is he?'

Her mother fell on her knees, and raised her hands. 'Oh, Lord God!' she said, humbly. 'We thank Thee—we praise Thee—oh, we thank Thee——' and so over and over again, being beside herself for joy and gratitude, and not able to find any other words. Presently she called her husband, and sent for Sister Katherine, and they all rejoiced together. Then she must be fed so as to become strong, and they made an egg-posset for her, and watched while she took it, how her thin arms seemed to fill out, and her wan face to brighten, and her lips and eyes began to smile—catching each other by the hand, with joyful ejaculations and words of thanksgiving that the child was raised from the dead.

Then she arose and dressed herself, and came downstairs walking strong and upright, and while they all rejoiced together the good Prebendary arrived, full of sorrow over George's obstinacy, and he must learn what had happened, and must share in the general joy.

'But George—where is George?' she asked again.

'My child,' said the Prebendary, as he looked at the others and no one spoke, 'much has happened since the strange and unexampled illness fell upon you.'

'Witchcraft!' said Sister Katherine, stoutly. 'Talk not to her of illness. Witchcraft, I say, even in your presence, Prebendary. Witchcraft.'

'Indeed,' said my mother, 'it becomes not a simple woman to believe more than is allowed and enjoined by her spiritual pastors and masters, but witchcraft it seems to me. Nothing less than witchcraft will explain it.'

'For aught we know,' said the clergyman, 'demoniac possession may be permitted again in these latter days. Perhaps it has been suffered to continue from primitive times. Nay, in the Middle Ages we read of exorcisms and the casting out of devils, a thing which we have been too ready, perhaps, to set down among the superstitious fables and beliefs of the time. However, for the moment let us not consider the cause while we solemnly thank the Father of All for His great mercy in restoring to life one who was well-nigh like unto the dead. Learn, my child, without further explanation that George is now in grievous trouble and in great peril of his life.'

'George in trouble?'

'Briefly, the presumptuous boy took it upon himself to construe a wild fancy of the brain into an express assurance of the Lord's will. He had the temerity, I say, to believe that the Lord, who had spoken once for all through His own Son and the Apostles for the guidance of Holy Church, did actually speak to him, and ordered him to throw away his life.'

Sylvia understood not one word of this.

'He believed, in short, that the only way to secure thy recovery, child, was himself to lose his own life.'

'Oh! George would die for me—he would die for me?' Sylvia murmured, clasping her hands; 'for my unworthy sake?'

'I say that he conceived this belief, and still holds it. He is not a reprobate or a castaway, and, therefore, he would not commit suicide, but he would and did expose his life to every danger. And, as each in succession was encountered with no hurt to himself at all—each escape being, rightly interpreted, a Providential rebuke—he braved the wrath of Heaven to such a height as to lead a riot in the streets of London, a mob of disorderly wretches bawling for the overthrow of the King, the Constitution, and the Church.'

'George lead a mob?'

'Even so—wherefore he now lies in Newgate Gaol.'

'George in Newgate Gaol?'

'And under sentence of death! The King's clemency he hath refused for thy sake, Sylvia—and, if he still remains stubborn, he must die on Monday.'

Then Sylvia arose. She who but yesterday was so weak that she could not stand, was now strong and able to walk and endure fatigue. Love lent her strength.

'Let me go to him. Oh!'—she laughed and cried together—'it was for my sake. Who would think that a man would die for the sake of a foolish girl?'

'They are so made,' said Sister Katherine. 'Sit down, child. I will go to the prison and carry George the good news. Sit down and rest and get strong again.'

'I am strong—I am strong and well. Let me go to him at once. Oh, let him suffer no longer. None but I must save him from the death he would have for me. Oh!—let me go. Let me bid him live—and if he can still find it in his heart to love the unhappy girl who has caused this trouble——'

'Child,' said the Prebendary, solemnly, 'I, too, will go with thee. Thou shalt take to this thy lover the life and healing which GOD hath placed in thy hands for him.'

CHAPTER XXIII

GEORGE GIVES WAY

It was growing towards twilight on Saturday afternoon. The Press Yard and the Day Room were filled with a crowd of the friends and relations of the condemned convicts, many of whom were to suffer on the Monday morning. As the day of execution approaches, the friends of those about to die crowd more thickly round them, thinking, in a rude, but hearty, fashion to console their last hour by the assurance of friendliness, by the sympathy of their presence, and by continual gifts of strong liquor. Besides friendship, they are actuated by the curiosity of impending fate; round each miserable gallows-bird, converted for the nonce into a hero, is gathered a crowd of admirers; they applaud his braggart resolution—his assumed recklessness—they exhort him to show as bold a front outside the prison as he maintains in the Press Yard—let there be no falling-off at the last moment; let him approach the presence of his Judge with a laugh and an oath. So they

fortify him with every consolation except the only one of real use. Everybody knows what such people say. We must all die once, to-day or to-morrow, it is small odds which. Let us be thankful for a longish rope; your turn to-day, brother, mine to-morrow. A short life and a merry one. Pass the pannikin; keep it up to the end. Why, such a day as this brings out a man's true friends. Saw one ever such a crowd to say good-bye? It shows the greatness of the hero. The world will look out on Monday morning, when there will be a gathering to do honour to the occasion, such as was never seen before but at a Coronation. Many a younger man has gone before. It is a good thing to remember what a long spell has been your lot. To be hanged is no worse, but a great deal better, than to die of a putrid throat or a rheumatic fever. If everybody had his choice, all would die by hanging when they could no longer live in pleasure. Hanging—mere hanging in the air by the neck—is reported, by those who have been cut down, half-hanged, as not painful, but pleasing; they have spoken of sweet sounds, as of music in the ears, and of a falling to sleep, and of fancies, such as that one is borne upwards on feathery clouds like downy beds, or lying in soft waters, or floating in a bark down a gentle stream. Such talk as this goes on for ever in that dismal place; while all the time the bottle or the tankard passes round till the poor wretches lose their wits, and forget the part that on the morrow they must play.

One more day, and then the last look at the light of the sun. One more chance of repentance—one more service of prayer and contrition in the Chapel, and then the Funeral Service read before them when they shall walk in procession through the little portico. I have already shown that however much a condemned convict may drink, he can never quite forget his doom. I have seen one at his very worst, when he reels and cannot speak or stand, suddenly grow ashy pale, and tremble, and pass his hands over his eyes. He has seen before him the gibbet, he has seen the dangling rope. His looks are haggard, though his words are brave; his eyes roll in wildness, though he professes to have no fear; because that terrible vision never leaves him.

At the end of the narrow yard, apart from the rest, George stood alone leaning against the wall. You might have taken him for a spectator—one wholly unconcerned with the place, and pleased to watch the humours of the crowd—but

for his irons. On his face was stamped — not a brazen insensibility of one too stupid to be moved by any terror — but a calm serenity, a cloudless cheerfulness, as of a soul at perfect peace with its Maker and itself; one who knows that death is best for him, and ordered by the Lord as the means by which his mistress is to recover. Nay, his very face shone in this dark court as if the rays of the sun fell upon him — it was glorified by the strength of his faith. And as for the noisy crowd around him, he looked upon them with eyes that saw, and saw not.

Those eyes of his really saw, and had seen for a long time, nothing but a thin pale girl, propped by pillows and cushions, wasting away in her chair, silent and sad, until the knell of St. Sepulchre's, which rang him into his grave, should ring her again to life and joy. A strange fancy of the brain! But I have told you all along that this is a strange book — the history of a Marvel.

This serenity, however, was to be disturbed; this cheerfulness was to be changed, and that in a manner the most unexpected of any.

'George!'

He heard his name called and he lifted his head, because he knew the voice, and he thought that the call came from that spectre of the sick girl in the chair.

'George!'

Again he moved uneasily, because the voice sounded so clear and strong, and the sick girl of his imagination showed no sign of motion and was certainly not calling him.

Before him, unregarded, stood two gentlewomen; one middle-aged and somewhat short of stature, fat, and well-nourished, as the physicians say; the other a tall slight figure, wrapped in a shawl and her face covered by the flap of her hat. As he moved not and made no sign, she tossed back her hat and laid her hand in his and looked up. Then he started and saw her and recognised her. Heavens! It was Sylvia's voice; it was Sylvia's face; it was the touch of Sylvia's hand. Not Sylvia as he saw her last, shrinking from him with eyes of loathing; but his own Sylvia, meeting his eyes with looks of love and sweetness. Oh! the love in those tender eyes! The sweetness of those blue eyes! The refreshment of their soft light to his poor shipwrecked soul! Sylvia! Sylvia standing before him restored, and in her right mind!

At this unexpected sight he could not speak. He gazed as one in a dream—nay, he thought at first that it must be a ghost or image of that sweet lady sent by Heaven's grace to comfort his soul before it should leave its earthly clay. Amidst the noise and ribaldry of the scene around him, who could expect that such a sight could be aught but a vision?

She took his silence for reproach, 'George!' she cried again, 'have you no word of welcome for me? Am I clean forgotten? Nay—nay, I deserve this silence and more. Oh, George!'—she threw herself upon her knees and caught his hand—'forgive me—oh! forgive me, my dear. I have been mad; some evil spirit held my soul. But he has now left me—never to return. Oh! my poor dear, 'tis I—none other—am the cause of all. Forgive me!'

But for reply, he only stared, with open mouth. Remember that he was entirely possessed with the belief that no other way was open for Sylvia's recovery save through his own death. It was the madness of love. He still thought of the girl, pale, feeble, sitting among her pillows in her arm-chair. There, he had fully persuaded himself, she would sit until his death, when she would instantly recover. Well, he was not yet dead; he had about thirty hours still to live, and yet she was before him, the colour returned to her cheek, and her eyes bright with love and sorrow and self-reproach! Therefore he thought that he was dreaming or gone mad.

'George,' said Sister Katherine, seizing his arm and shaking him, 'have you become blind and deaf and dumb? Why, here is your old sweetheart on her knees before you. Look at her, man—as plain as a pack-saddle. What?—where is now the Lord's will? You must die for Sylvia to recover—must you? Nothing short would serve—oh! nothing short of that. You must die! Oh, for patience!' She shook him again by the arm.

'George!' cried the girl again.

'You must hang for her to get well! 'Twas the Lord's will!' She kept on shaking him with both hands, because Sister Katherine being little, and George being big, all her efforts shook him but little. Look at her, man! Why—is he mad? Does he think she is a ghost? Look, I say—take her hand. Stand up, Sylvia; give him both thy hands. So, stoop down, great FOOL, and kiss thy sweetheart.'

With these words Sister Katherine recalled him to his

senses. He obeyed. He stooped and kissed her—once—twice—thrice—

'Sylvia!' he said, 'what does this mean? In the name of GOD, tell me what does it mean?'

'It means that you will live and not die,' said Sister Katherine. 'Quick! send for the Governor, make submission before it shall be too late. Oh! hasten—hasten!'

'George does not understand, as yet,' said Sylvia, gently. 'Take me out of this noisy place, George; take me to some place where we can talk, and I will tell you what it means.'

He led her to his own cell. 'Twas next to that where lay a murderer doomed to die on the Monday. He was guarded by two warders, and made to live on bread and water. His groans and lamentations could be plainly heard in the next cell. Sister Katherine remained at the door while those hapless lovers talked within. Was there ever heard of so strange a place for the renewing of love as a condemned cell in Newgate?

What they said matters nothing. When they came out, presently, Sylvia's face was full of joy and happiness.

George it was who now looked troubled; he who had hitherto shown no sign of anxiety now trembled in his limbs, and his face showed every mark of eagerness and disquiet—even of terror.

'Well?' said Sister Katherine. 'What shall we say, now, of the Lord's will?'

'I must hasten to accept the King's clemency,' said George. 'Let me see the Governor quickly.'

'The Prebendary is now with him. There will be no delay.'

'I stifle in this place, I cannot breathe. The air chokes me,' he cried, who an hour before had been the most cheerful habitant of the prison. 'The company of these wretches drives me mad. Sylvia! my dear, this place is not proper for thee. Leave me until I can in some fitter spot——'

'Nay, George, what is fit for you is fit for me.'

What more? That evening he sat again in his former room on the State side, with two of his former companions, the Templar and the Oxonian, who were completing their term of imprisonment; his irons were knocked off; he was once more a free man—if that can be called freedom when one is taken to the hulks, there to abide until the next

transport should set sail for the convict settlement across the ocean.

It was about three weeks later that I, being still in Deptford Dockyard, received the news that I was ordered for active service. At the same time I received a letter from the Prebendary, my patron.

'I have been successful,' he told me, 'in procuring your appointment to a company of Marines going out as a guard on a convict ship and as garrison of the convict settlement of Botany Bay. This appointment will at least save you from the dangers of war. I have also made some interest in your behalf with the officers under whom you will serve. You may rely upon lenient treatment and on such consideration as is possible for one in your position. I need not point out to you the necessity of keeping silence on those political opinions—those Republican doctrines—which I hope you have finally abandoned; and I hope I need not exhort you to a cheerful and ready obedience to the rules of the service and the discipline of the ship.

'I have now to convey to you the good news that your sister Sylvia has recovered her health of mind and her strength of body as miraculously and suddenly as she lost them both. This took place two days before that appointed for George's execution. The new aspect of things restored him also to a true sense of his position; he made haste to accept the King's clemency, and is now lying in the hulks awaiting his transportation to the same place whither you are bound. The dock at Redriff which we, in our shortness of vision, expected to make so handsome a provision for him and his family, is now confiscated, and will be sold by the Crown; he himself is transported to the new settlements for the whole term of his natural life. How this will end as regards Sylvia I know not yet; perhaps he may, at some distant date, should he be preserved from the perils which await him, obtain a remission of this sentence; but that will certainly not be yet.

'When your term of service expires you must return straightway. It may be that the righteous anger of your father will then be softened, and that he will be disposed to forgiveness; at present he cannot so much as bear to think that his only son should have been tried for High Treason.

'If an opportunity arrives of sending letters home, do not

fail to keep me acquainted with news of your welfare. Through me you can also communicate with your mother and your sister.

'The settlement whither you are both bound is laid down on the maps as it was examined by the greatest of circumnavigators as part of a prodigious great island or continent, which may very well be considered as the long-sought-for Terra Australis, or southern country, but I know not of what extent is the settlement itself. Should you happily meet George, I hope that you will exhort each other to patience and the endurance of hardships in that foreign land.

'Farewell, my son. I pray that these trials may lead thy heart still upward. Neglect not the duties and discipline of the Church, and amid naked savages, wild beasts, and torrid heats, remain resigned, patient, and of a good heart.'

The ship on which I was placed was the *Golden Grove*, 450 tons, one of the transports purchased by the Government. She had on board a full complement of sailors and a guard of Marines, consisting of the captain, two lieutenants, two sergeants, two corporals, one drummer, and thirty-six privates, of whom I was one. She was fitted for the accommodation of two hundred and five convicts, who were provided with hammocks on the lower deck, slung side by side, so that at night the lying would be closer than is pleasant. As yet the convicts had not come on board, nor any of our officers except a single lieutenant of marines. The *Golden Grove* was one of a fleet of six transports to be convoyed by H.M.S. *Dædalus*, and the number of convicts to be sent out was in all over eight hundred.

When all was ready the prisoners were brought on board from the hulks, where they lay waiting for their embarkation. They came alongside in boats well guarded, and a miserable looking company they were, unshaven, unwashed, pale with their long confinement in prison, ragged, and half fed. Some of them, though we were supposed to take none with us but the able-bodied and the strong, were so reduced that they had to be carried up the companion. Sea-sickness finished off most of them a few days later. My post, while they embarked, was on the top of the ladder, armed with a loaded musket and fixed bayonet. Now, as the men came up one after the other, I espied among them—indeed, I was not surprised at all—none other than George himself. He who had gone through the horrors of the condemned cell with cheerfulness and no

apparent loss of health, now, when there was no longer a gallows at the end, came slowly up the ladder, the pale ghost of himself. Fever was on his brow, and misery in his eyes. The convict companions among whom he had to pass his days and nights shamed him: his exile weighed upon him. He who had faced death cheerfully because he was dying for Sylvia, was now in danger of despair because he was going to the uttermost parts of the earth without her.

'Courage, George!' I whispered as he passed.

He started. He hardly knew me in my uniform—stiff and pipeclayed.

'Do not speak,' I went on. 'Cheer up. We are on board the same ship; we shall find an opportunity; we are bound to the same place.'

'Pass on, prisoners. Pass on——' cried the sergeant.

CHAPTER XXIV

LORD ALDEBURGH

Richard Archer, therefore, left the Precinct, accompanied by his mother, and took boat to the Temple Stairs, carrying such slender baggage as constituted their whole worldly effects. He was now about to commence as fine gentleman—a new trade, and one to which he had never been apprenticed. He first took a decent and respectable lodging in King Street, Covent Garden. Here he placed his mother; he then laid out the greater part of his small stock of money in providing himself with apparel more becoming to his new pretensions than the plain brown coat of the schoolmaster. He returned to the lodging, his hair powdered and tied with a black silk ribbon, a waistcoat of flowered silk, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, a blue coat, and a great muslin cravat, so that he really seemed to be a young gentleman of fortune.

'Mother,' he said, pranking and peacocking about as those do who, for the first time, find themselves in fine clothes, 'am I dressed to your liking?'

'La, Richard!' she replied—the poor woman was but a homely body, as you may understand—'you are fine indeed.' I dare say that, being a personable and straight man, with regular features and black eyes, he did look very fine. 'Who

would think,' she went on, being one of those persons who can never adapt their minds to new circumstances, and are, therefore, awkward in unexpected changes of fortune, 'who would think, my son, that only yesterday you went in homely brown and flourished a cane and flogged the boys?'

'Tut—tut,' he replied, changing colour; 'we must forget yesterday—no matter what I did yesterday. Let me never hear a word of what has been; never a word again, not even in a whisper. Remember, walls have ears; people are curious. Already they are asking who I am and what is my calling. Mind what I say, mother. The past is gone—dead and gone. Mind!—dead and gone and clean forgotten.'

'Very well, Richard. Though if you suppose that I am going to forget how my husband left me to starve with a babe at the breast——'

'The past is gone, mother!—gone and forgotten, I say,' he repeated, raising his voice.

'Nor how I was thankful and glad to get a little work from the ladies of the Hospital——'

'The past is gone, I tell you,' he repeated, with sudden anger.

'Let it go, then. But it can't be forgotten. No, never. Lord! Richard, just so your father would fly out before we were married a week.'

'Just so you provoked him, no doubt,' returned her son, 'letting out things with your silly old tongue. Now, mother, try to understand you are henceforth a lady—yes—you are the Lady Aldeburgh—nothing short of that, and I am the only son of your ladyship. There is no doubt whatever about it.'

The good homely body, who had now lost whatever comeliness she might have had in youth, and looked what she was, a respectable sewing woman, short and thick-set, with a face to suit her figure, was as fit to be a Peeress as to be a Queen. She laughed at the thing.

'Lady or no lady,' she said, 'I am a plain tradesman's daughter, and never thought either to marry above an honest man of my own condition (as I did to the best of my belief) or to sink down to Cat's Hole in the Precinct, there to take in——'

He stamped his foot and swore aloud.

'Have a care, Richard,' she replied, tranquilly, 'have a care, my son. If my husband (who, it seems, is really my husband after all) still lives he will not have changed his

temper, which was as much a part of him as his nose—Old Horny himself hath not such a temper. And if you think to get anything from his generosity you must subdue your temper and go humble.'

'Not I,' said Richard. 'I have had enough of humbleness.'

'As for me, I have lived so long without him that I want nothing from him, not even a noble name. And what—oh! my dear—whatever is the good of being his son if he refuses to own it?'

'There is the Law, mother. The Law of the land shall compel him to own it. Ay! whether he will or no—like it or lump it. There's a law for a nobleman as well as for a poor man. Come to that, I'm a nobleman now.'

'The Law? Oh!' she laughed, like Sarai the incredulous. 'You think that any law of man, or even of God himself, would bind that man? Laws are not made for noblemen. Besides, he was always masterful, and is now, I take it, too powerful to be touched by any law ever made.'

'That we shall see.'

'No—no—if he refuse to own—why, he will certainly refuse—we are no more forwarded than before. Son, be persuaded. Put off those fine clothes—they become you hugely, but they are above our station—and become again a sober schoolmaster and organist. No one plays better, I am sure. Humble thyself to the Chapter, and let us go back to the old place again—where I was comfortable, and we had a good house and enough to eat.'

Her son laughed scornfully.

'Back to the old place again? Back to their insolent airs and their pride?' Thus he spoke of his benefactors. 'No no. Listen, mother. It is now certain that I am nothing less than the Honourable Richard Archer, son of Stephen Lord Aldeburgh, married to you, his first wife being three or four days dead, twenty-three years ago, under his own name of Stephen Archer, described as master-mariner. This can be proved. My friend the Proctor—whom yesterday I should have called my patron, to-day is my friend, and to-morrow shall be my servant—is a sharp and keen man, and has all the evidence in his hands. He is to be paid a great sum when I come into my own. Suppose my father should refuse to acknowledge me, what then? He is old: he is already paralysed, and cannot move his legs: he will before long die.

Then I am the heir to all his estates. That, I say, can be proved. His other property he may give to anyone he pleases ; but his lands are mine—all mine. Fifteen thousand pounds a year, at least—fifteen thousand pounds a year ! Then, you ask, how are we to live meanwhile ? It is not fitting that the heir to so great an estate should live by his own handiwork. No, no ; he must live on his fortune. There are plenty of people in the City, however, will lend me money—all the money I want—on what they call a *post obit*, or reversion. The Proctor himself will procure for me, if necessary, as much as three hundred pounds a year. Think of three hundred—three hundred pounds—a year ! I shall have no less than three hundred pounds a year to live on until my father dies. With swinging interest, I understand. Oh ! yes—swinging interest. Well, the estate will stand it. But I shall not borrow too much. Not I. No, no ; I am a prudent man. Thus I march into the world of fashion, as bold as any of them. I am Mr. Archer, son of Lord Aldeburgh. But the old lord is peevish and stubborn : he will not own me, yet his son, as all the world knows very well, and as like him as one pea is like another. Then I look out for an heiress. There are hundreds of heiresses, all ready and eager to marry a lord, or a man about to become a lord. I am not yet proud ; though, when I get the title, I mean to be as proud as Lucifer. The daughter of an alderman will do for me meanwhile, provided she bring me a plum—a lovely, ripe, and melting plum a hundred thousand clear.' Yet only yesterday this man had been rich on forty pounds a year. 'No one will know anything of the past. That is clean gone. In the Precinct the name of Richard Archer will be forgotten. Out of the Precinct nobody has ever heard of it.'

'No, no,' said his mother. 'Alas ! I wish I could think it would be forgotten. It will be remembered so long as the trial of those poor young gentlemen is remembered.'

'Everyone for himself. Should I hang ? Should I turn King's evidence or should I hang ? Why, I was but just in time. George Bayssallance was about to offer himself, as I heard in the very nick of time.' (Here was a liar for you !) 'And I let him off as easily as I could.' (Another bouncing lie !)

'Is the past forgotten ?' the mother persisted. 'Richard, is that poor girl forgotten—the girl ? Oh, how could you dare to raise your eyes so high ? Who turned your head and made

you hate that young gentleman, and filled your heart with such bitterness, that I wonder you could live?'

'Forgotten? Why, I now marvel that I ever thought of her! A fine rich lady—Court or City madam, I care not—shall be my next; one who can choose and wear her feathers and her lace; such an one as I have seen in these streets. That girl! Why, there are thousands better even in the City! What is she? A girl with pink and white cheeks, and fair, curly hair. Thousands better than Sylvia, even in the City. Her father is but High Bailiff to the Hospital—servant to a Charity. She is neither gentlewoman nor shepherdess; neither citizen's daughter nor of the gentry. She is now clean forgotten and out of my mind. A nobleman that is to be would scorn to marry a woman from the Precinct of St. Katherine's. He would be ashamed to speak of her origin. As lief marry a Wappineer.'

'The better for her, Richard, that she is clean forgotten; for, to say the truth, there is too much of the father in thee to make the happiness of any woman, unless such as are like the walnut-tree, and improve and grow happier with every cuff and kick and savage oath.'

'I am glad there is in me so much of my father; I would be all my father.'

'Ay, but he is a proud man and a hard man.'

'For his pride I honour him; a noble lord ought to be proud. For his hardness, I can be as hard, or harder, and so I shall let him understand. It will all come right when he is dead. You shall then be the Dowager Lady Aldeburgh, and have a hundred servants at your call.'

She shook her head.

'No,' she said, 'I am not fit to become a great lady. I married a plain sailor, as I thought, being myself little better. He must have known from the outset that I had no fine manners. No, no, he meant all along to leave me when he was tired. Then I became a sempstress.'

Her son stamped his foot, and swore at her for a chattering old fool.

'Ay,' said his mother, 'so stamped and roared and swore, so looked your father before you. Could he see you as you are, he could not choose but acknowledge thee to be his son?'

'Well, then, if that is all, he *shall* see me as I am,' said Richard, mollified. 'I will show him that I am indeed his son—all his blood—none of the City puddle in my veins. Ha!

I feel myself every inch a lord. I was born with a contempt of the people around me—from the Prebendary to the Apparitor, I have ever despised them all. Nature will out. Thus do sons still follow their sires, although they know them not.'

There sat all day long in a round or bow window on the first floor of a house in Bond Street a man, now in years, upon whom had fallen the affliction of paralysis. He sat in a chair, his feet propped up on cushions; behind him stood a valet, always ready to obey at a moment; on the table were books, chiefly in the French language, in the reading of which he found his greatest pleasure; there were also cards, in case he chose to play a game with his man; mostly he looked out of the window upon the gay world below, the fine ladies in the chariots, the gentlemen riding and caracolling or lounging along the pavement. He belonged to the world no longer; he had dropped out of it suddenly and without warning, at the age of fifty-five years, and after thirty-five spent in feasting, love-making, dicing, and drinking, except when he was at sea, for he had formerly been a Post Captain in the King's Navy, where he was, I believe, a gallant officer and an able commander.

While he was well, Lord Aldeburgh had many companions. One who is rich and lavish can command companions. There are many men in London, I am told, who live—or rather prey—upon those who are rich and lavish; feast with them; win their money at cards; receive gifts from them; the trade of parasite has never, since great men began, been without its followers. His lordship freely gave to them, his parasites, suppers and feasts; he was a generous patron of all those people who live by making amusement for the great: such as jockeys, horse-trainers, cock-fighters, prize-fighters, singing men and women, dancing women, actors, painters, sculptors, and the like. But he had now few friends, because his temper was notorious. Men do not willingly enter into close friendship with the possessor of such a temper. Such friendships too often end in the Field of Forty Footsteps. Therefore, when Lord Aldeburgh was stricken with paralysis, such people as these playing and racing folk, to whom he had been so good a patron, were sincerely and deeply grieved; the noble army of parasites were truly afflicted; but of friends who came to the sick man's room there were few indeed. Those who did come reported that his lordship's temper had now grown worse

than ever ; that he lay in a rage which knew neither beginning nor end ; that he cursed and swore by night as well as by day.

Concerning the life of pleasure and the fashionable world, I know nothing. Rumours have reached my ears in the Precinct, which is far removed from that giddy throng ; but I know nothing certain. Yet I can very well understand that one to whom earthly joys are all in all would be like unto Tantalus standing in his stream and catching at the flowing water with dry lips and parched throat, when he could no more enjoy any of them ; when the only thing left for him was to sit at the window and watch the gay procession, and remember the past, when he too had formed a part, and pranked it with the best.

Lord Aldeburgh presented in his appearance a wonderful resemblance to Richard Archer, allowance being made for the difference of years. His face was filled out now, his cheeks red, and his nose, which had formerly been straight and narrow, had now broadened. His eyes were black and piercing ; his mouth was firm, and his chin square. He had been tall, but, as you have heard, he could no longer stand.

It was nearly noon, and a clear day, although the month was November ; the sunshine fell warm and bright upon the street below, filled with dandies and fine ladies. The old lord lay back in his chair grumbling and growling. On the table before him was a book by one of the French philosophers.

The door was pushed open gently, and one of his valets walked noiselessly across the thick carpet, bearing a letter on a silver tray.

'The gentleman waits your lordship's pleasure,' said the man.

Lord Aldeburgh opened the letter.

'My Lord,—The bearer is the young gentleman concerning whom I have already had the honour to communicate with your lordship. I venture to remind your lordship of your permission that he should wait upon you personally.

'I remain, my Lord, your obedient servant,

'Aaron Teller,

'*Proctor, Solicitor, and Attorney-at-Law.*'

'Well,' said Lord Aldeburgh, 'I promised the man —I was curious to find out what kind of creature—— I will see him. Tell him he may come upstairs. Do you wait outside. I will ring the bell when I want you.'

The gentleman who entered the room as the valet left it was none other than our friend Richard Archer, dressed as you have seen. He bowed low and stood waiting to be addressed. But he stood his ground courageously, as one who is not embarrassed or afraid.

'Well, sir,' said his lordship, after looking at him curiously for a few moments, 'why have you come to me?'

'I have come to pay my respects to my father, whom I have at last discovered.'

'Dutiful boy. Wise, too, above the generality of mankind.'

'Your lordship has heard the history of my mother, and what befel her when you deserted her.'

'So we can use plain words as well as pay respects, can we?'

'Plain words are best,' said Archer, with some dignity. 'I am not come as a beggar. My lawyer has completed the proofs of my case. If your lordship acknowledges me so much the better for me—and for you and everybody. Then the story will not be made public. If you do not, so much the worse for me—and for your memory, because the story will be told after your death.'

'You crow too loud, young sir.' But he did not fall into a rage; he even smiled.

'Not so, my lord, with submission. I do but state my case plainly. Permit me to go on. I am in hopes that you may acknowledge me before all the world as your son and heir, born in wedlock. I am told that your temper is irritable: on that point I am your equal—I am my father's son. Nay,' he stepped forward into the full light of the window. 'Look at me—whose son am I? My father shows in every feature—in my voice, in my eyes, in my shape—whose son am I?'

Lord Aldeburgh leaned his chin upon his hand and gazed upon his face and figure as one examines a horse put up for sale. Then he laughed gently.

'Why,' he said, 'if looks go for anything in this world, I dare say you are, indeed, my son. I recognise in your face more than something of my own. Why not my son? Yet, Mr. Richard Archer, that is a long way from being my lawful heir and successor. A very long way, young gamecock. The inheritance, you will find, is quite another thing.'

'Acknowledge me to be your son, my lord, and the rest I can myself manage.'

'After my death, you mean. Well, everyone who has rank and wealth expects heirs, and those who would be heirs if they could : it is natural that these should most ardently desire the death of the man from whom they will inherit. You will advance a claim to legitimacy after my death. Very good. I see no reason why that promise—or threat—should move me in the least.'

'I say, my lord, only acknowledge me to be your own son, and the rest can wait. You will have a son who will obey you in all things reasonable. If you swear at him, he will swear in return ; he will give you like for like ; he will not be afraid of you, but he will do his best to meet your wishes and to keep you amused. Do this, my lord, and you will never regret it.'

'You are the son of a certain London girl—daughter of a poulterer or a pepperer or a saddler—I know not what—who went through a form of marriage——'

'A real marriage ——'

'With me in a City church. I remember her. She had a pretty face, but no manners, and a tongue that never stopped.'

'Does your lordship desire to see my mother again ?'

He shuddered. 'What ? See a woman whom I fancied for a month twenty years ago and more ? See that woman again ? Name her not, young man. What is your Christian name ?'

'Richard.'

'What have you been doing ? How living ?'

'I would not presume to inquire into your lordship's way of life, and since you deserted me and have done nothing for my education, my maintenance, or my present position '—his lordship smiled at the word—'I submit with respect that you have no right to inquire into my way of life.'

'This is very true. As I knew not that I had a son I could not educate or maintain him. Nevertheless, when one is asked to acknowledge a son—you are perhaps an apprentice to this pepperer or saddler.'

'I am no 'prentice, my lord.'

'You may be a highwayman for aught I know.'

'I am no highwayman. I am a scholar. I have been educated by Churchmen in the hope of myself entering into Holy Orders.' This, I take it, was a figurative way of putting the truth.

'Pray do not let me stand in the way of so laudable an ambition.'

'I have abandoned that hope.'

'You have studied at Oxford or Cambridge?'

'No, my lord, my slender means forbade. My utmost ambition was to obtain Holy Orders through the interest of friends, and so get a curacy or evening lecture—a humble ambition, so long as I knew not my parentage.'

'Humph! I suppose you are surrounded by low companions and friends?'

'I have never been able to afford to consort with gentlemen, and with the baser kind I would not consort—I have no companions and no friends. None, that is, who will hinder me or keep me down, or make me ashamed of the past.'

His lordship kept looking at him steadily and curiously. 'I *believe* you are my son,' he said. 'I repeat that I believe so much. As to being my lawful son—well—that is different. What have you learned? What can you do? How do I know whether I shall tolerate you about me? There are not many whom I endure near me. I am exacting. I want to be pleased. What are your arts or accomplishments, if you have any?'

'I confess, my lord, that I am ignorant of the polite world. But I can learn its manners. Meantime, I am not without accomplishment. I can play cards with you, if you want amusement. I can read French to you, if you want reading. I can play or sing to you. Would you like to hear me?'

'In my youth I loved music and excelled in it. I am now old, and my fingers are stiff. You may play me something.'

There was a harpsichord in the room. Richard Archer sat down and struck the keys with a masterly hand. Then he sang a song—one of the old rollicking love-ditties which used to be popular.

When he had finished, Lord Aldeburgh nodded, still looking thoughtfully. Richard Archer rose. He saw lying on a chair a violin-case. He opened it, and took out the violin. 'Ah!' he said, 'this is a finer instrument than I have ever had in my hands before.' He began to tune it. 'I will now play your lordship a very different thing.'

He did: he played some piece which he had learned, I know not where—some piece of Italian music, full of passion and of tenderness. When he had finished he made a low bow, holding the violin in one hand and the bow in another.

'Ah!' said his lordship, 'it is long since I heard that piece.

Hark ye, Mr. Richard Archer: I like your music. Sit down opposite me—there. You are poor, I suppose?'

'Your lordship is always right.'

'Such playing as this should, with some further tuition, make thee fit to play in concerts and operas. Would that suit your ambition?'

'My lord, I would be a gentleman.'

'You want money? Of course you want money.' He lugged out his purse, which, not because he wanted it, but from old habit, he kept full. 'Here is all I have with me. I think there are ninety guineas.'

Richard's eyes sparkled. Ninety guineas! He bowed, and took the purse.

'Does that content you?'

'By no means, my lord. I would be a gentleman.'

'I will give you more money if you will come and play to me often. Oh! I can get musicians, singing women, dancing women—what not—to amuse me. I will pay you instead.'

Richard bowed.

'Your lordship means that you can command me. But—I wish to be a gentleman.'

'If you will play cards with me I will give you more money. If you will talk to me—but you know nothing about polite society.'

'Nothing at all. It will be an amusement for your lordship to instruct me; it will help to make me a gentleman.'

Lord Aldeburgh inclined his head gravely, never taking his eyes from the young man's face.

'Well, what will satisfy you? I would willingly do something for you, short of——. But that you cannot expect. What is the least that will satisfy you?'

'For the present your recognition. Let the world know that I am your son; let them think, if you please, that I am your natural son; with that, for the time, I shall be well content. Then I can be received as a gentleman.'

'Have your own way, then. Call yourself my son. It will not hurt me if a dozen young men call themselves my sons, so long as they do not also call themselves my heirs.'

His lordship rang the small silver bell that stood on the table.

'Tell the people,' he spoke to his valet, 'that this young gentleman is my son—you hear?—my son.' The man bowed respectfully. 'He must receive the respect due to—my son.

He will have a room here if he pleases. He will come and go as he pleases. You will obey his orders as if they were my own. Richard Archer, if you please, you can call yourself the son of a nobleman. You can imagine to yourself that this makes you a gentleman. Are you content?'

He held out his hand, and his son rose and took it, bending low.

CHAPTER XXV

SISTER KATHERINE FINDS OUT

'LORD ha' mercy! who would dream, Sylvia, that you were at death's door for six long months and more?'

'Was it so long, Sister Katherine?'

'So thin that a body could see through you, as they say, and so feeble that you could hardly stand, and never without tears in your eyes and despair in your face; and now you are rosy and strong, and can sing again and laugh, although we have lost the boys, and your lover has gone out to the other end of the world, and will be eaten by cannibals, for all you know.'

'Sister, I laugh and sing, because whatever has happened to them, all will come right in the end—I know it.'

'Has old Margery foretold it?'

'Nay, I have not gone to the fortune-teller. Nevertheless I am assured. Yet a year or two, and all will be well.'

'Tell me, child, if you can, what caused it? For out of this trouble sprang all the rest.'

'I know not, indeed. I was as one encompassed with an evil spirit, so that I could neither say nor do the things which I wished. I was, I say, possessed by an evil spirit. That is certain. But Dame Margery knows more than most about it. I like not to think of that time. I cannot look behind me. It terrifies me. I look forward. George—I say to myself—will come back again. Somehow, we shall all be happy yet.'

There was certainly room for improvement in the point of happiness. An abiding sadness now lay upon the two families affected by the events already narrated. The Lieutenant, always a silent man, now sat in gloom; he could neither forgive his son nor could he find it in his heart to condemn him,

seeing that he had been touched in his mind, and was not himself. Moreover, he had been heavily punished. Yet, his own son was a rebel and a traitor; he had been tried and sentenced as such; he was close to hanging, almost as close as any man ever was; this disgrace affected him profoundly; it was a family disgrace.

Observe. The family named Bayssallance has lived in St. Katherine's Precinct for two hundred and fifty years. It has hardly ever left this part of London; it is not connected with any great house, or even with the substantial merchants of the City; the Lieutenant, who bore His Majesty's Commission, was the first of the family who could write himself gentleman. The disgrace to the family could, therefore, be felt by few or none, except himself and Sister Katherine. Nobody in the Precinct heeded any disgrace; nay, I think that the humble folk in their ignorance thought it was a great day for the House of Bayssallance when one of their number was put up to a public trial on such a grand charge as that of High Treason. Many of them went in daily danger of a trial for theft—which also led to the gallows. But High Treason—Rebellion—that was another thing!

Again, the family named Comines, or De Comines, commonly called Cummins, was equally unknown outside the Precinct, where they, too, had lived for two hundred and fifty years. Such disgrace as was involved in my own trial was felt by none outside the walls of the Hospital. Yet they were all disgraced.

'It is not, Lieutenant,' said my father, 'the exile of the boys that weighs upon me. In that respect they are little worse than when you went to fight His Majesty's battles. It is the family disgrace.'

'It is the family disgrace, Mr. Comines.'

'If I walk abroad, the people look after me. When I visit the City, which is not often, they turn to look upon a man whose son is a traitor. Last week I was as far west as Charing Cross. Even there they pointed to me as the father of a traitor.'

The Lieutenant nodded gloomily. It was the disgrace—the family disgrace—that he felt.

'Sylvia, child,' said Sister Katherine, 'what made you say, just now, that the old woman, Margery Habbijam, knew more than most?'

'Because she comes and looks upon me curiously; and she asks me questions as to when the fit left me, when I ceased to feel the oppression, and the like. And she asks if all is as it was before with me, meaning if I am in the same mind as regards George. Then she nods her head and winks, and says that since he has gone away all will be well.'

'Who is he?'

'I know not; but she knows.'

'If Margery Habbijam knows anything about it, she will have to tell me,' said Sister Katherine, resolutely; 'I will tear it out of her.'

She walked to the Wise Woman's house in Helmet Court. It was in the morning, when the old woman sat for the most part alone with her pipe and her cards.

'Dame,' said Sister Katherine, 'I am come to ask a question.'

'Is it of the future or of the present?' asked the witch. 'Shall I tell you, Madam, of the safety of your nephew and Master Nevill? Last night I inquired of the cards, and I found they were in a storm. I inquired further, and I learned that they will get through safely, and presently land on the foreign coast.'

'Never mind your fortune-telling, though you may be as wise as a wisp and as cunning as Captain Drake. Come, dame, they say you know one point more than the Devil. Tell me, and tell me true, who bewitched Sylvia Comines?'

The old woman made no reply.

'Tell me, I say, who did the mischief? Bewitched she was. Of that there is no doubt, whatever they say. A girl does not fall into a fit of loathing, and remain in it against her will for six months, and sink into the very jaws of death, and then suddenly recover and be strong again in a single day, by any natural disorder. Sylvia says you know more about it than most. Well, I have had my suspicions all along. Out with it, therefore. If you think to escape, you will find you have put your dish at the wrong man's door. No, no. I've got this crow to pluck with you. Ease your mind, therefore, and out with all.'

'What should I know about the girl's fancies?'

'Hark ye, dame, it is an open shame—and one that should be looked into—that in a religious foundation like St. Katherine's a witch should be suffered to live. This, I say, must be seen into. Thou art old now, and to turn thee out of the

Precinct—yea, and out of the parts around the Precinct, which might also be done—would deprive thee of thy daily bread. Look to it, therefore.'

'You are hard on me, madam,' said the dame. 'You are cruel hard. What have I to do with Sylvia Comines? I have never so much as wished harm to that poor child.'

'Clear thyself, therefore. Nay, now I think of it, the High Bailiff himself shall deal with the case in our Ecclesiastical Court, which is ordered and provided for all such offences against Holy Church. It cannot be denied that for many years thy livelihood hath been that of a witch, or wise woman. This may be winked at by the law, but it is not allowed. The Clink of the Precinct has not seen a prisoner within its walls for many years, but still it stands, and there is still a servant of the Hospital called the gaoler. Think, therefore.'

'The man who did it is gone away. He will do no more harm. But if he knew that I had told, there might be more mischief—oh, much more. He is a bad and wicked man; he has no fear of the Lord.'

'Who is the man?'

'Richard Archer,' she replied, thus driven into a corner out of which there was no escape.

'What had Richard Archer to do with Sylvia?'

'He fell in love with her, and she was promised to another man—and she was too high for him at that time.'

'Hoity-toity! Richard Archer, the schoolmaster, fall in love with the daughter of Mr. Comines? Heard one ever the like? What did Sylvia say to this?'

'She said nothing. She knew and suspected nothing.'

'Well. But even if he ventured to think such thoughts—fancy is free—though from golden dreams we wake up hungry, and hasty climbers have sudden falls, and the higher gets the ape the more he shows his tail—yet a cat may look at a king; well, if she knew nothing, no harm was done.'

'Nay, but he fell into envy and hatred. He hated everybody about the girl—the man whom she loved, her brother, her father, her friends.'

'Oh! And it was for this that he turned King's evidence—the villain!'

'Nay, more, madam,' said the old witch, earnestly. 'It was this man, Archer—Richard Archer himself—and none other, bewitched the girl, if you call that witchcraft, which

was only the Evil Eye. Yes, Evil Eye and Evil Heart—nothing but that.'

'What do you mean?' cried Sister Katherine, startled. 'What is that?'

Margery told her what you have heard already.

I have said before, and again I say it, that I do not believe in this alleged witchcraft of any man's eye; nor can I believe that the Lord would entrust any man, even the most saintly, with such power, by the exercise of which he might overwhelm the people around him—nay, his town, his country, the whole world—where shall we stop?—in ruin and destruction.

Yet it is true that the first fit into which Sylvia fell corresponds with the time when this man learned the secret (or thought he learned it) of his dreadful power to work mischief. I say again, I cannot believe it. Think of being born with the power to cause evil—evil perpetually—as much evil and disaster as you please—but never any good whatever! This—apart from the agonies of the flames—is to be damned. Nothing less. I cannot believe it; yet the time corresponded. Also, it was not until then that disaster fell upon George, or upon me, who might have continued unmolested and unsuspected in my obscure club of Snugs. And the end of it—the reprieve, the King's clemency, and Sylvia's recovery—also strangely corresponded. Yet, I cannot believe it.

'I am in amazement,' said Sister Katherine. 'What? Richard Archer the cause of all? Why not tell us at once?'

'Because I could prove nothing. Who would have believed me?'

'Richard Archer! I remember him, a barefoot boy, sitting on a door-step. Richard Archer!'

So one might remember a torch when it was but a bit of resinous pine; yet it has burned down a great cathedral.

'Evil Eye and Evil Heart,' said the old woman.

'I cannot believe it. The thing is monstrous.'

'Yet it is true. Madam,' said Dame Margery, 'we have been wise women, from mother to daughter, for six generations at least. I learned the signs of Evil Eye long ago; yet never before have I met a case. It is rare in this country. Yet——'

'Evil Eye! How can one believe that a man with such a fatal power would use it with such wickedness?'

'Richard Archer is now another man,' the dame conclu-

ded. 'He is in prosperity. His father, who is a great lord, hath recognised him. He will be the heir—at least, I hear as much. His mother, your honour's needlewoman, is now, I suppose—for I have not heard how she fares—a fine madam, and may call herself "ladyship," if she so pleases. He now wishes evil to no one. Nay, if he wished ill to Sylvia again, nothing would come of it, because he has gone away. She is no longer within his power.'

'I am in amazement,' said Sister Katherine. 'I know not what to say, nor what to think. Richard Archer a great man! Richard Archer to have the power—what do you call it?—the power of the Evil Eye! And we who sat in the church every Sunday to hear him play! Why, the Devil himself——' Here she stopped, overwhelmed.

'What think you now, madam? Had I not cause to say, when I did say it, that they who caused might cure? Would their reverences of the Chapter House believe me if I were to tell them this story?'

Sister Katherine rose slowly.

'I know not what to think,' she replied: 'except, as the old saw says, "God is still where He was before."'

CHAPTER XXVI

PARAMATTA

Two years and a half elapsed before any letters or news from England reached us. Ships arrived bringing out more convicts: we learned by them the progress of the war, of which there seemed to promise no ending; of private news or letters we had none.

The settlement of Sydney (wrongly spoken of as Botany Bay) lies in a part of the world as remote from the British shores, unless it be some island of the Pacific Ocean, as can anywhere be found. That is reckoned a fair voyage when no more than eight months are spent at sea; our own voyage out took eight months and a half. One sails, indeed, half round the world when one goes to Australia. This is a very great undertaking, and we may admire the ingenuity of man in devising a machine so perfectly adapted to its purpose as a ship which shall traverse this vast extent of water with no more

risk than that of storm or sunken rock, and which shall carry on board provisions for three hundred men during this long period.

One cannot pretend that a voyage on board a convict transport is the most agreeable mode of travelling; nor that one would choose the rank and position of a private in the regiment of Royal Marines for such a voyage; but some of those on board the *Golden Grove* had no choice—of these, I was one. My lot might have been harder, for I might, like George, have had to herd with the wretches whom we were conveying to a condition as near slavery as the laws of the country will allow.

The chief duty of the Marines was to guard the ship, to preserve order, and to keep the convicts in safety. We were on guard day and night; when the convicts were taking the air on deck the guard was trebled; on the quarter-deck three carronades were placed loaded with grape and commanding the whole deck; the officers of the ship, as well as the Marines, went about their work armed with pistol and hanger; the sentries had loaded guns and fixed bayonets. There were but six-and-thirty Marines for this service, so that—with the polishing of arms and accoutrements, and such drill as was held on board—there was not much time for repining over hardships. Nay, I felt no hardships; there were none of which a young fellow could complain; I have already explained how my officers had been influenced in my behalf; I was neither bullied nor treated with more severity than the rest; and, as for companions, mine were the most honest fellows in the world; some were veterans, who took out their wives and families, and intended to make the Settlement their home; some were young fellows—country lads—drafted upon this service. Those who proposed to become settlers were full of hope: the climate of Australia, they said, was beautiful; the soil was fertile beyond all belief; it was a land of plenty; it was another Canaan.

The provisions on board were wholesome and abundant; salt junk, pork, and biscuit do very well for hungry men at sea; one quickly learns to relish the ration of rum. When we put in at Santa Cruz and at the Cape of Good Hope, we took on board fresh water, vegetables, fruit, and fish. Sometimes we hooked a shark; we had no scurvy on board during the whole voyage, nor any sickness, except among the convicts, some of whom came on board rotten already, and ripe

for death. And for the most part we had fine weather. If I try to recollect the voyage, I find in my mind a memory of smooth ocean, but with a roll upon it, of a ship under full sail softly gliding over the water, of blue skies and a hot sun. One day is exactly like another. On the quarter-deck stand the captain of the ship and the Captain of Marines; one or two lieutenants or midshipmen are with them; the three carronades point their mouths at the deck below; and in the waist the convicts are lying or sitting about, ragged and dirty, unshaven and unwashed. Some of them are wounded, because they quarrel down below, and have fierce fights. After a spell of fresh air they go below, and another batch comes up. And so on all day long. When night arrives they go below and are made safe till the next morning. There cannot be anywhere a more horrible place than the convicts' quarters at night on a transport. They are left in the dark, secured; in the tropics the heat is stifling and insupportable; the talk is of nothing but of past villainies, each man making himself out to be the worst man on board the ship; or, if he can, the very wickedest man in the whole world. They were brought on board from the hulks, which surely contain the finest school of wickedness ever created for the service of the Devil. They were mostly lost to any feelings of decency; they made each other worse; their language was as ribald as their actions were wicked. I had seen the common felon's side and the Press Yard of Newgate, but these transported convicts were far worse than even the sturdy rogues and gin-sodden drabs of that horrible prison.

There is a dreadful uniformity, I have learned, in such voyages as this. At some time or other a few of the more desperate form a plot to seize the ship; it is always discovered in time, and the ringleaders are flogged or hanged. Two years before I went out, there was a ship, the *Albemarle*, on board of which the plot actually went as far as a rising of the convicts and a fight with the crew; this was owing to the treachery of a sailor who gave the men a file to get rid of their irons—the ringleader was wounded in the shoulder by the Captain, who fired his blunderbuss at him; the rest were driven below, and the next day two were hanged. On board the *Golden Grove* the conspiracy got very little way, because George himself, who had been invited to join in it, publicly revealed the whole plot. It was after we left the Cape of Good Hope, the time being forenoon. I was on guard on the

quarter-deck, the convicts were in their place, the day was bright and fine, with a fresh breeze and a rolling sea.

Suddenly a man among the convicts stood up. It was George. He called the Bo'sun.

'Hark ye,' he said, 'I must speak with the Captain.'

'Must ye? Ah, must ye, then? You to speak with the Captain? Sit quiet, or the Captain will speak to your bare back, ye mutinous scoundrel.'

'If I were to be flogged for it, I must speak!'

One of the officers overheard this, and ordered the man to be brought aft. So he came and told the officer what he had to say.

The plot was ready, and would that day have been attempted. What need to tell the old story? There were four men who were the leaders. They proposed to seize the arms, kill the officers, and drive the crew and the Marines overboard, unless they submitted and joined. These men, their guilt clearly proved, were tied up, and had two hundred lashes each. After this example we had no further trouble, but this circumstance procured George his freedom. He could not very well be sent back among the convicts, who would have murdered him the moment he set foot among them. The Captain of the Marines, therefore, who was in charge of the convicts, consented that he should be placed, being a good sailor, in the fo'ksle, and rated as an able seaman. To this he was the more inclined as I had already told my friend, the Sergeant, something of his history, and how it was from love and madness that he fell into trouble. So George put off very willingly his convict garb, and continued until the end of the voyage as a common sailor, and a most handy, willing sailor he proved. From time to time, but not often, I had private speech with him, and I found that though he bore his lot with fortitude, he no longer showed the cheerfulness which had marked his demeanour when he thought himself called upon to die for the sake of Sylvia. He now cursed his own folly and the credulity which caused him to fall an easy prey to the villain who compassed his destruction, whereas, if he had possessed his soul in patience, Sylvia would have returned to him, the fit of madness spent, his mistress and his sweetheart once more.

We sailed from London at the end of December. It was in August or September that we arrived at Port Jackson, where lies the Settlement called Sydney, in New South Wales,

which is a part of the great island (or the continent) of Australia. Strange though it sounds to our ears, this time of year is in that climate (where everything is upside down or reversed) the depth of winter, but such a winter as we cannot imagine—a winter without frost or snow—when the sun is warm all day, and only the nights are cold. If August is winter, November is spring, and Christmas is summer.

The Settlement of Sydney is as yet wholly inhabited by convicts (those whose terms have expired and continue here as settlers) and a few old Marines, who have no wish to leave a place so delightful both for situation and for climate. It lies on the south side of the great creek which here runs inland ; a noble piece of water, with beautiful bays, hanging woods, rising grounds, capes, and headlands. The place was first settled five years before we landed. It had by this time well-nigh surmounted its early difficulties ; there was no longer fear of famine ; the country was planted ; there were many farms, and already a good show of live stock. But the majority of the people are transported convicts. They are not kept in prisons (except the unruly and the hardened), but scattered about in cottages and on farms. There is among them a great deal of crime ; floggings are administered every day, and no one is allowed to forget that he is in a penal settlement. This, and nothing else, makes the colony sad to those who live in it ; for I do not think that anywhere in the world can there be an air more delightful ; warm, yet not enfeebling ; breezes purer or fresher ; a soil more fertile ; fields and gardens more smiling, when once the settler has cleared the surface and ploughed the earth.

Natives there are—native blacks who cannot be tamed, and who spear any white man they find straggling in the woods. But these (like foxes at home) come not near the settled parts. Wild creatures are there—none to hurt, but plenty of curious creatures and strange birds. In the woods there are a great quantity of snakes, and these are said to be venomous, yet did I never hear of anyone dying in consequence of a bite from them ; whereas, to my certain knowledge, a worthy citizen of London, some years ago, lost his life from the bite of a viper on Hampstead Heath ; thus you may see that some dangers at home are equal to those abroad. Other inconveniences are there none, unless a certain hot wind which prevails in the summer may be counted.

This Settlement is surely the most lovely of all the outposts

of Great Britain. It stands alone on a coast which Captain Cook has explored, and none but he; the untrodden beach stretches a thousand miles north and a thousand miles south; behind it lies a great unknown forest in which many men have lost their lives; behind the forest lies—one knows not what—the interior of the great island, which may contain, for all we know, people with a civilisation, with arts, even with a religion, all their own.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the convicts, on first landing, are always trying to escape. Once five men seized a boat, and stole away 'at night' 'twas said; they intended to make Otaheite, where Cook's sailors found hospitality so unbounded. They were never heard of again. Then one Bryant, with a dozen others, including a woman and two children, escaped in a boat; they got to Timor in safety, and were there put on board an English ship, but Bryant and eight of the others died of their sufferings. Once, a whole party of thirty walked out into the woods, intending (such was their ignorance) to walk to China! Most of them perished miserably, but a few were picked up and brought back, well-nigh starved.

Those who do not try to escape are prone to theft and drunkenness. They steal everything; the vegetables in the Governor's garden, the Indian corn before it is cut, the fruit on the trees; they break open the stores and steal the rum, and indeed everything else.

The things they steal they exchange, or try to exchange for drink. They start stills to make rum for themselves; they collect gum in the woods, and shells by the sea-shore, and offer them to the sailors of transports for rum.

Their dress consists—for the men—of an Osnaburg frock and trousers, yarn stockings, a hat and shoes; and for the women, of a cloth petticoat, a coarse shift, yarn stockings, and shoes; they have allowances and rations from the public stores; they have to do a certain amount of daily labour; they lived at first in huts, built of the cabbage-tree, and afterwards, in wooden-frame houses, thatched with grass of the gum-rush. But before we arrived they had begun the making of bricks.

When a man becomes a settler, that is to say, takes up a piece of ground and begins to farm it, he receives a plot of about thirty acres; if he is a Marine whose time has expired, he gets from eighty to two hundred acres, according to his rank. And these men, when they are industrious and sober,

are now fast becoming wealthy, as they have long since been independent. I can conceive of no happier condition for a man than to be the owner of a farm large enough to keep him and his family in comfort and plenty. There is no money as yet among these settlers. May God long postpone the day when the town of Sydney shall become great and rich!

You must not think that George, on arriving in this country, was treated like an ordinary criminal, and made to work in a gang. Not at all. The Governor sent for him, and informed him that he must not expect any reversal of his sentence, that he must make up his mind to living in the colony, but that he should, if he were wise, make the best of it.

He therefore offered him a piece of ground of some thirty or forty acres, very fine ground, lying in that part of the creek where the new settlement or township, called at first Rose Hill, and afterwards by the native name of Paramatta, is situated. He also offered to assist him at the commencement with seeds and instruments.

George accepted the offer with gratitude. He exchanged the anchor for the plough, and became a farmer; and since he was one of those men who bring to every task of life the utmost zeal, he became a very good farmer indeed, and now has one of the largest farms in the colony, well stocked with cattle, sheep, and poultry of all kinds, with orchards and fruit-trees and gardens, with fields arable and pasture, and with farm-buildings which would delight even a yeoman of Essex. I suppose some of the convicts, his servants, must have taught him the art of agriculture, because, up to the moment when he accepted the grant of land, he had never, I believe, so much as seen a plough, or handled a spade, or wielded a flail.

I have said that it was two years and a half from the day that we left Great Britain before any news came to us from home. Others received letters, even the convicts, but to George or to myself there came none.

At that time I was stationed at Paramatta, where there were a good many convicts, and a company of Marines. At the time when the letter came with the joyful news which I am about to tell you, I was off duty, and sitting, in the hot afternoon (for it was in January), under the shade of the verandah (which is a sort of linney or lean-to in front of a house, put up for shade) of George's cottage. The day was drowsy, and I lay half asleep, listening to the grinding of the

wheel at which George, his shirt sleeves rolled up, was sharpening his axe. Thus to sit idly in the shade while the pleasant heat warms a man through and through, and when one has had an abundant dinner and there is no work to be done before sundown, is happiness in itself. Such genial warmth we can never feel at home, where it is only hot for about three days, and before we have grown accustomed to the change there comes a thunderstorm, and it is again cold and damp.

Why, what punishment is it for a man to be sent into such a country with such a climate? It should be a reward; we should keep our most gloomy islands, our Shetlands and Orkneys and Hebrides, for our convicts, and this lovely country, these soft airs, this fertile soil, and this land of milk and honey, we should keep for the honest and industrious; we should make them yeomen in the new land.

Alas! there can be but little wisdom in a people whose statesmen thus bestow the choicest gifts and blessings which the Lord hath placed in their hands upon the most worthless. Yet with every transport there never failed to arrive three or four honest artificers as settlers, free and worthy men, from whom there will surely spring a sturdy stock. And as for these convicts, the worst of them die quickly, their bodies being corrupted by evil courses and strong drink, the worst that can be made. Those who settle in the place, and marry and live soberly, must be held to have redeemed their characters, and so are the equals of those who have always been free.

While, therefore, I was lying thus, half asleep, there came to the cottage the Captain's orderly, with a summons for me. I arose quickly, put on my stock, which for coolness I had thrown off, buckled my belt and followed, wondering what the Captain wanted me for, half afraid that there might have been some infraction of discipline. The Captain was sitting at his ease in a long chair made of canes, more like a bed than a chair. He rose, however, and took from the table a great sheet of written paper with a seal upon it.

'Private Comines,' he said, 'I have a communication from His Excellency the Governor. Here is the essential part of it.' He read from the paper :—

'In consideration of the said Nevill Comines' youth, and of his previous good character, His Gracious Majesty the King has consented to remit the remainder of the term for which the said Nevill Comines is now serving in the regiment of Royal Marines, and to allow the said Nevill Comines to return

to his own home, or to reside in any part of His Majesty's dominions that he may choose; always provided that His Majesty's service suffers no detriment by the retirement of the said Nevill Comines, and that his commanding officer shall have power, should the service require, to retain the said Nevill Comines in the force.'

'That is the communication which His Excellency sends to me; I could, I believe, insist upon keeping you by the terms of this document, and indeed I am loth to suffer so excellent a soldier, and so well-behaved a man, whose example has proved of great benefit, to depart. But I will not stand in your way. You are no longer a Royal Marine. Go to Sydney, get a civilian dress; pay your respects to His Excellency, and depart in peace as soon as the ship leaves port.'

I stood stupefied.

'Since you are no longer under my command, Mr. Nevill Comines,' the Captain continued, 'I may now shake hands with you as one gentleman with another.' He very kindly did so. 'I have next to give you a packet which also arrived in the mail. I hope, sir, that it contains good news. When you have put off your uniform I shall be very glad of your company to crack a bottle.'

So, I was free.

I ran to tell the good news to George.

'I am released, George,' I cried. 'I can quit the service and go home—I am pardoned.'

'And I?' he asked.

We are selfish creatures. I thought only of my own freedom.

CHAPTER XXVII

LETTERS FROM HOME

'You are free, at least, lad,' said George after a moment. 'You will go home, and I—I must remain here for the whole term of my natural life. The place is a paradise; I have all that a man can ask, but for one thing, and that turns heaven into hell.'

There was no word of comfort or of consolation to be said; for the one thing which was wanted—how could that be attained?

Then I opened the packet given to me by the Captain; there were one, two, three, four, five letters in it, two for George and three for myself.

The first was from the Prebendary.

'My dear Nevill,' he said, 'you should receive this letter, unless the ship founders on the ocean, about the same time, or shortly after the good news which the Governor of the Settlement, or your commanding officer, will have communicated to you.'

'Your pardon has been obtained, not without difficulty, because other and more heinous offenders have been tried for similar incitements to sedition, and the temper of the country against all such is strong, and growing, thank God, stronger. Nevertheless, through the good offices of the Master of St. Katherine's and the favourable report received from the Governor of your Settlement, we have at length obtained permission for you to leave the service and to return home.

'We have been equally anxious to obtain pardon for George, but hitherto without avail. It has been decided, one must admit with wisdom, that a young man so hot-headed as to lead a party of rioters, crying out for the downfall of the King, is best bestowed in a place where he will not be again tempted, and where, should he unhappily be tempted and fall, he will certainly be hanged. Therefore, inform George that he must resign himself to continuing where he is, and must make the best of it. From the last advices' (we had both written letters home to which no answer had come) 'it appears that he is in good condition, flourishing in worldly affairs, and in good heart. Therefore, I am under little anxiety concerning him. Should he obtain a pardon and come home, what would he do? He must go back to his old trade and begin that again, for the Crown hath confiscated his property. Oak Apple Dock, that possession which was to make his fortune and enable him to marry and live as a respectable and substantial citizen, is now sold to another man. See how the plans of mortals are destroyed. Sylvia, poor child! already saw herself the wife of such a man, sober, worthy, respected by all. I, who have no children of my own, and therefore love the children of my neighbours, thought to increase their happiness by gifts of my own; I would present George with the redemption of his Livery in my own Company: I would be godfather to their children, and re-

member them in my last Will and Testament. Now, what can I do?

'Sylvia, whose strange possession (if I may so call it) was the beginning of all this trouble, is now as love-sick as she was formerly filled with unnatural loathing. Nothing will serve her—but she hath written a letter in her own hand which will inform you of her desires.

'We shall expect your return, if Heaven send you safe home, in a year and a half, or thereabouts. Your mother is greatly changed for the better since the good news, and your father, who himself writes with this, has resumed his former cheerfulness. Now for the future. Since your place in the Admiralty is lost, I have considered what will be best; I can think of nothing better than the Hospital itself, and the succession to your father's post when he vacates it. It is a peaceful and honourable employment. You will live retired. Should you embrace any calling which would take you much into the company of men, you would be annoyed continually by questions concerning Botany Bay and the service of the Royal Marines, and you would hear references by the unfeeling and the cruel to trials at the Old Bailey and the condemned cell; from these and like rubs and annoyances I would willingly save thee.'

More this good and kind patron added by way of exhortation.

Then I opened and read the other letters in the packet.

The first was from my father, in which he conveyed to me his forgiveness for the past, and his blessing for the future There was also enclosed a draft upon His Excellency the Governor for fifty pounds, which was as welcome as the roses in June.

The second was from none other than the old Marquis:

'My dear young friend,' he said, 'you will, by the time you read these lines, have received your pardon; we may, therefore, expect you home once more, though not at the same time your partner in misfortune. Reasons which you may understand prevented me from visiting you in prison; I could not, at my age, expose myself to the risk of recognition as a former member (or brother) of the Sublime Society of Snugs. Alas! I have been disappointed in my Snugs. I thought I had chanced upon the Jacobins at least. Where are they now? Denounced by their most zealous member; scattered,

dispersed. There is no longer a club of Snugs. The landlord, with whom I conversed the other day, has now established a new club. They are called the Merry Mummers. Every Saturday evening they meet in the room sacred to the memory of the departed Snugs; they drink, they talk, they smoke tobacco, they sing, they get fuddled; but, my friend, always with the doors wide open.

'Since, therefore, I am unable to watch the progress of the English Revolution as I once expected, nothing remains but to consider that of my own country. There is presented before the eyes of the world at this moment the most interesting of all experiments. The French people, for whom your generous heart once bled, have at last become convinced that they have all the power and all the liberty that exists. Under this belief, having finished the little excesses with which they naturally began, they are doing great things. I know not what greater things they will do, or what will be the end. Certain it is that the mass of mankind, who speedily grow tired with shouting for liberty, settle down with patience under the rule of new masters. It is the law of man to obey; the exceptions are those who are born to command. When such an exception is found within the rank and file he becomes a mutinous rascal, and is flogged, shot, or hanged. Come back, my generous young friend, before I die. Let us together witness the triumphs of the people under their new mistress, whom they call Liberty. This sweet Princess will, in a short time, I clearly perceive, put on a masculine visage and male attire; already she carries a naked sword. She will then assume a crown (one of the old crowns), and she will be called Imperator, or Dictator, or Consul, anything but Rex. She will become Absolute; and the people—the people—they will still rejoice in their newly-acquired liberty. As for me, though I am now old, and can live but a short time longer, it is pleasing to have seen realised the dreams of so many wise men, philosophers, freethinkers, and generous youth. To this have the dreams brought us.

'Come quickly home, my friend. We are *tristes*. The Precinct, never lively, is now unspeakably melancholy. The new schoolmaster is a young man of modesty and worth; I miss the turbulent, wrathful soul and the flashing eye (the Evil Eye) of his predecessor. Your father, who has been more than Roman (Gallo-Roman) in his treatment of a son who has sinned against the State, has now signified his forgiveness.

The period of Family Mourning has spent itself. We, therefore, resume our party of whist.

'Last night—to you it will be eight months ago—I met once more that fiery soul who caused so much private mischief with his devil of an Eye, proclaimed the British Republic for the destruction of his friends, and betrayed them to the Government. A good hater, this man! I saw him at a hell in St. James's Street, a place where, when by chance I find myself possessed of a few pieces, I repair for the purpose of increasing their number if fortune favours me. The man, Richard Archer, has turned out to be the son of a noble lord—some say, his lawful son and heir, but that is not certain. This fact may account for his ambition, his hatred, and his malignity. He is now, it is stated, acknowledged to be the son of this great personage, and keeps up a fine state, though his mother has returned to the Precinct, where, after making due submission, she is allowed by the ladies once more to make and mend their frocks. So that I believe nothing concerning his legitimacy. He was dressed like a young man of fortune, and was playing at the table with great success. Round him were gathered the usual throng of those who cluster about a winning gamester. From their conversation I gathered that he is a successful player.

'I waited and watched. When he left the table he must have won more than a thousand pounds. As he passed me I saluted him gravely.

'"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Archer?"

'He changed colour and started, but presently recovered himself, and attempted to laugh.

'"I did not expect to meet you here, Marquis. I wish you good luck."

'"Where did we meet last, Mr. Archer?" I asked him.

''In a part of the town which need not be mentioned, Marquis," he replied with an impudent laugh.

'I might have reminded him that it was in a certain Society of Republican principles, against whose members he afterwards turned informer. But, I could not—first, because it was not convenient in such a company to acknowledge that I too frequented the club, even as a philosopher. The actions of philosophers are sometimes misunderstood. Next, I could not so remind him, because I can no longer use my sword-arm, and a man who cannot fight must not insult any other man. To tell a villain the plain truth is a privilege which I lost for

ever about the age of seventy-five. The extermination of vermin is the work of younger men.

'He waited a moment, but I made no reply. Therefore the company laughed, thinking no doubt that we had last met in some place of assignation and intrigue, and our friend the villain walked away, jingling his guineas in his pocket.

'His appearance and manners are those of the bold highwayman, the ruffling swashbuckler, the led captain, the bully of the coffee-house. Yet, he boasts that he is the lawful son and heir of a noble lord. He is a lucky player. He has the devil's luck, which carries a man along triumphantly for a year and a day and then changes. He will arrive, I doubt not, at some bad end. Most likely he will die in a duel.

'Come home quickly, Nevill, if it be only to seek out this man, and to insult him before all the brave company as King's evidence—informer—spy—and former conspirator. Come home. Insult him. Fight him. Kill him. It is your duty. I long to see this man either killed or hurled back again into the mud and gutter to which he belongs.

'I remain, my dear young friend,

'Your devoted,

'De Rosnay.'

I read this letter through, slowly. Archer was the son of a great lord. Well, life is full of changes and chances. Yet, the higher a man climbs the more conspicuous is his history. When such as he lie hidden in obscurity, who inquires whether or no they have at one time been King's evidence, Government informers, or spies?

There was one more letter. It was from Sylvia.

'Dear Brother,' she said, 'it is two years since you sailed away—you and George. We are sad without you. I think of you and pray for you every day. And now you have been pardoned and are coming home. But George must remain behind. Dear brother, I cannot bear that he should be alone in that distant country. Yet you must come home for my mother's sake. She has suffered more than anyone over this business. I cannot bear to think that he should be left quite alone without a single friend among the black savages and wretched convicts. Who will care for him? Who will attend to him and work for him?

'Dear brother, I have made up my mind what is my

bounden duty in this matter. It is that I should brave the long voyage and leave my father and my mother, and go out to George. I am persuaded that this is right for me to do. Consider—I love him so, that I am always thinking about him. No other man could I endure even to think of as my husband. And there is no one in Australia (of that I am sure) whom he could marry. Thus, if I go not out to him, I remain without a husband and he without a wife. I am a charge to you, who will, doubtless, in due course, have your own wife and children, and he will be solitary and unhappy to the end of his days. I have opened the matter to Sister Katherine, who weeps to think that she shall never see the boy again, and to Dr. Lorrymore, who hath not yet given me his opinion, but is much moved at my proposal.

'Dear brother—help me in this matter. It may be that my father and mother will give me the permission which I seek. It is a terrible thing to ask, because I may never hope to see again any of my own kith and kin. Yet it is my duty to my lover. Help me thus. Sit down and write to mother. Tell her that George being left alone, and refused any hope of pardon, must needs have a wife, and that he will take no other wife but me—Sylvia. Therefore, that I—Sylvia—who is promised to him, must go on board ship—the first convict transport that sails, and so join my lover and be married to him by the Chaplain of the Settlement. Tell her, further, that you cannot leave George alone, and that you will wait with him until your sister arrives. I think that then they will not refuse, but for the sake of getting you home again they will let me go. Farewell.'

When I had read this letter I looked up. George had a letter in his hand—also in Sylvia's writing—and was staring straight before him across the creek, the tears in his eyes.

'What does she say, George?' I asked. 'Nay, I seek not to know the contents of your letter, which are all for your own eyes, but you shall hear what Sylvia says to me.'

With that I read her letter to me.

'How can I suffer this sacrifice?' he cried. 'That she should leave her home and endure the hardships of the long voyage, and come out to live with me in this rude place! No, no—I cannot—I must not—suffer it.'

Well, we talked it over. As for me, I perceived at the outset that Sylvia's project must be carried into effect. Why,

all this trouble—the whole trouble—was begun by her strange conduct: it was due to George, if only by way of reparation, that she should come out to him. In no other way would he ever enjoy any happiness.

'But Sylvia—my tender Sylvia,' he said. 'Can she live in a hut such as this?'

'Your tender Sylvia,' I replied, 'who at home gets up at six, makes the puddings and the pies, the cakes and the preserves and the wine, can do all that you want here. What else is there for her to do? Then this hut, which is as comfortable a frame-house as there is in the Settlement, can be built bigger when you grow richer. Why, already you have a farmyard which would look well in England: there are your cattle, your sheep, and your pigs, your geese, and your fowls. Every year you will extend your borders; you will sell your produce to the Settlement; you will add to the number of your servants; this hut shall become a substantial dwelling house of brick, as big as the Governor's; this garden in front shall become a spacious lawn; you, who now dress in rough Osnaburg, little better than the convicts, your servants, will go in broadcloth. You will grow rich here, George. Hardship? What hardship to breathe this fragrant air; to watch yonder lovely creek; to eat the fruits of your own country in this distant land? Is there any hardship in love? Talk not to me of hardship. There will be none, believe me, except the separation from her parents and friends. And this, George, by the beneficent operation of Nature, will be speedily made up to her by new ties, more tender still.'

'But the voyage. How will she endure the voyage? Who will take care of her?'

'The captain of the ship, the officers of the ship, and the officers of the Marines on board will be as tender over her as over a baby. And among the wives of the Marines or the free-settlers there will surely be some honest woman who will become her maid, or her nurse, whichever you please. No more words, George,' I cried, clapping my hand upon his shoulder. 'She must come. When you are fairly married, then—and not before—with a contented heart will I leave this place and go home again, if I am permitted to win my native shores in safety.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DEVIL'S LUCK

The Devil's luck—which, as the Marquis said, would run for a year and a day—came, in fact, to a sudden end. I know not what part the Devil plays in these affairs ; but certainly the profligate, the gambler, the robber—he who pursues any course of crime or madness—seems always allowed at the outset a clear course. He is overtaken by no punishment for his profligacy ; he wins when he gambles: he is not detected when he robs—for a time. Then—crash !—comes the end of it, with detection, ruin, or bodily disease. The thread is cut: the course is run : *exit* prodigal son.

So complete an end was put to Richard Archer's course, that when I came home, resolved upon finding out the man, and, if possible, upon exposing him before some great company, behold ! there was no Richard Archer left. He was gone. The toils that he had laid for others caught his feet too. But, while we escaped with grievous wounds, he was entirely destroyed. The Wise Woman prophesied true things ; so that I am the more convinced, the longer I think of this strange story, of what I said at the outset, that the gift of prophecy is the power of reading a man's character and disposition with the knowledge of what will result, given such a character and such a disposition. This spoiled darling of Fortune continued his victorious career, therefore, for a certain time. During this interval everything went well with him. He grew—or seemed to grow—in daily favour with his father, who gave him money in abundance—money as much as he asked for : but promised nothing, and entered into no engagement with him for the future, so that he was, in reality, little advanced in his main purpose, which was the succession, not only to what he considered certain, the title and the lands, but also to the great personal property of his father.

With this object he was assiduous in his court, visiting the old lord daily, making music for him, conversing with him, playing cards with him, and telling him stories and scandals of the company with whom he consorted. Lord Aldeburgh treated him with indulgence, watching him, listening curiously, smiling at his adventures, and pushing him gently down the

flowery slope on which the young man was eagerly devouring the fruits which poison the soul. So that for two short years there was no pleasure which Richard Archer desired but he was provided with the money at least to buy it. As for his mother, he very soon neglected her, and suffered her to go back again to the Precinct, where she returned to her old work for the ladies of the Hospital.

At this time he went about the town dressed in what is called the 'high kick' of fashion; his friends, of like mind with himself, committed a thousand follies and extravagances; they were all young gentlemen of fashion and rank, among whom he was admitted as the son (and perhaps the heir) of Lord Aldeburgh. He drove a curricle, handling the ribbons to general admiration; he rode a fiery horse; he learned to fence adroitly; in short, there was not to be seen in the whole of Bond Street a more fashionable, flaunting, swaggering, fine young gentleman. No one, to look at him, would have thought that this splendid creature had formerly been the humble master of St. Katherine's Charity School.

If he was handsome, dexterous and audacious—qualities which were found, I believe, well able to please many fine ladies—he could also drink, which gratified the men. Others drank and got fuddled, this man drank and his wits grew clearer; that is to say, during his period of success. He was always ready to gamble, and, a thing almost incredible, he always won. It is strange how men should be found to play with one whose luck is proverbial; perhaps they look for the turn of the tide. No one ever heard of a gamester continuing all his life to win. He played at the public hells, or gaming-tables, of which there are so many, and he won constantly; he frequented the houses of those great ladies who keep a kind of public bank, and he won there; he played in private with his friends, and he always won of them.

Every year, I am told, there are seen in Bond Street, the Park, and Piccadilly, at the opera and the theatres, on the racecourses and in the hells, and wheresoever the profligate resort, two or three young men, who appear for a time, dazzle the beholders, and then vanish, and are no more seen. No one knows what becomes of them, or where they hide their heads when their little flight is finished. Mostly, it is believed, they languish in the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the Fleet. They are the dragon-flies of Society, not its butterflies. I do not suppose that there was ever a dragon-fly

with a previous history such as Richard Archer's. Yet no one knew it—no one would suspect such a history; they might believe that for his own reasons Lord Aldeburgh had brought up his son in the country; no one certainly could possibly suspect the truth. It might be urged that the Court was crowded during the trials of the four men charged with High Treason, for belonging to an obscure little club, and for being concerned in a petty riot which led to nothing. Some one may have remembered the face of the informer and King's evidence; but consider, his new dress had so altered the man that nobody could possibly recognise him. Nothing of the grub was left in this splendid dragon-fly. Nay, I suppose that he thought himself quite safe from discovery. St. Katherine's is a most obscure place. The world of fashion finds not its way there; one trembles to think what would become of a Beau, Jessamy, Maccaroni, Smart, or Dandy (the creature changes his name yearly) were he to stand alone or unprotected among the tarpaulins and mudlarks at the head of St. Katherine's Stairs. And if the world of fashion never gets as far East as the Precinct, never do the residents of the Precinct get as far West as the Park, or even Vauxhall.

But a man can never escape his past. From his birth and the station to which he is ordained and called into being, unto his death, the whole of his history is always ready to be unfolded and disclosed. He can count upon hiding nothing, principally because there are few things which a man does absolutely alone and unnoticed. His past clings to him; it follows him; it is like a lengthening shadow; it is like a chain which he drags after him; it takes shapes; to some it becomes an angel of light to lead him upwards; it cuts out a way for him through the wood and lays low the thorns; it strengthens and supports him. To others it lies as a net about his feet to trip him up and lay him low; it may become a Devil with a scourge; it may take the shape of an executioner with a torture-chamber and a gibbet. Physician and philosopher have held that every moment of a man's life is remembered, and may be recalled by a trick of memory or some sudden association of ideas. Thus may we understand how a man may be judged by his own memory, by his own mind, and out of his own mouth.

The gardens at Vauxhall, which open for the season about the middle of May, were crowded one evening towards the

end of that month for the first warm and fine evening of the year. By daylight the grounds and beds were splendid with spring flowers and flowering bushes ; after dusk the air was laden with the fragrance of the lilac bushes ; and the gardens were brilliant with the coloured light of ten thousand lamps. Among the gay and animated company were merry parties from the City, the sober merchant with wife and daughters and their attendant swains, come to hear the singing and music, to look on at the dancing, and to take their supper, with a bowl of Vauxhall punch, in one of the alcoves or rustic retreats, contrived for the purpose. There were gallant young Templars looking boldly in the girls' faces, ready for adventures ; there were ladies exhibiting their charms along the walks ; there were others dancing, who seemed not unwilling to attract attention ; in the more retired walks roamed couples amorously discoursing, giggling, and whispering ; there were supper-parties merrily feasting, laughing, and drinking in every alcove. Who, in short, does not know the humours of Vauxhall ?

There had already been omens on this day which should have pointed it out to Richard Archer as a day of disaster. He knew as well as anyone the signs of good and bad luck ; he had learned the old women's sayings ; he should have observed their rules and kept at home. But whom the Gods intend to destroy they first make mad.

For instance, at the moment when the day began, at stroke of twelve, he, who was then in a certain hell or gambling-house in St. James's Street, began to lose.

Up to that moment he had already won a goodly sum of money. Had he left the place at midnight, he would have gone home with thousands of pounds in his pocket. He did not ; then he began to lose. His luck changed suddenly at the stroke of midnight. Now, he was so little accustomed to lose, that he continued to play, being surprised, but confident that the luck would turn : the cautious player, when he finds the luck persistent against him, retires—hastens to retire. He bows to Fortune ; he does not tempt and defy her. Archer, who was the spoiled child of Fortune, could not understand that he might go on losing. He continued to play ; when he got up from the table, at four in the morning, he had lost, not only all his winnings of the evening, but a great sum in addition. The credit that he enjoyed as Lord Aldeburgh's

son, and the figure that he cut, are shown by the fact that he was able to borrow of the proprietor this great sum, all to be lost at the table immediately afterwards.

During the night he drank a vast quantity of wine, the fumes of which rose to his head and made him stagger. This was a new thing for him, because, in general, his head was so strong, that he could drink the company under the table and feel no worse. To go home reeling drunk astonished him. But he was not so drunk as to forget his losses. In the morning, when he awoke with a heavy head and a grievous thirst, he remembered that he had borrowed, and given a note of hand for, a much larger sum of money than he owned in the world. Well, his father would help him out.

But then there happened a thing that should have made him reflect. If the old woman's story is true—I say nothing for or against it—then all the troubles were begun by his own action; he cast the Evil Eye on Sylvia; he caused her to feel an unnatural loathing for her lover. The rest followed as you have seen. Now, this man had a mistress. How much or how little this cruel and selfish nature could feel the passion of love I cannot pretend to know. This mistress of his, however, wrote him a letter, which his servant—this young gentleman of fashion, who had been schoolmaster to St. Katherine's, had now a servant of his own—brought him before he dressed. She informed him that she could no longer abide the sight, or the touch, or the voice of him. She was going away where he should never be able to find her. Observe, therefore, that the same thing happened to him as had happened to George. Remember what the Wise Woman had warned him. His sweetheart now loathed him who had professed to love him.

He read it, hardly understanding it, so strange, and sudden, and unexpected was the letter. His mistress was gone, and his money was gone. He swore aloud, after the old fashion of St. Katherine's Stairs, which came more natural to him than the finer oaths of Bond Street. He drank a tankard of small ale for his thirst, and he cursed the girl again.

He sat down to breakfast, but could eat little, being smitten with a dismal gloom of spirits. While he sat at table another letter came to him from one of his friends of the race-course. A certain racehorse, on which they both expected to win, and had staked large sums of money upon the event, had gone dead lame. He could not run.

Archer was not one of those who can take misfortunes

with an appearance of lightness. Only a gentleman of breeding can do this. It is, indeed, one of the marks of a gentleman to meet the blows of Fate with courage.

'This seems a day of misfortune,' he said, with more truth than he suspected. 'By Gad, it begins well. What next?'

Now on a day of bad luck, as this clearly promised to be, no wise man enters on any business whatever, nor does he mix with other men more than he must: he stays at home, and keeps quiet. Next day another sun rises, and Fortune smiles. Even if he stays at home on such a day, some accident will happen to him—a chimney on fire, the breaking of his best punchbowl, a gash in his chin when he shaves, or something. Richard Archer should have kept quiet and snug.

Unfortunately he did not. He was in a desperate, savage mood, ready to quarrel with anyone. Yet he went to visit his father. And as a part of the bad luck, my lord was also on that day in a mood as savage and as ready for a quarrel as his son. Nothing went well. First, he began to play to his father; but a string snapped, and he laid the violin down with a curse.

He sat down, and began to tell of his last night's losses.

'Three thousand I left behind me,' he said, 'in notes of hand; and this morning I hear that Œdipus is gone lame, and scratched for all his engagements. That makes five thousand more—eight thousand dropped in one day. And all I have is two thousand.'

'How do you propose to pay the money?'

'Well, my lord, if you will not pay my debts of honour for me, I must vanish and go away.'

'Humph! A pretty expensive son you are!

'Come, it's the first time I've lost.'

'Mind it's the last, then.'

The son restrained himself with an effort. 'Will you choose to play a game?' he asked, taking up the cards.

They played one game and then another. Each time the son lost. The moment came when he lost his temper as well, and threw down the cards, swearing that the Devil was in them, and sprang to his feet.

Then his father flamed up.

When two men, both of ungovernable passion, fall at the same moment into wrath, the quarrel is one which affects both lives afterwards to the end.

'You?' cried the son, 'you to talk about filial respect? You, who suffered your own wife to go away and starve!'

The old man's face was now purple. 'You—you—who are you, sir? My son? You? No. I, your father? No—no—you are the son of nobody. You have no father. Did I speak of filial duty? I mistook. Forget that I used the word. You are no son of mine!'

'I will show your lawyers, when you are dead, whose son I am.'

'As for your pretended discovery, learn, once for all, that it is false. My wife—my only true and legal wife—did not die a week before the sham marriage, but six weeks after that event—six weeks after, sir, as will be proved when the time comes.'

'Then,' replied his son, with filial piety, 'either you lied to my mother or you lie to me.'

The old man now became quite calm in his manner. This was dangerous, if the son knew it. 'Sir,' he said, 'do you believe that at any time I could make your mother—your mother—Lady Aldeburgh? I beg you to consider. She was more in her place as a washerwoman or needlewoman of St. Katherine's Precinct. Oh! I know,' for here Richard started and changed colour. 'I found out all about you when first I heard from your lawyer, who hopes to make a good thing by his pretended discovery. Barefooted beggar-boy, gutter-boy, charity-school-boy, schoolmaster to St. Katherine's Hospital, organist to the church, member of a seditious club, one of a gang of rascals, informer for the Government and King's evidence—this is your history. And you think you are going to be Lord Aldeburgh when I die? Never—sir—never.'

'I think—nay, I am sure that I am going to be Lord Aldeburgh—and a much better Peer than my predecessor,' said the young man.

'When you first came, I humoured you. Why, you amused me. You pretended to be impudent, yet you were afraid. You assumed the airs of a gentleman, with the manners of a twopenny schoolmaster; you tried to look at your ease, being mightily uneasy. You amused me. I thought I would fool you. Then I discovered that you could play—yes, you have a fine touch on the violin—you could manage a part in an opera, and so earn your living. I thought it would be pleasant to let you have a run. Of course, I knew that you could never become a gentleman, but

you might make pretence and persuade yourself. How it was going to end I did not know. But it has ended. You can go.'

'The law, my Lord, give me permission to assure you, does not allow even a noble lord to commit bigamy. If you are lying I am your heir. If you speak the truth you shall be prosecuted for bigamy.'

'Shall I?' His lordship laughed pleasantly. 'You are pleased to be facetious, sir.'

'Son or no son—heir or not.' Richard Archer stood over the helpless form sitting propped in the chair, form so helpless, and face so full of sneering purpose. 'You have pushed me on. You cannot now leave me in the lurch. If I cannot pay my debts of honour——'

'Honour? Debts of honour? Gentlemen—not such as you—may incur debts of honour. Your debts are nothing to me. I never promised you anything. I have given you money, it is true. You have been introduced to the society of gentlemen. You have played at being a gentleman yourself. Well, you can now go back to your gutter and remember this time. The memory of the last two years will console you, when you have to stand again, hat in hand, and to bow low before your betters. I shall do nothing more for you.'

What answer was made by a man exasperated and enraged beyond all control may be guessed. But by this time his lordship's wrath had spent itself, and a relentless coldness had taken its place. He listened without interruption.

'But you have not done with me—no—you have not done with me yet, my Lord,' the young man concluded.

'You are wrong, sir, you are wrong. I have quite done with you. Be under no mistake upon that point. You will never be admitted to my presence again, or to my house.'

'I shall come back to it on the day when you are carried out heels first. I shall be your lordship's chief mourner, Ha! ha!—an inconsolable mourner the new Lord Aldeburgh. Happily, that event will not long be delayed,' he added brutally. 'A month—a few weeks.'

Lord Aldeburgh rang his bell violently. Like most men of pleasure, the thought of death, though he was already so near his end, agitated and terrified him.

'Show this person to the door,' he shouted to his man.

'Yes, my Lord.'

'Give orders that he is never to be admitted again on any pretence.'

'Yes, my Lord.'

'I said that he was my son. I was mistaken: he is not my son. Do you hear?'

The man bowed low.

Richard Archer went out with a swagger and a laugh. But his face betrayed the despair of his soul; because, unless he could recover his losses by a fortunate run—a thing so rare that it cannot be hoped for—he was ruined indeed. He must leave the company in which he had lived, and he must go into hiding—where? Not, he reflected, for one day more, at least—one more trial of his luck. It would doubtless change. One more night at the green table.

He dined with some of his companions. His evil fortune caused one of them to propose repairing to Vauxhall before going to St. James's Street, where midnight is the choicest time for the gamester.

It was nearly nine o'clock, when the lamps were already lit in the gardens, and the place was full of people, that Richard Archer arrived with two or three more. They had all been drinking: they were talking and laughing noisily: they swaggered their shoulders, and took up the middle of the path, quiet visitors falling back to let them pass: and they looked into the faces of the girls with impudent eyes, which betokened a quarrel before long. At Vauxhall this kind of quarrel is not uncommon.

Outside the crowd gathered in front of the orchestra, on the gravel walk of the broad path leading from the gates stood a little group, consisting of a middle-aged man, in appearance a sober shopkeeper, his wife matching her husband in looks and dress, his daughter, a well-shaped, very pretty girl, dressed neatly, as became her station. The last of the group was a young man, tall, with a small head, a shrill voice, a quick and eager manner, and in appearance studious or scholarly. This was none other than my late companion of Newgate and the Press Yard—the man who had been expelled from Oxford, the Atheist and Republican and Poet. He had retained his convictions; and, as he was all for the abolition of rank, he had already reduced himself to the station of printer's reader; and he was about to carry his ideas still farther into practice by marrying the daughter of a worthy seller of second-hand books who had a shop at Westminster. Alas! the events of

this evening at once put an end to this project, and showed him (one hopes for pardon in the end, even for an Atheist) the folly and wickedness of his unbelief.

When the swaggering, half-drunken band drew near, this party stepped aside to let them pass.

I suppose that the girl looked up as they went by. I suppose that the light of the lamps fell upon her pretty face and made it look still prettier. I suppose that Richard Archer was half drunk, and that he was strongly and suddenly tempted to his own destruction; for he stepped out from the company and laid his arm round the girl's neck, and kissed her twice upon the cheek. She shrieked and tore herself from his grasp. Then her lover rushed upon the assailant, and with a single blow from his fist hurled him headlong on the ground, and kicked him where he lay.

Archer sprang to his feet.

Then a very curious thing happened. When a man has been knocked down—a young man and vigorous—he returns the blow when he is able to get up, unless, which is of rare occurrence, he is a coward. If he is a gentleman, he not only fights his assailant then and there, in the true British manner with his fists, but he meets him next morning with pistols. So that when Archer rose, his companions, as a matter of course, formed a kind of circle for fair play.

The other man stood opposite ready for the encounter, his eyes flaring, his cheeks hot.

Well, Archer stood still. He gazed at his assailant. He stared at him; his cheeks turned pale; his jaw dropped; he saw, in fact, the avenger. It was no longer a fight over an insult offered to a girl; it was the last and heaviest blow. His face showed consternation and amazement.

'What the devil is the matter, Archer?' asked one of his friends.

What was it, indeed? Why did he stand there? Had he nothing even to say?

'Come,' said the girl, catching her lover by the arm, 'let us go away quickly, before worse happens.'

'Go away? Why, why go away, my dear? Not yet. Oh! I have found the man at last. Archer—villain! I have found thee.'

'What does all this mean?' asked the same man again. 'Man you have been knocked down, and you have not even—what does it mean? Shall I take a message from you? It

seems the gentleman recognises you. There has been an old quarrel. Sir, will you give me the name of your second?'

'No, sir, I will not. We fight duels with gentlemen—with men of honour; not with Informers, Spies, and King's evidence.'

'Again, Archer,' said his friend, 'what does this mean? Words like these require explanation. Speak up, man. Tell him that he lies.'

'Gentlemen,' my fellow-prisoner replied, 'I congratulate you on the company you keep. Or, perhaps, you are of the same profession or calling. Yet, I should think there can hardly be so many reptiles in the world. If so, informing is indeed a prosperous profession.'

'Sir,' said the same man, 'if you cannot make good your charges, give me leave to tell you that your quarrel will be with me and with my friends here, as well as with Mr. Archer—who may, I believe, be called the Honourable Richard Archer—son of the Right Honourable the Viscount Aldeburgh.'

'This person is certainly Richard Archer. As for you, and your friends, sir, give me leave to remind you that we commonly judge a man by the company he keeps. There is no safer rule. Richard Archer may be the son of a Viscount, or an Earl or a Duke, or even a Royal Prince. He is, none the less, Richard Archer. That is to say, he is the man who, when certain former associates of his were accused of High Treason, turned King's evidence, and bore witness against them, not only giving the Government information which nearly tied the hangman's rope round the necks of four unfortunate gentlemen, of whom I was one, but also, by his malignity, converted a club, where harmless discussions had been held, into a great revolutionary centre, and its members into traitors and conspirators. Nay, two of his victims are even now languishing on the shores of Botany Bay, on the great Australian Island.'

'Is this true, Archer?'

He made no reply at all. He still stood motionless, bent forward, his eyes staring, his mouth open, his cheek pale, but for a little blood caused by a scratch on the gravel when he fell.

'You would like to hear more about him, perhaps. He was a parish boy, brought up and educated by the charity of the Society of St. Katherine's Hospital. His mother sup-

ported herself by honest work, washing, sewing, and the like. He showed parts, and was promoted to be master of the Charity School of the Hospital; and, afterwards, because he could make music, he was appointed organist to the church, and so remained until his villainy, when he was turned out by the Chapter. Then, I know not what he did, or what became of him. Now I find him, dressed like a gentleman, flaunting in Vauxhall, and insulting virtuous girls with the insolence of a young lord.'

'Archer, are these things true?'

He still made no reply; his companions drew away from him; he was left standing alone; I think that he must have been drinking very deep to be thus overwhelmed and able to say nothing. You have heard how he behaved when he met the Marquis who knew as much.

'Enough,' said the bookseller, hastily; 'let us leave him and get away from the place. Come.'

Well, things might have ended there. A brawl in Vauxhall Gardens generally ends in the marching off of both parties in opposite directions. No harm would have been done except to Richard Archer himself, who could no longer show his face among his former companions.

'Come,' said his friends; 'we have had enough of this. Let us go.'

The altercation, though on the outskirts of the crowd, had already brought together a few of the people who love nothing so much as to watch the conduct of a quarrel, and are as critical of the behaviour of the combatants as some men are of a bottle of wine. Among them was one of the waiters of the place; this man had in his hand a tray, on which were the materials for a supper which he was serving in an alcove hard by; he stood looking on, mouth and eyes wide open. His guests must wait till the fight was finished.

Suddenly Archer recovered from the stupor in which he had been plunged; he stood upright; he looked around him. Right and left his friends shrank back. He was thrust out from among them; he was expelled the society of gentlemen—he changed colour; he saw his enemy pointing at him with outstretched finger. He gasped for breath, his eyes flashed fire, he saw the waiter and his tray; he grasped a supper knife from the tray, and rushed upon the man who had revealed his past.

It was by two of his own friends that Richard Archer was

seized and held when the unhappy gentleman—the Oxford scholar, Atheist, Republican, and Poet—lay dying on the ground, the knife plunged up to the handle in his heart.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD

NEXT morning, about eleven o'clock, Lord Aldeburgh sat alone in his bow window looking at the people in the street below. This had been his sole amusement before Richard Archer came to him, and it seemed likely to be all that was left to him, now that he had driven the young man out of the house. I know not whether he repented of his wrath, and would have recalled him. After the events of the previous night it was too late for repentance or regrets. Even if he felt any, he was not the man to betray by his face any emotion so weak as self-reproach. His face was as hard and as calm as if nothing had happened. When a young fellow drove along the street in his curricle, he looked after him with a sigh : such as that young man, so had he been. If a pretty woman passed, his eyes went after her till she was out of sight, and his memory carried him back to former conquests.

His table stood beside him, provided with books, paper, pens, and cards ; but so long as the weather was fine, and the people thronged the street, he cared for nothing else.

His man opened the door noiselessly, and stood before him.

'I beg your lordship's pardon. A woman is below—an old woman—who prays for a few words with your lordship. She says she is the wife of one who formerly sailed under your lordship's command.'

'I dare say some malingering, mutinous, murmuring scoundrel. I hope he got his deserts. If he sailed under me he probably did. I cannot, at least, reproach myself with any foolish clemency in the past. Well, give her a guinea and let her go.'

'She wishes only to see your lordship.'

'Give her two guineas, then.'

'With submission, my lord, she says that she has a thing of the greatest importance to communicate.'

'Let her come up, then. Once there were many old women who had things of importance to tell me, and it was always about the young ones. Such an old woman has not been to see me for long. Let her come up; though, if that is her errand, she is too late. Bring her up.'

The old woman was none other than the Wise Woman of the Precinct. She came in, curtsied, folded her hands, and looked at the sick man in his chair with curious eyes.

'Well, dame,' my Lord asked her, 'what have you got to say?'

'You are Lord Aldeburgh—formerly the Honourable Stephen Archer, and once Captain of the *Shannon?*'

'Certainly. At your service, my good woman. You are perhaps, of the respectable calling of "go between."'

'My husband was on your ship, my Lord.'

'That is very likely. There were eight hundred of the ship's company.'

'His name—but, perhaps, you will remember his story better than his name. He had the misfortune to incur your lordship's displeasure. You ordered him, without considering whether he was guilty or innocent, to be tied up at once for six dozen.'

'Very likely. Most of the eight hundred got their six dozen in the course of the voyage. We did not stop the navigation of the ship in order to argue with the fellows. Well, he got his six dozen. What then? It is thirty years since I was Captain of the *Shannon*. Does he still remember such a trifle?'

'This man did not get his six dozen, because he seized a marline-spike, and knocked his Captain senseless on the deck.'

'Ha! I remember. So—you are his widow—his name was—— I have it—Habbijam—John Habbijam—able seaman. He was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. Yes; I remember well. The fellow escaped. It was very extraordinary—he escaped—and no one could ever discover how, though I have always suspected—— So you are his widow. Well, old woman, if you will tell me how he escaped I will give you a guinea—five guineas.'

'God forbid that I should take your money. He escaped because the sentries suffered him to go. All the ship's crew were ready to help—ay, all the petty officers—so much they commiserated the man. I will tell you how he escaped. He was let out of his prison, and taken to the lower deck, where,

before the eyes of many—but none told the secret—he dropped out of a port, and swam ashore. He reached in safety the Isle of Wight. There he kept snug, and under cover; but, sending me word of his whereabouts, and, after the fleet had sailed, I brought him away.'

'He was a fortunate man. I wish I had known the cause of his escape. Such an example should have been made as—— Perhaps 'tis not yet too late. But, after thirty years—— Did you come here to tell me this?'

'This and some more, my Lord. I suppose you never thought, when you ordered this man and that man, for no offence at all, or a trifling fault, to be tied up and lashed—three dozen, six dozen, a hundred, five hundred lashes, till they were cut down more dead than alive—how the ship's company grew to hate you as no captain ever yet was hated?'

'No such thought ever entered my head, I do assure you. What would it matter how much the whole crew hated me?'

'Nor how they lamented that my Jack's blow wasn't a little harder. No, the sufferings of the men are of no account to the captain. Why should they be? Well, my Lord, there's One above. And the thought has always been with my man and me that the Lord would let us see His Vengeance upon you before we died.'

'You can,' said his Lordship, not in the least angry, 'look about you. I am still young enough to enjoy—I am not yet sixty—yet you see me a cripple. Is that enough for you? Call it the Lord's Vengeance and be happy. The Lord is always, of course, on the side of mutinous scoundrels. But the man—is he yet living? The man who escaped his hanging—doth he live?'

'He is yet living.'

'Still unhanged. Still under sentence. He has had a long rope. Well, we shall see to it. Go on—the Lord's Vengeance, I think you said.'

'Your Lordship has a son.'

'Perhaps.'

'His name is Richard Archer. I found out years ago whose son he was. I told him, when the time came, and when he had shown what manner of man he is, why he must be your son—because he is a devil.'

'It may be so. Go on.' His attention was aroused, and, though he spoke lazily, his face quickened, and showed his interest.

'I told him who and what his father was; it was I who caused him to have no peace or rest until he came to you; and I read your son's fortune; no fortune ever came out more certain or more horrible. And now the cards have proved true, as they always do. You received him and allowed him to call himself, openly, your son—everybody knows him for your son. Oh! I have seen him in his fine clothes and his curricle—who would recognise the humble charity-boy of St. Katherine's? I hope he has done credit to his noble father. A proper man he is. Your lordship should be proud of such an heir.'

'You have still something more to tell me.'

'The Vengeance of the Lord has fallen at last. Oh! it has fallen—it has fallen. Thank God for it!' She clasped her hands and grinned—the horrid grin of toothless jaws.

'More Vengeance?'

'Your son is in prison. He is in prison charged with murder. He murdered a man in Vauxhall Gardens last night. It was one of the young gentlemen against whom he gave evidence two years ago when he turned King's evidence and Informer. He stabbed him to the heart with a supper knife. And now he will be hanged.'

His lordship changed colour. He closed his eyes as one in pain, and lay back in his chair. Presently he recovered and sat up again.

'Go on,' he said, quietly. 'You were telling me——'

'He will be hanged. Your son will be hanged.'

'It seems to me that the Vengeance of the Lord has fallen upon a certain Richard Archer, and upon the man who was stabbed. Have you anything else to say?'

'That is all.'

'You say you knew this man—who calls himself my son,' his lordship said, slowly, 'when he was a child.'

'I have watched him growing up. I remember his mother bringing him a babe in arms.'

'That was in the place called St. Katherine's Precinct. Yes. That is where his mother lives—a place near the town, I believe, inhabited by the riverside gentry, where the press-gangs sometimes go to find their men.'

'That is the place, my lord.'

'And you rejoice over the misfortunes of this young man—who appears to have done you no injury—because you think they also fall upon me.'

'I do rejoice. Your Honour looked to see my man hung up at the yard-arm. You did not see him. Now my man and I will go and see your son hung up outside Newgate Gaol.'

'You look forward, doubtless, to a great pleasure. The Lord is good, as has often been set forth, to His inferior creatures—in giving them such pleasures and so many of them. I hope you will not be disappointed. Meantime, good woman, remember that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. You have said all you wished? Thank you. Good morning, Mrs. Habbijam. I trust that no disappointment——' He stopped again, with an expression of pain on his face—his cheeks twitched, his eyes rolled. The old woman with a low curtsey retired. His lordship lay back on his pillows, and rolled his head in pain. He recovered in a few moments. 'Ah!' he sighed. ''Twas a pinch—some day it will last a little too long. Then——' He pulled the table nearer, and took pen and paper. 'We shall, I believe, my good woman,' he murmured, 'take a step which will render this great pleasure impossible for your worthy husband.' Then he wrote as follows:

'To Messrs. Singleton and Sons, Solicitors and Attorneys-at-Law, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

'Sirs,—I have made the discovery that a certain sailor, who thirty years ago was condemned to be hanged for striking his Captain, myself, and escaped before his sentence was carried out, is still living, having eluded the most strenuous search. I can lay hands upon him at any moment. On receipt of this letter you will immediately repair to the Admiralty and communicate this fact. The man must be arrested, and at once lodged in gaol until the sentence can be carried out. The case was flagrant, the man evidently intending to murder his Captain. He expressed on his trial regret that his attempt had been unsuccessful. I have learned that the man now lives with his wife, or near her, in the place called——'

Here the letter remained unfinished. When Lord Aldeburgh's man, an hour later, entered the room, he found his master lying with his head on the table. And he was dead. He died hard and impenitent, desirous only of seeing this old man hanged. And he learned before his death that his son was a murderer, who would be hanged for murder.

'Vengeance of the Lord!' said the old woman.

CHAPTER XXX

EVIL HEART AND EVIL EYE

THE end of the wretched man Archer and the condition to which he was now reduced were far worse than the misfortunes he had succeeded in bringing upon his victims. No single circumstance, indeed, was wanting in the horror of his fate. He was suddenly hurled down from the place where he stood among gentlemen of fortune, himself regarded as an acknowledged son, if not the heir, of a noble lord, to a prison cell. One day he ruffled and flaunted in Hyde Park among the best, he dined sumptuously, he was dressed in splendid raiment, he gambled and dined with half the House of Lords; the next day he was plunged into a common gaol. From St. James's Street to Newgate is a great and terrible drop. Nor was this all; for in the crowd which gathered round the group before the constables came to take him in custody were some of the light-fingered gentry, who eased him of handkerchief, his watch and seals, and his purse, and, even under the pretence of preventing his escape, stripped his fingers of the rings upon them and took the gold buckles from his shoes. They left him nothing. Nay, as they hustled and dragged him from the garden the crowd followed, and threw dust and gravel at him; they tore his coat to rags; they would have torn him to pieces but for the constables who protected him. When he was brought at last to the prison he presented a sad and sorry spectacle indeed—his fine coat bedabbled with dirt and blood, his hat gone, and his head covered with mud.

Now when his man-servant heard, an hour or two later, what had happened, he behaved with uncommon prudence and forethought; for he immediately put together the whole of his master's effects, namely, a large sum of money in gold, a great quantity of valuable clothes, his rings, jewels, swords, fencing-foils, pistols—everything that he possessed; he called a hackney coach, told the landlord that his master was called suddenly out of town and would return shortly, and drove away. Whither he went was never ascertained; but then nobody inquired. At break of day the same excellent servant repaired to the stables where his master kept his horses, rode off upon one and led the other, returned in half an hour and

drove away his master's curricle and pair. What the servant did with this splendid spoil I know not, for, as I said above, nobody ever inquired.

So he lost his freedom and all the wealth that was left to him. He had nothing left even to conduct his defence withal. The impudent little attorney who pretended to defend us would do nothing for him without money.

One more loss awaited him. He borrowed some paper and wrote to Lord Aldeburgh, despatching the letter by one of the prison messengers. The man returned with the doleful news that his lordship was dead. He had been found dead in his chair that very morning at eleven o'clock. Had he lived, it is only reasonable to suppose that the prisoner's case would have been properly handled and defended.

He had, therefore, nothing left; not a sixpence in his pocket; not a friend in the world; not even a change of clothes.

Having nothing to give for garnish he was treated with the utmost harshness, loaded with the heaviest irons, thrust into the common felon's side, where he raged at first like a wild beast, insomuch that his fellow prisoners, rough and rude though they were, fell back before him as he dragged his fetters up and down the yard, until weariness and hunger compelled him to rest. Again, as he had no money, there was nothing for him to eat except the rations of bread doled out daily among the poorest prisoners. Nay, there was no prisoner in the place but had some friend, mistress, or wife who brought him every day something—however small and poor—to eke out his bread-and-water diet. But for him, who had made so brave and gallant a show, there was no one. As for his mother, who would have come to him had she known of his evil case, she was lying ill of some fever, and like to die; therefore they could not tell her—nor did the poor woman ever learn the dreadful end that had befallen her son, for when she recovered, she was found to have lost some of her wits, and though she still contrived to work with her needle for the ladies, she chose to believe that her son was now a great lord, and spoke of him as his lordship.

I love not to linger over the sufferings of this unhappy man, though he deserved them all, and more.

A fortnight later, the Grand Jury having, without the least hesitation, found a true bill against Richard Archer for

wilful murder, he was brought out and placed at the bar of the Session House to stand his trial.

At the aspect of the prisoner the whole Court shuddered. He was gaunt and pale, because, since his imprisonment, he had lived upon nothing but bread and water. This fare, for one who came to it from the feastings of Belteshazzar, was little short of sheer starvation. He looked like a man more than starved. His clothes were the same as those in which he had been brought to the prison ; they were dirty and ragged ; his silken waistcoat was discoloured, and still showed the horrid stains of blood ; his silk stockings were in holes, and his coat hung upon him in rags. But these were nothing compared with his face, on which misery and despair were stamped. One who was present told me that he should never forget the face of the man—strange, wild, covered with a black beard, the forehead high and pale, the black eyes fierce and wrathful, the black hair lying loose upon his shoulders. 'So,' said my informant, 'might have stood some ancient British savage brought to hear his doom, but knowing full well that he must die. Not afraid to die, but anxious to get the business despatched, glaring upon his captors like a wild beast.'

He seemed to take little interest in the progress of his case, about which there could be no doubt whatever from the beginning. The bookseller and his daughter appeared to give evidence ; they described the circumstances of the quarrel and the fatal stab ; the waiter from whom he had snatched the knife ; the surgeon who had attended the dying man ; one of the constables who had arrested him—in turn gave their evidence. The prisoner heard, or seemed not to hear—with a proud carelessness—looking from time to time fiercely round the Court as if he sought some means of escape, and then relapsing into an indifference which was as wonderful as it was uncommon. Finally, however, when the Judge called upon him to say what he had to say in his own defence, he spoke up and spoke well, though not persuasively.

'It is true,' he said, his words and the manner of his delivery—which were those of a person well educated—strangely contrasting with his appearance. 'It is most unhappily true that I stabbed this man, and I suppose it is also true that the wound inflicted by my hand caused his death. Everything stated by the witnesses is true. I did not ask them any questions because I had no desire to waste

the time of the Court in even suggesting that their evidence was not true. I wish, however, to recall to the jury a certain part of the evidence which will, I am convinced, cause them to acquit me of any desire to kill this man. I had been drinking; being, as they say, flushed with the fumes of wine, I kissed a girl who was in the gardens with her friends; that was the beginning of the accident. Her lover—I did not blame him therefor—resented this insult and knocked me down, a thing not difficult for a powerful man who is also sober, in dealing with one who is not so strong and is also in liquor. He did this in the rage and fury of the moment, incensed by the outrage upon his mistress—I do not blame him—I only speak the truth. He assailed me without distinguishing or perceiving who I was. Gentlemen of the Jury, when I sprang to my feet I discovered—and at the same time he also discovered the fact—that I had before me a man who regarded me as his most bitter enemy, the most deadly enemy that he had in the world. Observe that I regarded him, for my part, with no such feeling. Why did he look upon me with so much hostility? You have heard the Counsel for the Crown give the reason. Because, on a certain occasion, two years ago, I was the fortunate instrument of saving His Majesty's Government—nay—this whole country, and especially the City of London, and the property of you its citizens—from a great and imminent danger. Without my evidence—my patriotism—my sense of duty—the city would have been seized by a Revolutionary mob, and such things would have happened here as have happened in France. Alone I saved you—I nipped the conspiracy in the bud—I gave information which caused the failure of one seditious rising, and prevented five others in different parts of the town from coming to a head. In the trial which followed, this man who died by my hand was one of the prisoners. In consequence of my evidence, he was convicted of High Treason, and, with three other conspirators, condemned to death. The King's clemency changed their sentence in his case into a short term of imprisonment. Gentlemen, that man had been my friend. Why did I denounce him? To save my country. What pay did I receive for my services? None. Are you satisfied that he thought he had good reasons for hating me?

'This man, I say, was my enemy. Remember, he was wholly devoid of piety, religion, or principles. He had been expelled from Oxford University: he was an Atheist, a

revolutionary, an upholder of the theory that all men are equal : he was also a desperate man. Since his disgrace his parents had turned him off, and would see no more of him. I believe he had entered the service of the worthy man whose evidence you have heard, and persuaded him to allow some form of engagement with his daughter, whose evidence you have also heard. Well, when this man recognised me, he began by pouring out a volley of blasphemous abuse ; then he made as if he would again rush upon me. I was by this time partly sobered, yet not quite myself. With the instinct, common to us all, of self-preservation, I snatched the knife from the waiter's tray. You have heard the man give his evidence. When we were separated, the knife had pierced his ribs : he was dying. Accident, accident, gentlemen of the jury : homicide by chance medley. Why should I wish to kill him ? I had everything to live for : he had nothing. Desperate as he was, and out of himself with rage, he would have murdered me if I had not, by this accident, slain him. Unfortunate accident, I call it, since it has overwhelmed me with the odium of murder, plunged me into the society of the greatest villains in the world, and deprived me of all my friends and all my means, so that I cannot appear before you now in decent attire. Better for me had this desperate villain choked the life out of me on the spot.'

More he said—much more ; but it was all said coldly, and convinced no one.

The Judge, in summing up, pointed out that the whole of the evidence showed that the prisoner was the assailant when he had gained possession of the knife. He it was who began the fatal assault. The facts of the case, he said, were plain according to the law of the land. One man had been killed by another ; that was certain. He then pointed out the distinction between homicide and murder ; and he concluded by charging the jury that, by the law of the land and the evidence before them, this case was murder and not homicide.

So the Wise Woman's prediction came true. All that this man had designed for others was recoiled upon himself ; he had ruined George Bayssallance ; he had robbed him of father, mistress, friends, and wealth ; he had brought him to the condemned cell ; but for his own change of fortunes he would have brought him to the gallows.

All this happened to himself, all this and more : he lost his

father, his mistress, and his friends ; he lost his worldly goods; he was brought to the condemned cell. And here the resemblance ends, because he was brought to the gallows.

They hanged him three days afterwards outside Newgate. It is a custom that condemned murderers are kept in their cells between the time of sentence and that of execution guarded by warders, for fear they shall commit suicide, and so rob the gallows ; that they are fed on bread and water, and only taken out for the service in the Chapel on Sunday morning, and the sermon addressed to those who are about to die. Richard Archer remained hard and impenitent to the end, showing not the least sign of terror or anxiety. He talked, however, freely to those who guarded him.

'The day before I killed the fellow,' he said not once, but many times, in substance, 'I was rich and fortunate ; I had a noble patron ; I had horses and curricles ; I had a loving mistress ; I had many friends ; everything went at once—money, patron, love, and friends. All were taken from me at once. Job himself was not more evil-treated. All were taken at once. Why, there is no life worth having but the life of wealth and luxury. Since that is gone let me go too. I care nothing. I have nothing to repent. Since all that has been done is due to the circumstances of my birth, which we call an accident, the blame may fall upon those circumstances, not upon me. I did not create or cause those circumstances. Had I been asked I should have chosen rank and wealth. Since I cannot have these I may as well die at once as live in misery. And if I must die, a rope is as good a way as the surgeon's knife or the torture of a sick chamber. After death, the surgeons are welcome to my body.'

And so he died.

At any hanging, whether at Tyburn—where hangings are no longer held—or outside the prison, there is always congregated a great mob of people, who take pleasure in the spectacle ; all the windows, and even the roofs, of the houses which command a view of the gallows, are filled with spectators. The mob are attracted by the spectacle of death, pain, and suffering. They throng the pillory as eagerly as the gallows ; and in countries where until lately they tortured criminals in public, the mob would gather round the miserable wretch, trampling each other down to get a nearer view of his agonies. Thus, on the morning of Richard Archer's execution, the open place opposite Newgate and St. Sepulchre's

Church was crowded with a dense throng of people to see the brave show. Eight others were to suffer with him. A rare hanging, some of them had stood there all night long, waiting patiently, in order to get near the gallows, and to catch sight of the faces of the poor wretches; others had risen at early morning and hurried to the spot in hope of being in time.

They were crying the Last Dying Speech and Confession, and hawking the ballads with which murders are always celebrated! They were selling early purl, saloop, and beer, from booths in Newgate Street. There was nothing but laughing, merriment, and horseplay. Of seriousness there was none. High up in a garret window, exactly opposite the gallows, and commanding a complete view of the whole ceremony, might have been seen the faces of two very old people. One of them was an old man, his face soft and white; his long hair silky; his eyes dull; his hands soft and white, though the skin was wrinkled with age. He was dropping fast into senile decay. The other was an old woman, keen, and eager; her eyes bright; her actions full of life. They leaned their heads out of the window, and looked down upon the crowd, and upon the gallows below.

The great bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll the knell for the parting souls. The crowd heard it and were hushed: but, only for a moment. Then they began again to shout and laugh. Boom! Boom! The bell is for the dying men, yet they continue to bawl these ballads and their Last Dying Speech and Confession. Boom! Boom! Yet they continue to fight, and push, and drink, and sing. Hush! The clock strikes eight. The crowd are hushed again, for the little door opens, and the procession appears. Boom! Boom! Those who are to die are brought out. Count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Boom! Boom! The seventh is the gentleman who stabbed the man in Vauxhall Gardens. They say he is the son of a great nobleman. They say the blood is still to be seen in the Broad Walk. It is daily covered up with fresh gravel, but daily reappears! Boom! Boom! He walks with courage, this fellow; he is game. It is a pleasure to see so resolute a man. The two who are carried are women condemned for shoplifting; they are senseless with terror, and have fainted. Best for them if they wake not till they find themselves—where?

'Look!' cried the old woman in the garret. 'Look, Jack. There is one poor wretch laughing. I suppose he hath gone

mad ; often they go mad ; and there is another staggering about like a drunken man ; I suspect his fear hath made him drunk. And there is one who moves his lips continually ; the Ordinary's prayers are not enough for him ; he must be a very great criminal indeed. There is another who weeps ; his eyes run down with tears ; he is very contrite. I wish they would respite him poor creature. I love not to see a man cry just because he is going to be hanged. Look at the two women ; they are like sacks ; can't the hussies have the decency to stand up at their own hanging ? And look at Richard Archer. Ha ! ' she drew a deep breath, ' I told his lordship you and me would jump at his son's hanging. Why it does one good only to see him. His father's son, proud and hard. Look at him ! a proper young man he is ; look at him, Jack, and remember thirty years ago and more.'

Richard Archer neither wept nor staggered, nor fainted away, nor did he laugh. He walked firm, composed, and resolute ; he looked calmly around upon the sea of upturned faces below ; he had even made some decent preparations for death, having dressed his long hair, and tied it behind in a white ribbon ; by the kindness of his warders he had been shaved and his face washed ; he had put off his ragged coat, and stood in his old silk waistcoat ; his cheeks were pale, but his eyes were full of courage.

' That is where the good blood shows,' said the old woman. ' Such an one would scorn to cry and moan even if you cut him in pieces with a blunt knife. I wonder if he sees us ; I should like him to catch sight of me. He might remember what I told him when I read his fortune by the cards. They always come true.' She waved a handkerchief from the window. ' I have caught his eye,' she cried. ' He sees me.' Whether he did or not the old woman nodded her head and shook her fingers to admonish the dying man of her presence.

The old man began to grumble and to growl, in a deep bass voice, things strange and incoherent, but his wife took little heed. Though every other word was an oath, these need not be set down here. They may be inferred by the reader if he pleases.

' See,' he said, ' here come the Captain.' He remembered his face. ' Now we shall begin. Pipe all hands bo's'n. Hang him ! Why didn't I hit him harder ? Why didn't I kill him ? As well be hanged for killing as for mutiny, and so one more tyrant out of the world.'

'Jack,' said his wife, 'it is his son. Your old captain is dead; that is his son—as like his father as one pea is like another. Your old man died a fortnight ago. Who killed him? I killed him, Jack, I killed him; but you've forgotten. You forget everything. I told him about his son. I told him that the man he thought to hang was living still, and resolved to see his lordship's own son hanged outside Newgate Gaol. Ho! Since you and me are one, Jack, you did kill him after all. That should be a comfort to you.'

'A noble crowd of boats,' said the old man, his eyes wandering like his thoughts. 'All the wherries of Portsmouth Harbour, and all the girls of Gosport Town and Point, come out to see a sailor hung at the yard-arm. A brave sight, isn't it? A fine morning, too—just such a morning as one would choose. Fresh breeze, and blue sky, and dancing water; and here we are, in the middle of the fleet—the great fleet of the King's ships, and all the crowd to see. A good example, lads. You must follow a good example. But do it better—kill the tyrant! Kill him! Don't let him live to see you hanged. A fine morning indeed. Spithead, with a fleet riding at anchor, is a lovely spot. There's Southsea Castle on the beach, and the Isle of Wight on the other side, and the Solent filled with merchantmen waiting for convoy. Look at his cruel white face and his black eyes. Why'—with a horrid imprecation—'why—why didn't I kill him? I shall never forgive myself. Never—no, never. Who'd have thought,' he went on again, more cheerfully, 'so many would turn out to see me die—me? Why, I looked to die down below, among the wounded men, with a surgeon chopping at my legs! Look at his cruel black eyes, I say, and the sneer on his lips. Ah!——'

He saw nothing but, as he thought, the cruel face of his captain: he was no longer looking at the gibbet outside Newgate: he was back again on board his last ship, brought forth for execution: he was taking his last look at Spithead and the Solent: he was in the middle of the fleet, and the sea was crowded with boats come out to see him die.

His wife made no reply. Her lips quivered, and the tears stood in her eyes at the sight of the poor wretches standing all in a row while the hangman proceeded with his task. But at sight of the last of the row—at Richard Archer—she hardened. She felt no pity for the son of the man by whose cruelty her husband was so nearly brought to death.

'Ready,' said the sailor. 'Why, this is better than to be

tied up for five hundred. Good-bye lads, all. Under the left ear, mate—so. Turn me off quick. Where's the captain? I don't see the captain----'

At this moment the hangman drew the cap over Archer's head. He was the last of the nine. There then fell upon the crowd an awful hush: you could hear the catching of the breath: you could see the shudder that ran through all: and the voice of the Ordinary was heard plain and clear:

'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.'

Then the ropes tightened, and the mob roared and howled, yet once more stillness fell upon them and the Ordinary's voice was heard again:

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.'

Then the riot began again, and no more was heard.

Thus died Richard Archer. Whether he truly had the fatal gift of the Evil Eye I know not, nor can we ever find out. Whether by his malignity, or by his passion for Sylvia, the disasters of which you have now heard a complete account fell upon us, or whether they were sent in the wisdom of Providence, I do not attempt to decide. Permitted by Providence they certainly must have been. Thus he died, a criminal, and by a shameful death, who might have lived long and done an honest life's work in a respectable position, but for the unfortunate circumstances of his birth, and for his own evil temper and inordinate ambitions. He went to meet his Judge in such a frame of mind as causes one to tremble. Perhaps the Lord is more merciful than men imagine.

'Come, Jack,' said the old woman presently. 'It is all over. The Captain's son has gone to join his father. You've waited for your revenge for thirty years and more. But it's come at last. It's come at last, old man. Why, Jack, what's the matter? What's the matter, I say?'

For the old man sat bolt upright; his eyes closed; his face white with the pallor of death; his jaw dropped. He had died in his dream of Spithead and the fleet, and the morning when he was to have been taken out and hanged at the yard-arm.

CHAPTER XXXI

CONCLUSION

My history is almost finished.

Most of those who took part in these scenes have passed away.

As for me, I occupy my father's place, and am now High Bailiff of St. Katherine's. I live, as he did, in the Master's house, and have the use of his garden and his orchard: daily I hear the service of Morning Prayer in the church.

Since I took my trial for High Treason—a thing now clean forgotten and gone out of mind, so that I believe there is not one person in the Precinct knows anything about it, or suspects that the High Bailiff of St. Katherine's was once condemned to death for High Treason—many great events have happened. The war which began that year continued, as all the world knows, to rage almost without intermission for twenty years and more. Every monarchy in Europe, save alone Russia and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, was overthrown, and for the time subjugated. A man without family, without wealth, influence, or friends, succeeded in mounting the proudest Throne of the world, in placing his brothers, men of no ability—on other Thrones, and in deposing or humiliating Kings and Emperors. What good did these things for Liberty? Nothing. The very name of Liberty was lost; it was eclipsed and forgotten by the name of Glory. Who can estimate the number of those slaughtered for the glory of this one man? Who can enumerate—nay, the brain is unable to comprehend—all the ruined towns, all the children made orphans, all the women made widows, all the families reduced to starvation during these years of continual war? Now that Peace has come back again, and we can sit down and count the cost, we perceive that the cause of Liberty, for the sake of which these wars began, seems lost for ever. All the things for which the French people rose in insurrection, for which our own Corresponding Societies, our Constitutional Associations, and our Friends of the People were founded, have been forgotten and lost. Yet must I still believe that they will revive: not, perhaps, in my lifetime, but in the next generation.

When a true word has been once spoken, it lives : you cannot kill it. You may stifle its voice, but you cannot kill it. We have declared for the true Representation of the People : well, for the time that cry has been drowned and forgotten. But let us wait.

I no longer (because I am no longer young) think that the Kingdom of Heaven will begin when all men have acquired the equal rights to which they are born—a thing which I still advocate, in spite of the sufferings and rude lessons which I have endured. The advancement of humanity, I also truly believe, will become possible only when there are no more slaves, no more privileged classes, no longer an hereditary nobility, when all the offices in the country, highest and lowest, are thrown open to those destined for them by Heaven in the possession of the nobler gifts. In short, my imprisonment, my exile, my sufferings have not been able to extinguish in my soul the Republican principle. All the old things continue—and those worse than ever. The nobility, of whom I know nothing, never having so much as spoken to one of them, are reported to have become more insolent, more overbearing, than ever, because the long war and the increased value of the land have made them far richer than ever they were before ; the people seem, though this cannot really be so, more ignorant and more brutish, if possible, than they were formerly ; they lie for the most part in silence ; they have no hope ; they see no chance of making their voice to be heard ; only from the North of England, where the men who work in the factories think and reason—come murmurs—I believe they are growing murmurs—in the old strain ; the Republicans of the United States, who might be an example to us, are utterly unknown to our people ; we never go to them, and they never come to us ; it is rumoured that they continue in an unmeaning animosity towards us ; nay, this is proved by their conduct a few years since, when, in the midst of our struggle for life or death against the tyrant of the Continent and against the mightiest despotism that ever was arrayed in arms since the world began, they chose to declare a wanton and unjust war against us. Everything is dark and menacing ; black clouds overhead ; gloom and the silence of despair around.

Let us have patience ; the old spirit will revive ; the century is young ; some yet remain of the old advocates for freedom. As I said above, the true word has been pronounced; I myself may yet live to see the first great step in the restora-

tion to the people of their own Parliament. That once achieved the rest may follow, if only the people are true to themselves.

In this humble corner, this quiet Precinct, I now sit and watch mankind, looking for the revival of the old generous thoughts. Around me during my fifty years of life there has grown up a new town filled with the rudest and roughest population, working men, tradesmen, sailors, and those who live by sailors. I think of the prophecy uttered by the Prebendary when he foresaw in the future such a work for St. Katherine's Hospital among the ignorant people of this great new town as had never been contemplated by its founders. The Church, he said, shall win back the hearts of these poor folk so long neglected ; St. Katherine's is the Westminster Abbey of the East ; she is rich, and she grows richer daily ; she belongs, with her wealth and her noble Church, to our people, and to none but them ; she shall become their proud possession ; she shall lead them Heavenwards.

Let us return to Paramatta.

Our letters gone, we sat down, thinking we should have a year and a half at least, to wait before we could receive a reply.

Well, I was no longer a Royal Marine. I had no more drill or sentry-go. I went about no longer in that terror of sergeant or lieutenant which constantly fills the soul of the private soldier. For, mark you, though the man be so far gone in brutality as not to feel disgraced by flogging, his shoulders are as sensitive to the pain of the lash as those of any fine gentleman. It is a shame to the nation, which is in this respect no better than the Muscovite, that an officer should have the power to order any man to be flogged as long as he chooses. Let mutineers be shot, not torn to pieces ; since men must be flogged, let the power of the officers be restricted.

Being, therefore, now free to live as I pleased, I lived with George, and became, with him, a farmer, in a climate which rewards the toil of the ploughman by rich and noble crops, where the winter has neither frost nor snow, and the summer is only too hot for a week or two, when the wind blows from the interior. But one should be born in the place in order to be contented to dwell therein. For myself, I listened daily for some voice across the ocean—the great silent, empty ocean

—where there are no ships save here and there one sailing slowly across its desolate face, with its cargo of convicts, coming to mock, with their misery and their vice, the blue Australian skies and the sweet Australian calm. George, if he felt this longing, kept it within his own breast. In the evenings, when work was done, we sat for the most part in silence. Why should we chatter when each knew what was in the other's soul?

Paramatta is about fifteen miles from Sydney. We were too far to hear the salute on the arrival or the departure of a ship; but when one came the news it brought, or the letters, reached us commonly in two or three days, because you may imagine that His Majesty's mails between Sydney and Paramatta are not carried to and fro with the regularity of the London post. Yet the fact of a ship's arrival reaches the people of the smaller settlements on the same day. The birds of the air carry the news; the breezes spread it abroad; there is no semaphore, and there is no mail coach; yet the tidings spread like lightning throughout the colony.

It was growing towards sunset on a lovely day in October, which is the month of spring in Australia. Work was done, and I was preparing a supper of pork fried in slices, with cabbage and potatoes and onions—what the housewife calls bubble-and-squeak—a toothsome dish. George was cleaning up the room.

'Shall we have a letter to-morrow?' I said, handling the frying-pan.

'No time for any answer yet. We must wait another year, lad,' he replied. 'There, things are ship-shape, now. The house is not so bad. When she comes I shall build another room, so that we may have two; the gardens look well, now. When—or if—she comes, I say.'

He sat down on a box which did service for a chair.

'If she comes,' he repeated. 'If she comes. I say the same words all day long. Would she come? It is too much to expect. We must not look for it. Yet she wrote that she wished to come. Well—it is as I said long ago, when the poor child was bewitched—I have had my share of love. Sylvia is too good for me.'

'If I know my sister,' I replied, 'she will come. If the ship is not wrecked by storm or cast away upon some rock, she will come. Cheer up, George. Here is your supper.'

With that I tossed the bubble-and-squeak into the dish and

served it up, hot and hot. We had biscuit from the stores, but sometimes we made our own bread just as we brewed our own beer—and very good beer too,—cut out and sewed our own clothes, built our own house, made our own furniture, and, in fact, did everything for ourselves.

George sighed, but cheerfully. He was grown grave in those days; it must be confessed that his trials were many; but he was not melancholy, and he preserved an excellent appetite for supper.

The sun was getting low; it was already half-past six, or thereabouts. Now as we sat I was facing the door, and George was sitting with his back to it. The only window of the cabin was one on the right hand of the door provided with a shutter to keep out the night-air, but of course there was no glass, not even of the old-fashioned kind, to say nothing of the modern sash.

We had finished supper; we had drunk our mugs of beer; there was nothing left but to sit outside for an hour or two while George smoked a pipe of tobacco—a sailor very easily falls into this habit—and so to bed.

Then I suddenly saw a ghost. I heard no footstep, I saw a face—the face of Sylvia looking in at the window. I started—I should have jumped up and run out, but she lifted her finger. I understood. It was no ghost, then. It was Sylvia herself come out to us.

She came in at the open door. George heard nothing. She stepped within, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned quickly, and caught her in his arms.

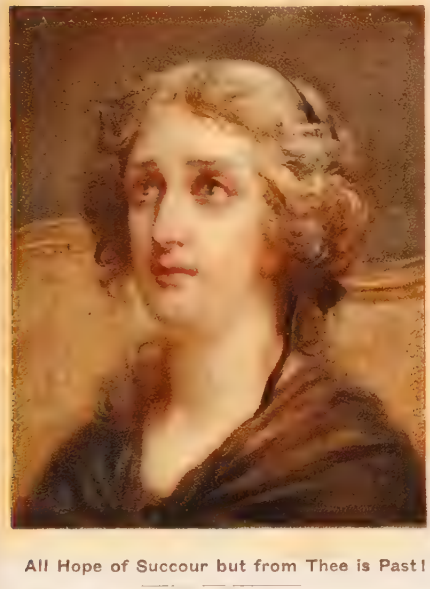
'SYLVIA!'

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

The Dawn of Light between her last Moments and Eternity.

"As clouds of adversity gathered around, *Marie Antoinette* displayed a Patience and Courage in *Unparalleled Sufferings* such as few Saints and *Martyrs have equalled*. . . . . The *Pure Ore* of her nature was but hidden under the cross of worldliness, and the scorching fire of suffering revealed one of the tenderest hearts, and one of the *Bravest Natures* that history records,

(Which will haunt all who have studied that tremendous drama, THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.)"



All Hope of Succour but from Thee is Past!

. . . . "When one reflects that a century which considered itself enlightened, of the most refined civilization, *ends* with public acts of such *barbarity*, one begins to *doubt* of *Human Nature itself, and fear* that the *brute which is always* in *Human Nature, has the ascendancy!*"—GOWER.

"Power itself hath not *one-half* the Might of Gentleness."

"She who Rocks the Cradle *Rules the World*."

"Extinguish all emotions of heart and what differences will remain? I do *not* say between man *and brute*, but between *Man* and mere *inanimate Clod!*"
—CICERO.

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart.

The Drying up of a single tear has more Honest Fame than Shedding SEAS OF GORE!!!

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than Revolution or War?

OUTRAGED NATURE!

"O World! O men! what are we, and our best designs, that we must work by crime to punish crime, and slay, as if death had but this one gate?"—BYRON.

"What is Ten Thousand Times more Terrible than *Revolution* or War? Outraged Nature! She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her . . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War: he spares the *woman and child*. But Nature is fierce when she is offended; she spares neither *woman nor child*. She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is *not* allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the *mass of preventible suffering*, the mass of preventible agony of mind which exists in England year after year."—KINGSLEY.

MORAL.—Life is a Battle, not a Victory. Disobey ye who will, but ye who disobey must suffer.

[SEE OVER.

LIGHT *versus* DARKNESS.

"It is very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—*a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature*—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by Her Majesty at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded Not to the Cleverest Boy, nor the most Bookish Boy, nor to the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent Boy, but to the Noblest Boy, to the Boy who should show the most promise of becoming a Large-Hearted, High-Motived Man."—*Smiles.*

"*How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God.*"

"**SHAKESPEARE,** the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived," taught the **Divineness** of **Forgiveness,** of **Perpetual Mercy,** of **Constant Patience,** of **Endless Peace,** of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! **I know him not!!** If he had appeared as a **Divine,** they would have **Burned Him**; as a **Politician,** they would have **Beheaded Him.**

"He Taught that Kindness is Nobler than Revenge!!

The REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy."—SHAKESPEARE.

"And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"** to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, restless, sleepless, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The pilot can so steer and direct us to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see, perhaps I shall be better to-morrow," whereas had a supply of **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** prevents and removes diarrhœa in the early stages.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle and see the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at*

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

214, Piccadilly, London, W.

ABOUT.—THE FELLAH: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), WORKS BY.

A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America. Crown 8vo half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

QUIPS AND QUIDDITIES. Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

AGONY COLUMN (THE) OF "THE TIMES," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AIDE (HAMILTON), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

CARR OF CARRLYON. | CONFIDENCES.

ALBERT.—BROOKE FINCHLEY'S DAUGHTER. By MARY ALBERT. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ALDEN.—A LOST SOUL. By W. L. ALDEN. Fcap. 8vo, cl. bds., **1s. 6d.**

ALEXANDER (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? | VALERIE'S FATE.

ALLEN (F. M.).—GREEN AS GRASS. By F. M. ALLEN, Author of "Through Green Glasses." Frontispiece by J. SMYTH. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

ALLEN (GRANT), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE. | COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

PHILISTIA.
BABYLON.
STRANGE STORIES.
BECKONING HAND.
FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE.
IN ALL SHADES.
THE DEVIL'S DIE.
THIS MORTAL COIL.
THE TENTS OF SHEM.
THE GREAT TABOO.
DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. | BLOOD royal.
IVAN GREET'S MASTERPIECE, &c. With a Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD.
DR. PALLISER'S PATIENT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

AMERICAN LITERATURE, A LIBRARY OF, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Eleven Vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra, **£6 12s.**

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES, A HANDBOOK OF. By A. ROSENGARTEN. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

ART (THE) OF AMUSING: A Collection of Graceful Arts, GAMES, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

ARNOLD (EDWIN LESTER), WORKS BY.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN. With Introduction by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, and 12 Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE CONSTABLE OF ST. NICHOLAS. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN: Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ASHTON (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

HISTORY OF THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE 18th CENTURY. With 334 Illusts.
SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. With 85 Illustrations.
HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With 82 Illusts.
ENGLISH CARICATURE AND SATIRE ON NAPOLEON THE FIRST. 115 Illusts.
MODERN STREET BALLADS. With 57 Illustrations.

BACTERIA, YEAST FUNGI, AND ALLIED SPECIES, A SYNOPSIS OF. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

BARDSLEY (REV. C. W.), WORKS BY.

ENGLISH SURNAMES: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BARING GOULD (S., Author of "John Herring," &c.), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

RED SPIDER. | **EVE.**

BARR (ROBERT: LUKE SHARP), STORIES BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.

IN A STEAMER CHAIR. With Frontispiece and Vignette by DEMAIN HAMMOND.
FROM WHOSE BOURNE, &c. With 47 Illustrations.

BARRETT (FRANK, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane,") NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.

FETTERED FOR LIFE.
THE SIN OF OLGA ZASSOULICH.
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
FOLLY MORRISON. | **HONEST DAVIE.**
LIEUT. BARNABAS.
LITTLE LADY LINTON.
A PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS.
JOHN FORD; and **HIS HELPMATE.**
A RECOILING VENGEANCE.
FOUND GUILTY.
FOR LOVE AND HONOUR.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

BEAUCHAMP.—GRANTLEY GRANGE: A Novel. By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS: A Gathering from the Picture Galleries, engraved on Steel. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, **21s.**

BECHSTEIN.—AS PRETTY AS SEVEN, and other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

BEERBOHM.—WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

BENNETT (W. C., LL.D.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** each.

A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND. | **SONGS FOR SAILORS.**

BESANT (WALTER), NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
THE CAPTAINS' ROOM, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
DOROTHY FORSTER. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
UNCLE JACK, and other Stories. | **CHILDREN OF GIBEON.**
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
HERR PAULUS: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
TO CALL HER MINE, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.
THE HOLY ROSE, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.
ARMOREL OF LYONESSE: A Romance of To-day. With 12 Illusts. by F. BARNARD.
ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER. With 12 page Illustrations by C. GREEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

VERBENA CAMELLIA STEPHANOTIS, &c. Frontispiece by GORDON BROWNE.
THE IVORY GATE: A Novel.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s.**
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**
THE ART OF FICTION. Demy 8vo, **1s.**
LONDON. With 124 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **18s.**
THE REBEL QUEEN; A Novel. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

BESANT (WALTER) AND JAMES RICE, NOVELS BY.
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.
MY LITTLE GIRL.
WITH HARP AND CROWN.
THIS SON OF VULCAN.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.
THE MONKS OF THELEMA.
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.
THE SEAMY SIDE.
THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, &c.
'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, &c.
THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, &c.

*** There is also a LIBRARY EDITION of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type, on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra **6s.** each.

BEWICK (THOMAS) AND HIS PUPILS. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BIERCE.—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, By AMBROSE BIERCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BLACKBURN'S (HENRY) ART HANDBOOKS.
ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875–1887, 1889–1892, each **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1875-79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1880-84. Complete in One Vol. with 700 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. **6d.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each **1s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877–82. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883-87. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1888-1892. With numerous Illustrations, each **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, Vol. I., 1888 1892. With 250 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. **1s.**
OLD MASTERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.**
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 242 Illusts. cl., **3s.**
THE PARIS SALON, 1893. With Facsimile Sketches. **3s.**
THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1893. With Sketches. **3s. 6d.**

BLAKE (WILLIAM): Inlia-proof Etchings from his Works by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT. With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, **21s.**

BLIND (MATHILDE), Poems by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** each.
THE ASCENT OF MAN.
DRAMAS IN MINIATURE. With a Frontispiece by FORD MADOX BROWN.
SONGS AND SONNETS. Fcap. 8vo, vellum and gold.

BOURNE (H. R. FOX), WORKS BY.
ENGLISH MERCHANTS: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS: The History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., **25s.**
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BOWERS.—LEAVES FROM A HUNTING JOURNAL. By GEORGE BOWERS. Oblong folio, half-bound, **21s.**

BOYLE (FREDERICK), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND. | CAMP NOTES.
SAVAGE LIFE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES; chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS, and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWER (REV. DR.), WORKS BY.
THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES: being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWSTER (SIR DAVID), WORKS BY. Post 8vo cl. ex. **4s. 6d.** each.
MORE WORLDS THAN ONE: Creed of Philosopher and Hope of Christian. Plates.
THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.
LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. With numerous Illustrations.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

BRET HARTE, WORKS BY.

LIBRARY EDITION. In Seven Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
BRET HARTE'S COLLECTED WORKS. Arranged and Revised by the Author.
Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Portrait.
Vol. II. LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.
Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY. | Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.
Vol. VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
Vol. VII. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—II. With Portrait by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

THE SELECT WORKS OF BRET HARTE, in Prose and Poetry With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of Author, and 50 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**
BRET HARTE'S POETICAL WORKS. Hand-made paper & buckram. Cr. 8vo, **4s. 6d.**
THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. With 28 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Small 4to, cloth, **5s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
A WAIF OF THE PLAINS. With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE. With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L WOOD.
A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, &c. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.
COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. With a Frontispiece by FRED. BARNARD.
SUSY: A Novel. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. A. CHRISTIE.
SALLY DOWS, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND, &c.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GABRIEL CONROY. | **THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, &c.**
AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG, &c. | **CALIFORNIAN STORIES.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
FLIP. | **MARUJA.** | **A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.**

Fcap. 8vo. picture cover, **1s.** each.
THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN. | **JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY.**
SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S.

BRYDGES.—UNCLE SAM AT HOME. By HAROLD BRYDGES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

BUCHANAN'S (ROBERT) WORKS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN. With Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.
THE EARTHQUAKE; or, Six Days and a Sabbath.
THE CITY OF DREAM: An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB.
THE WANDERING JEW: A Christmas Carol. Second Edition.
THE OUTCAST: A Rhyme for the Time. With 15 Illustrations by RUDOLF BLIND, PETER MACNAB, and HUME NISBET. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**
ROBERT BUCHANAN'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.	**LOVE ME FOR EVER.** Frontispiece.
A CHILD OF NATURE. Frontispiece.	**ANNAN WATER.**	**FOXGLOVE MANOR.**
GOD AND THE MAN. With 11 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.	**THE NEW ABELARD.**
	MATT: A Story of a Caravan. Front.
THE MARTYRDOM OF MADELINE. With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.	**THE MASTER OF THE MINE.** Front.
	THE HEIR OF LINNE.

THE WEDDING-RING. 2 vols., crown 8vo. *[Shortly.*

BURTON (CAPTAIN).—THE BOOK OF THE SWORD: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By RICHARD F. BURTON. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra. **32s.**

BURTON (ROBERT).

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY: A New Edition, with translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
MELANCHOLY ANATOMISED Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CAINE (T. HALL), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

SHADOW OF A CRIME. | **A SON OF HAGAR.** | **THE DEEMSTER.**

CAMERON (COMMANDER).—THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER. By V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CAMERON (MRS. H. LOVETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. | **DECEIVERS EVER.**

CARLYLE (THOMAS) ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. With Life by R. H. SHEPHERD, and Three Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND R. W. EMERSON, 1834 to 1872. Edited by C. E. NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

CARLYLE (JANE WELSH), LIFE OF. By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) WORKS. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

CHATTO AND JACKSON.—A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING, Historical and Practical. By WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO and JOHN JACKSON. With an Additional Chapter by HENRY G. BOHN, and 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, hf.-bd., **28s.**

CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Small 4to, cloth extra, **6s.**

CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. By Mrs H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLARE.—FOR THE LOVE OF A LASS: A Tale of Tynedale. By AUSTIN CLARE. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLIVE (MRS. ARCHER), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each

PAUL FERROLL. | WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.

CLODD.—MYTHS AND DREAMS. By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

COBBAN (J. MACLAREN), NOVELS BY.

THE CURE OF SOULS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE RED SULTAN. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

COLEMAN (JOHN), WORKS BY.

PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS I HAVE KNOWN. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

CURLY: An Actor's Story. With 21 Illusts. by J. C. DOLLMAN. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

COLERIDGE.—THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS. By M. E. COLERIDGE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

COLLINS (C. ALLSTON).—THE BAR SINISTER. Post 8vo, 2s.

COLLINS (MORTIMER AND FRANCES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. | BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR.

TRANSMIGRATION. | YOU PLAY ME FALSE. | A VILLAGE COMEDY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SWEET ANNE PAGE. | FIGHT WITH FORTUNE. | SWEET & TWENTY. | FRANCES.

COLLINS (WILKIE), NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ANTONINA. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

BASIL. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.

HIDE AND SEEK. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.

AFTER DARK. Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON. | THE TWO DESTINIES.

THE DEAD SECRET. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. With Illusts. by Sir J. GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER

NO NAME. With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.

MY MISCELLANIES. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.

ARMADALE. With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.

THE MOONSTONE. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

MAN AND WIFE. With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.

POOR MISS FINCH. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

MISS OR MRS.? With Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

THE NEW MAGDALEN. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.

THE FROZEN DEEP. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.

THE LAW AND THE LADY. Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

THE FALLEN LEAVES. | HEART AND SCIENCE. | THE EVIL GENIUS.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. | "I SAY NO." | LITTLE NOVELS.

THE BLACK ROBE. | A ROGUE'S LIFE. | THE LEGACY OF CAIN

BLIND LOVE. With Preface by WALTER BESANT, and Illusts. by A. FORESTIER.

COLLINS (JOHN CHURTON, M.A.), BOOKS BY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JONATHAN SWIFT: A Biographical and Critical Study. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS: "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

COLMORE.—A VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By G. COLMORE, Author of "A Conspiracy of Silence." Two Vols., crown 8vo.

COLQUHOUN.—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER: A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CONVALESCENT COOKERY: A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

CONWAY (MONCURE D.), WORKS BY.

DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE. 65 Illustrations. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth **28s.**
A NECKLACE OF STORIES. 25 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Sq. 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
PINE AND PALM: A Novel. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Fcap. 8vo, Jap. vellum, **2s. 6d.**

COOK (DUTTON), NOVELS BY.

PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
LEO. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

COOPER (EDWARD H.)—GEOFFORY HAMILTON. Two Vols.

CORNWALL.—POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Two Steel-plates by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

COTES.—TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. By V. CECIL COTES. With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRADDOCK.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

CRIM.—ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL. By MATT CRIM. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CROKER (B.M.), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE.
A BIRD OF PASSAGE.
DIANA BARRINGTON.
PROPER PRIDE.
A FAMILY LIKENESS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
"TO LET," &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CUMMING (C. F. GORDON), WORKS BY. Demy 8vo, cl. ex., **8s. 6d.** each.

IN THE HEBRIDES. With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.
IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS. With 42 Illustrations.
TWO HAPPY YEARS IN CEYLON. With 28 Illustrations.
VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT. With Photogravure Frontis. Demy 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

CUSSANS.—A HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. With 408 Woodcuts and 2 Coloured Plates. Fourth edition, revised, crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

CYPLES (W.)—HEARTS of GOLD. Cr. 8vo, cl. **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

DANIEL.—MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DAUDET.—THE EVANGELIST; or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DAVENANT.—HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION FOR THEIR SONS. By F. DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

DAVIES (DR. N. E. YORKE-), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each

ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL MAXIMS AND SURGICAL HINTS.
NURSERY HINTS: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.
FOODS FOR THE FAT: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.
AIDS TO LONG LIFE. Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

DAWSON.—THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A Novel of Adventure. By ERASMUS DAWSON, M.B. Edited by PAUL DEVON. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DE GUERIN.—THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, **2s. 6d.**

DE MAISTRE.—A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DE MILLE.—A CASTLE IN SPAIN. By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DERBY (THE).—THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF: A Chronicle of the RACE FOR THE DERBY, from Diomed to Donovan. With Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DERWENT (LEITH), NOVELS BY. Cr.8vo,cl., **3s.6d.** ea.; post 8vo,bds., **2s.**ea.
OUR LADY OF TEARS. | **CIRCE'S LOVERS.**

DICKENS (CHARLES), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
SKETCHES BY BOZ. | **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
THE PICKWICK PAPERS. | **OLIVER TWIST.**

THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1841-1870. With a New Bibliography. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DICTIONARIES.

A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SLANG DICTIONARY: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s. 6d.**

WOMEN OF THE DAY: A Biographical Dictionary. By F. HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DIDEROT.—THE PARADOX OF ACTING. Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, **4s. 6d.**

DOBSON (AUSTIN), WORKS BY.

THOMAS BEWICK & HIS PUPILS. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

FOUR FRENCHWOMEN. With 4 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**

DOBSON (W. T.)—POETICAL INGENUITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DONOVAN (DICK), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE MAN-HUNTER. | **WANTED!**
CAUGHT AT LAST!
TRACKED AND TAKEN.
WHO POISONED HETTY DUNCAN?
A DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPHS.
IN THE GRIP OF THE LAW.
FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.
LINK BY LINK.
SUSPICION AROUSED. [*Shortly.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER. With 23 Illustrations.

TRACKED TO DOOM. With 6 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

DOYLE (CONAN).—THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD. With Vignette Portraits. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** per Vol.
BEN JONSON'S WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WM. GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.
CHAPMAN'S WORKS. Complete in Three Vols. · Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
MARLOWE'S WORKS. Edited, with Notes, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.
MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From GIFFORD'S Text. Edit by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE), WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
A SOCIAL DEPARTURE: How Orthodocia and I Went round the World by Ourselves. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB. Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

DYER.—THE FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

EARLY ENGLISH POETS. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.** per Volume.
FLETCHER'S (GILES) COMPLETE POEMS. One Vol.
DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Two Vols.
HERRICK'S (ROBERT) COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. Three Vols.
SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Three Vols.

EDGCUMBE.—ZEPHYRUS: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

EDWARDES (MRS. ANNIE), NOVELS BY:
A POINT OF HONOUR. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
ARCHIE LOVELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

EDWARDS (M. BETHAM-), NOVELS BY.
KITTY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
FELICIA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EGERTON.—SUSSEX FOLK & SUSSEX WAYS. By Rev. J. C. EGERTON. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. H. WACE, and 4 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **5s.**

EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—ROXY: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, THE: A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House; with Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. With Coloured Frontispiece and 600 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

EWALD (ALEX. CHARLES, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART, Count of Albany (THE YOUNG PRETENDER). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS. With an Autotype. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

EYES, OUR: How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S. With 70 Illusts. Eighteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

FARADAY (MICHAEL), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.** each.
THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARRER (J. ANSON), WORKS BY.
MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
WAR: Three Essays, reprinted from "Military Manners." Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

FENN (G. MANVILLE), NOVELS BY.
THE NEW MISTRESS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
WITNESS TO THE DEED. Three Vo's.. crown 8vo.

FIN-BEC.—THE CUPBOARD PAPERS: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

FIREWORKS, THE COMPLETE ART OF MAKING; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

FITZGERALD (PERCY, M.A., F.S.A.), WORKS BY.

THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
LITTLE ESSAYS: Passages from Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.**
A DAY'S TOUR: Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Cr. 4to, **1s.**
FATAL ZERO. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
BELLA DONNA. | **LADY OF BRANTOME.** | **THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.**
POLLY. | **NEVER FORGOTTEN.** | **SEVENTY-FIVE BROOKE STREET.**
LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (of Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings; and Four Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

FLAMMARION.—URANIA: A Romance. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated by AUGUSTA RICE STETSON. With 87 Illustrations by DE BIELER, MYRBACH, and GAMBARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) COMPLETE POEMS: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.**

FLUDYER (HARRY) AT CAMBRIDGE: A Series of Family Letters. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

FONBLANQUE (ALBANY).—FILTHY LUCRE. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

FRANCILLON (R. E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ONE BY ONE. | **QUEEN COPHETUA.** | **A REAL QUEEN.** | **KING OR KNAVE?**
OLYMPIA. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** | **ESTHER'S GLOVE.** Fcap. 8vo, pict. cover, **1s.**
ROMANCES OF THE LAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
ROPES OF SAND. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

FREDERIC (HAROLD), NOVELS BY.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE LAWTON GIRL. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

FRENCH LITERATURE, A HISTORY OF. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, **7s. 6d.** each.

FRERE.—PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRISWELL (HAIN).—ONE OF TWO: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

FROST (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
CIRCUS LIFE AND CIRCUS CELEBRITIES. | **LIVES OF THE CONJURERS.**
THE OLD SHOWMEN AND THE OLD LONDON FAIRS.

FRY'S (HERBERT) ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES. Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo. **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT. By TOM JERROLD.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

GARRETT.—THE CAPEL GIRLS: A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, THE. 1s. Monthly. In addition to Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, "TABLE TALK" by SYLVANUS URBAN, and "PAGES ON PLAYS" by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, appear monthly.
*** *Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock,* **8s. 6d.** *each. Cases for binding,* **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL, THE. Published Annually in November. **1s.** The 1892 Annual, written by T. W. SPEIGHT, is entitled **"THE LOUDWATER TRAGEDY."**

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

GIBBON (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

ROBIN GRAY. | **LOVING A DREAM.** | **THE GOLDEN SHAFT.**
THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST. | **OF HIGH DEGREE.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE DEAD HEART. | **IN LOVE AND WAR.**
FOR LACK OF GOLD. | **A HEART'S PROBLEM.**
WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY? | **BY MEAD AND STREAM.**
FOR THE KING. | **A HARD KNOT.** | **THE BRAES OF YARROW.**
QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. | **FANCY FREE.** | **IN HONOUR BOUND.**
IN PASTURES GREEN. | **HEART'S DELIGHT.** | **BLOOD-MONEY.**

GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—SENTENCED! Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

GILBERT (WILLIAM), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS. | **JAMES DUKE, COSTERMONGER.**
THE WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GILBERT (W. S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS BY. Two Series, **2s. 6d.** each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Sorcerer—Pirates of Penzance.

EIGHT ORIGINAL COMIC OPERAS written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" BIRTHDAY BOOK: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Jap. leather, **2s. 6d.**

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. With 2 Illusts.
THE FOSSICKER: A Romance of Mashonaland. With 2 Illusts. by HUME NISBET.

GLENNY.—A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

GODWIN.—LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT, THE: An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

GOODMAN.—THE FATE OF HERBERT WAYNE. By E. J. GOODMAN, Author of "Too Curious." Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

GOWING.—FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE: A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

GRAHAM.—THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE: A Story By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE LIFE OF THE, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

GREENWOOD (JAMES), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE WILDS OF LONDON. | **LOW-LIFE DEEPS.**

GREVILLE (HENRY), NOVELS BY:

NIKANOR. Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

A NOBLE WOMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GRIFFITH.—CORINTHIA MARAZION: A Novel. By CECIL GRIFFITH, Author of "Victory Deane," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HABBERTON (JOHN, Author of "Helen's Babies"), **NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
BRUETON'S BAYOU. | **COUNTRY LUCK.**

HAIR, THE: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HAKE (DR. THOMAS GORDON), POEMS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** each.
NEW SYMBOLS. | **LEGENDS OF THE MORROW.** | **THE SERPENT PLAY.**
MAIDEN ECSTASY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

HALL.—SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HALLIDAY (ANDR.).—EVERY-DAY PAPERS. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

HANDWRITING, THE PHILOSOPHY OF. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HANKY-PANKY: Easy Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

HARDY (LADY DUFFUS).—PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE. 2s.

HARDY (THOMAS).—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Tess." With Portrait and 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HARPER.—THE BRIGHTON ROAD: Old Times and New on a Classic Highway. By CHARLES G. HARPER. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 90 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **16s.**

HARWOOD.—THE TENTH EARL. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWEIS (MRS. H. R.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE ART OF BEAUTY. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations.
THE ART OF DECORATION. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations.
CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts.
THE ART OF DRESS. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—AMERICAN HUMORISTS: WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HAWLEY SMART.—WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE: A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWTHORNE.—OUR OLD HOME. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-book, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **15s.**

HAWTHORNE (JULIAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GARTH. | **ELLICE QUENTIN.** | **BEATRIX RANDOLPH.** | **DUST.**
SEBASTIAN STROME. | **DAVID POINDEXTER.**
FORTUNE'S FOOL. | **THE SPECTRE OF THE CAMERA.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MISS CADOGNA. | **LOVE—OR A NAME.**
MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, **1s.**

HEATH.—MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HELPS (SIR ARTHUR), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS. | **SOCIAL PRESSURE.**
IVAN DE BIRON: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

HENDERSON.—AGATHA PAGE: A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HENTY.—RUJUB, THE JUGGLER. By G. A. HENTY. Three Vols.

HERMAN.—A LEADING LADY. By HENRY HERMAN, joint-Author of "The Bishops' Bible." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

HERRICK'S (ROBERT) HESPERIDES, NOBLE NUMBERS, AND COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, D.D.; Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cl. bds., **18s.**

HERTZKA.—FREELAND: A Social Anticipation. By Dr. Theodor Hertzka. Translated by Arthur Ransom. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HESSE-WARTEGG.—TUNIS: The Land and the People. By Chevalier Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg. With 22 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HILL.—TREASON-FELONY: A Novel. By John Hill. Two Vols.

HINDLEY (CHARLES), WORKS BY.

TAVERN ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS: Including Reminiscences connected with Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHEAP JACK. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

HOEY.—THE LOVER'S CREED. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Post 8vo, **2s.**

HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN).—NIAGARA SPRAY. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

HOLMES.—THE SCIENCE OF VOICE PRODUCTION AND VOICE PRESERVATION. By Gordon Holmes, M.D. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL), WORKS BY.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Illustrated by J. Gordon Thomson. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**—Another Edition, in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. Sala. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE and **THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** In One Vol. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD'S (THOMAS) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD (TOM).—FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By Tom Hood. With 25 Illustrations by W. Brunton and E. C. Barnes. Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS; including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOPER.—THE HOUSE OF RABY: A Novel. By Mrs. George Hooper. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HOPKINS.—"'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY:" A Novel. By Tighe Hopkins. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HORNE.—ORION: An Epic Poem. By Richard Hengist Horne. With Photographic Portrait by Summers. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**

HORSE (THE) AND HIS RIDER: An Anecdotic Medley. By "Thormanby." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HUNGERFORD (MRS.), Author of "Molly Bawn," **NOVELS BY.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN. | **IN DURANCE VILE.** | **A MENTAL STRUGGLE.**
MARVEL. | **A MODERN CIRCE.**

LADY VERNER'S FLIGHT. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

HUNT.—ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, &c. Edited by Edmund Ollier. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bd., **2s.**

HUNT (MRS. ALFRED), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE LEADEN CASKET. | **SELF-CONDEMNED.** | **THAT OTHER PERSON.**

THORNICROFT'S MODEL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MRS. JULIET. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

HUTCHISON.—HINTS ON COLT-BREAKING. By W. M. Hutchison. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HYDROPHOBIA: An Account of M. Pasteur's System; Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By Renaud Suzor, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

IDLER (THE): A Monthly Magazine. Edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert E. Barr. Profusely Illustrated. Sixpence Monthly.—Vols. I., II., and III. now ready, cloth extra, **5s.** each; Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

INGELOW (JEAN).—FATED TO BE FREE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

INDOOR PAUPERS. By One of Them. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

INNKEEPER'S HANDBOOK (THE) AND LICENSED VICTUALLER'S MANUAL. By J. Trevor-Davies. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, SONGS OF. Collected and Edited by A. Perceval Graves. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

JAMES.—A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS. By Charles James. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

JANVIER.—PRACTICAL KERAMICS FOR STUDENTS. By Catherine A. Janvier. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JAY (HARRIETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DARK COLLEEN. | THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
NATURE NEAR LONDON. | THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. | THE OPEN AIR.
*** Also the Hand-made Paper Edition, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By Walter Besant. Second Edition. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JENNINGS (H. J.), WORKS BY.
CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
LORD TENNYSON: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

JEROME.—STAGELAND. By Jerome K. Jerome. With 64 Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. Square 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **2s.**

JERROLD.—THE BARBER'S CHAIR; & THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS. By Douglas Jerrold. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

JERROLD (TOM), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants, and How we Cook Them. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

JESSE.—SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. By Edward Jesse. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
CREDULITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.
CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

JONSON'S (BEN) WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by William Gifford. Edited by Colonel Cunningham. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

JOSEPHUS, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF. Translated by Whiston. Containing "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

KEMPT.—PENCIL AND PALETTE: Chapters on Art and Artists. By Robert Kempt. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

KERSHAW.—COLONIAL FACTS AND FICTIONS: Humorous Sketches. By Mark Kershaw. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

KEYSER.—CUT BY THE MESS: A Novel. By Arthur Keyser. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

KING (R. ASHE), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.
A DRAWN GAME. | **"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PASSION'S SLAVE. | **BELL BARRY.**

KNIGHTS (THE) OF THE LION: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Marquess of Lorne, K.T. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex. **6s.**

KNIGHT.—THE PATIENT'S VADE MECUM: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

LAMB'S (CHARLES) COMPLETE WORKS, in Prose and Verse, including "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus." Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Crown 8vo, half-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

LITTLE ESSAYS: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-bd., **2s. 6d.**

LANDOR.—CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, &c., before Sir THOMAS LUCY, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

LANE.—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, commonly called in England **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

LARWOOD (JACOB), WORKS BY.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY: The Antiquities, Humours, and Eccentricities of the Cloth. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

FORENSIC ANECDOTES. | **THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.**

LEIGH (HENRY S.), WORKS BY.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, **5s.**

JEUX D'ESPRIT. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEYS (JOHN).—THE LINDSAYS: A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The History of JERRY HAWTHORN and CORINTHIAN TOM. With CRUIKSHANK'S Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** [*New Edition preparing.*

LINTON (E. LYNN), WORKS BY.

WITCH STORIES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

OURSELVES: ESSAYS ON WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SOWING THE WIND.
PATRICIA KEMBALL.
ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.
THE WORLD WELL LOST.
UNDER WHICH LORD?
"MY LOVE!"
IONE.
PASTON CAREW, Millionaire & Miser.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY. | **WITH A SILKEN THREAD.**

FREESHOOTING: Extracts from the Works of Mrs. LYNN LINTON. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LUCY.—GIDEON FLEYCE: A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

LUSIAD (THE) OF CAMOENS. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FFRENCH DUFF. With 11 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

MACALPINE (AVERY), NOVELS BY.

TERESA ITASCA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **1s.**

BROKEN WINGS. With 6 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACCOLL (HUGH), NOVELS BY.

MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EDNOR WHITLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACDONELL.—QUAKER COUSINS: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN, M.P.), WORKS BY.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.—And a JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** each; Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.
MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.
A FAIR SAXON.
LINLEY ROCHFORD.
DEAR LADY DISDAIN.
MISS MISANTHROPE.
DONNA QUIXOTE.
THE COMET OF A SEASON.
MAID OF ATHENS.
CAMIOLA: A Girl with a Fortune.

THE DICTATOR. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN H.), WORKS BY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Four Vols., 8vo, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*
AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
IRELAND SINCE THE UNION: Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
HAFIZ IN LONDON: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, **3s. 6d.**
HARLEQUINADE: Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **8s.**
OUR SENSATION NOVEL. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
DOOM! An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**
DOLLY: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
LILY LASS: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS: Persian Tales. Edited by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. With 2 Photogravures by STANLEY L. WOOD. Two Vols., crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s.**

MACDONALD (GEORGE, LL.D.), WORKS BY.

WORKS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. Ten Vols., cl. extra, gilt edges, in cloth case, **21s.** Or the Vols. may be had separately, in grolier cl., at **2s. 6d.** each.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT
" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE MACDONALD. Collected and arranged by the Author. 2 vols., crown 8vo, buckram, **12s.**
A THREEFOLD CORD. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, **5s.**
HEATHER AND SNOW: A Novel. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

MACGREGOR.—PASTIMES AND PLAYERS: Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MACKAY.—INTERLUDES AND UNDERTONES; or, Music at Twilight. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY (THE) OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS: 85 PORTRAITS; with Memoirs — Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MACQUOID (MRS.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

IN THE ARDENNES. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. With 34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
THROUGH NORMANDY. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
THROUGH BRITTANY. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
ABOUT YORKSHIRE. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE EVIL EYE, and other Stories. | **LOST ROSE.**

MAGIC LANTERN, THE, and its Management: including full Practical Directions. By T. C. HEPWORTH. 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, THE: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

MAGNA CHARTA: An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, **5s.**

MALLOCK (W. H.), WORKS BY.

THE NEW REPUBLIC. Post 8vo, picture cover, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
THE NEW PAUL & VIRGINIA: Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**
POEMS. Small 4to, parchment, **8s.**
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

MALLORY'S (SIR THOMAS) MORT D'ARTHUR: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

MARK TWAIN, WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE CHOICE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
ROUGHING IT, and INNOCENTS AT HOME. With 200 Illusts. by F. A. FRASER.
MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. With 197 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), **7s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD; or, New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations. (The Two-Shilling Edition is entitled **MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.**)
THE GILDED AGE. By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. With 111 Illustrations.
A TRAMP ABROAD. With 314 Illustrations.
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. With 190 Illustrations.
LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. With 300 Illustrations.
ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. With 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.
A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. With 220 Illusts. by BEARD.
MARK TWAIN'S SKETCHES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT. With 81 Illustrations by HAL HURST, &c.
THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE, and other New Stories.

MARLOWE'S WORKS. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MARRYAT (FLORENCE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

A HARVEST OF WILD OATS.
OPEN! SESAME!
FIGHTING THE AIR.
WRITTEN IN FIRE.

MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MASTERMAN.—HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS: A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MATTHEWS.—A SECRET OF THE SEA, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MAYHEW.—LONDON CHARACTERS AND THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LONDON LIFE. By HENRY MAYHEW. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

MENKEN.—INFELICIA: Poems by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. With Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MERRICK.—THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By LEONARD MERRICK, Author of "Violet Moses," &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MEXICAN MUSTANG (ON A), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MIDDLEMASS (JEAN), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

TOUCH AND GO.
MR. DORILLION.

MILLER.—PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG; or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MILTON (J. L.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.
THE BATH IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE LAWS OF LIFE, AND THEIR RELATION TO DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LEPROSY. Demy 8vo, **1s.**

MINTO (WM.)—WAS SHE GOOD OR BAD? Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MITFORD.—THE GUN-RUNNER: A Romance of Zululand. By BERTRAM MITFORD. With Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

MOLESWORTH (MRS.), NOVELS BY.
HATHERCOURT RECTORY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THAT GIRL IN BLACK. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MOORE (THOMAS), WORKS BY.
THE EPICUREAN; and ALCIPHRON. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
PROSE AND VERSE, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by THOMAS MOORE; with Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MUDDOCK (J. E.), STORIES BY.
STORIES WEIRD AND WONDERFUL. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
THE DEAD MAN'S SECRET; or, The Valley of Gold. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FROM THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD: A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest. With 12 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards. **2s.** each.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.	HEARTS.	BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.
JOSEPH'S COAT.	WAY OF THE WORLD	A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.
COALS OF FIRE.	A MODEL FATHER.	FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.
VAL STRANGE.	OLD BLAZER'S HERO.	CYNIC FORTUNE.

BOB MARTIN'S LITTLE GIRL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TIME'S REVENGES. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) & HENRY HERMAN, WORKS BY.
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. Cr. 8vo. cl. extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PAUL JONES'S ALIAS. With 13 Illustrations. | THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

MURRAY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.
A GAME OF BLUFF. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
A SONG OF SIXPENCE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

NEWBOLT.—TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.**

NISBET (HUME), BOOKS BY.
"BAIL UP!" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
DR. BERNARD ST. VINCENT. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
LESSONS IN ART. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**
WHERE ART BEGINS. With 27 Illusts. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

NOVELISTS.—HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST NOVELISTS OF THE CENTURY. Edit. by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** *[Preparing.*

O'HANLON (ALICE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNFORESEEN. | CHANCE? OR FATE?

OHNET (GEORGES), NOVELS BY.
DOCTOR RAMEAU. 9 Illusts. by E. BAYARD. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**
A LAST LOVE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**; post 8vo, boards, **2s.**
A WEIRD GIFT. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, boards, **2s.**

OLIPHANT (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRIMROSE PATH. | THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND
WHITELADIES. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

O'REILLY (HARRINGTON).—LIFE AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS: Fifty Years on the Trail. 100 Illusts. by F. FRENZENY. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**

O'REILLY (MRS.). PHŒBE'S FORTUNES. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

OUIDA, NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, Illust. bds., **2s.** each.

HELD IN BONDAGE.	FOLLE-FARINE.	MOTHS.
TRICOTRIN.	A DOG OF FLANDERS.	PIPISTRELLO.
STRATHMORE.	PASCAREL.	A VILLAGE COMMUNE.
CHANDOS.	TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.	IN MAREMMA.
CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S GAGE.	SIGNA.	BIMBI. | SYRLIN.
IDALIA.	IN A WINTER CITY.	WANDA.
UNDER TWO FLAGS.	ARIADNE.	FRESCOES. | OTHMAR.
PUCK.	FRIENDSHIP.	PRINCESS NAPRAXINE.
		GUILDEROY. | RUFFINO.

BIMBI. Presentation Edition, with Nine Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Square 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

SANTA BARBARA, &c. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PAGE (H. A.), WORKS BY.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ANIMAL ANECDOTES. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING, A HISTORY OF,

from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria. By JOSEPH GREGO. A New Edition, with 93 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

PAUL.—GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

By MARGARET A. PAUL. With Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

PAYN (JAMES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.	A GRAPE FROM A THORN.
WALTER'S WORD.	FROM EXILE.
LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED.	THE CANON'S WARD.
BY PROXY.	THE TALK OF THE TOWN.
HIGH SPIRITS.	HOLIDAY TASKS.
UNDER ONE ROOF.	GLOW-WORM TALES.
A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.	THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE.
	THE WORD AND THE WILL.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

HUMOROUS STORIES.	FOUND DEAD.
THE FOSTER BROTHERS.	GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.
THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.	A MARINE RESIDENCE.
MARRIED BENEATH HIM.	MIRK ABBEY. SOME PRIVATE VIEWS.
BENTINCK'S TUTOR.	NOT WOOED, BUT WON.
A PERFECT TREASURE.	TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.
A COUNTY FAMILY.	THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.	HALVES. | THE BURNT MILLION.
A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.	FALLEN FORTUNES.
CARLYON'S YEAR. CECIL'S TRYST.	WHAT HE COST HER.
MURPHY'S MASTER.	KIT: A MEMORY. | FOR CASH ONLY.
AT HER MERCY.	A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.
THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.	SUNNY STORIES.

A TRYING PATIENT, &c. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

IN PERIL AND PRIVATION: Stories of MARINE ADVENTURE. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." Crown 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.** each.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. With Illustrations.

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

THE MUSES OF MAYFAIR. Vers de Société, Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

PHELPS (E. STUART), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

BEYOND THE GATES. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."	AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.
	BURGLARS IN PARADISE.

JACK THE FISHERMAN. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PIRKIS (C. L.), NOVELS BY.

TROOPING WITH CROWS. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

LADY LOVELACE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PLANCHE (J. R.), WORKS BY.
THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS. With Six Plates, and 209 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. **7s. 6d.**
SONGS AND POEMS, 1819-1879. Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. With Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **10s. 6d.**

POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Poetry. Introduction by CHAS. BAUDELAIRE, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

PRAED (MRS. CAMPBELL), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** ea.
THE ROMANCE OF A STATION. | **THE SOUL OF COUNTESS ADRIAN.**
"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED and JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

PRICE (E. C.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
VALENTINA. | **THE FOREIGNERS.** | **MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL.**
GERALD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PRINCESS OLGA.—RADNA; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

PROCTOR (RICHARD A., B.A.), WORKS BY.
FLOWERS OF THE SKY. With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
EASY STAR LESSONS. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
FAMILIAR SCIENCE STUDIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth ex., **10s. 6d.**
MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
THE UNIVERSE OF SUNS. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**
WAGES AND WANTS OF SCIENCE WORKERS. Crown 8vo, **1s. 6d.**

PRYCE.—MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By RICHARD PRYCE. Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards., **2s.**

RAMBOSSON.—POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. With numerous Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

RANDOLPH.—AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES: A Novel. By Lt.-Colonel GEORGE RANDOLPH, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

READE (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
PEG WOFFINGTON. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap, 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.—Also a Cheap POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, portrait cover, **6d.**; cloth, **1s.**
COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. Illust. HELEN PATERSON.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF, &c. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. Illusts. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.
HARD CASH. Illustrated by F. W. LAWSON.
GRIFFITH GAUNT. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and WILLIAM SMALL.
FOUL PLAY. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.
A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. Illustrated by EDWARD HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.
A SIMPLETON. Illustrated by KATE CRAUFURD.
THE WANDERING HEIR. Illust. by H. PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, C. GREEN, &c.
A WOMAN-HATER. Illustrated by THOMAS COULDERY.
SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.
GOOD STORIES OF MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS. Illust. by E. A. ABBEY, &c.
THE JILT, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.
A PERILOUS SECRET. Illustrated by FRED. BARNARD.
READIANA. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.
BIBLE CHARACTERS: Studies of David, Paul, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, **1s.**
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. With an Introduction by WALTER BESANT. Elzevir Edition. 4 vols., post 8vo, each with Front., cl. ex., gilt top, **14s.** the set.
SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES READE. Cr. 8vo, buckram **6s**

RIDDELL (MRS. J. H.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY. | WEIRD STORIES.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNINHABITED HOUSE. | HER MOTHER'S DARLING.
MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS. | THE NUN'S CURSE.
FAIRY WATER. | IDLE TALES.

RIMMER (ALFRED), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS. With 55 Illustrations.
RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW. With 50 Illustrations.
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. With 58 Illusts. by C. A. VANDERHOOF, &c.

RIVES (Amélie).—BARBARA DERING. By AMÉLIE RIVES, Author of "The Quick or the Dead?" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

ROBINSON (F. W.), NOVELS BY.
WOMEN ARE STRANGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE HANDS OF JUSTICE. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

ROBINSON (PHIL), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE POETS' BIRDS. | THE POETS' BEASTS.
THE POETS AND NATURE: REPTILES, FISHES, AND INSECTS.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY, THE: A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, **5s.**

ROWLEY (HON. HUGH), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.
PUNIANA: RIDDLES AND JOKES. With numerous Illustrations.
MORE PUNIANA. Profusely Illustrated.

RUNCIMAN (JAMES), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.; cl., **2s. 6d.** ea.
SKIPPERS AND SHELLBACKS. | GRACE BALMAIGN'S SWEETHEART.
SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), BOOKS AND NOVELS BY:
Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea.
ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE. | A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.
IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. | MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR."
A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE. | THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE
Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** ea.; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea.
AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. | MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.
ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA.
ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.
A FELLOW OF TRINITY. Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Frontispiece.
THE JUNIOR DEAN.
Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE OLD MAID'S SWEETHEART. | MODEST LITTLE SARA.
THE MASTER OF ST. BENEDICT'S. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SALA (G. A.).—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

SANSON.—SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (JOHN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GUY WATERMAN. | THE LION IN THE PATH. | THE TWO DREAMERS.
BOUND TO THE WHEEL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (KATHARINE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. | HEART SALVAGE.
THE HIGH MILLS. | SEBASTIAN.
JOAN MERRYWEATHER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
GIDEON'S ROCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SCIENCE-GOSSIP. Edited by Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Microscopy, Telescopy, Physiography, &c. **4d.** Monthly. Pts. 1 to 300, **8d.** each; Pts. 301 to date, **4d.** each. Vols. I. to XIX., **7s. 6d.** each; Vols. XX. to date, **5s.** each. Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

SCOTLAND YARD, Past and Present: Experiences of 37 Years. By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SECRET OUT, THE: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

SEGUIN (L. G.), WORKS BY.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WALKS IN ALGIERS. With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SENIOR (WM.).—BY STREAM AND SEA. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SHAKESPEARE FOR CHILDREN: LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Cr. 4to, **6s.**

SHARP.—CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW: A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SHELLEY.—THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **3s. 6d.** each.

POETICAL WORKS, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen: Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna: The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion: Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

PROSE WORKS, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

SHERARD (R. H.).—ROGUES: A Novel. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SHERIDAN (GENERAL). — PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) COMPLETE WORKS. With Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches and Jokes. 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, hf.-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE RIVALS, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and other Plays. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

SHERIDAN'S COMEDIES: THE RIVALS and **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c. by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SIMS (GEORGE R.), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.
THE RING O' BELLS.
MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS.
MARY JANE MARRIED.
TALES OF TO-DAY.
DRAMAS OF LIFE. With 60 Illustrations.
TINKLETOP'S CRIME. With a Frontispiece by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.
ZEPH: A Circus Story, &c.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

HOW THE POOR LIVE; and **HORRIBLE LONDON.**
THE DAGONET RECITER AND READER: being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.
THE CASE OF GEORGE CANDLEMAS.
DAGONET DITTIES.

SISTER DORA: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

SKETCHLEY.—A MATCH IN THE DARK. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

SLANG DICTIONARY (THE): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**

SMITH (J. MOYR), WORKS BY.

THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS. With 130 Illusts. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TALES OF OLD THULE. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
THE WOOING OF THE WATER WITCH. Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOCIETY IN LONDON. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SOCIETY IN PARIS: The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count PAUL VASILI to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOMERSET.—SONGS OF ADIEU. By Lord HENRY SOMERSET. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **6s.**

SPALDING.—ELIZABETHAN DEMONOLOGY: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

SPEIGHT (T. W.), NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE MYSTERIES OF HERON DYKE.
BY DEVIOUS WAYS, &c.
THE GOLDEN HOOP.
HOODWINKED; and THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY.
TRAGEDY. BACK TO LIFE.
THE LOUDWATER

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A BARREN TITLE.
WIFE OR NO WIFE?
THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, **6s.**

STARRY HEAVENS (THE): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

STAUNTON.—THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF CHESS. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STEDMAN (E. C.), WORKS BY.

VICTORIAN POETS. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**
THE POETS OF AMERICA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

STERNDALE.—THE AFGHAN KNIFE: A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. Seventh Edit. With a Frontis. by WALTER CRANE.
AN INLAND VOYAGE. Fourth Edition. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Sixth Edition.
THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. With a Frontispiece. Third Edition.
THE MERRY MEN. Third Edition. | **UNDERWOODS:** Poems. Fifth Edition.
MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Third Edition.
VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE, and other Papers. Seventh Edition. | **BALLADS.**
ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE SUICIDE CLUB; and **THE RAJAH'S DIAMOND.** (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With Six Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
PRINCE OTTO. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FATHER DAMIEN: An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, **1s.**

STODDARD.—SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

STORIES FROM FOREIGN NOVELISTS. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

STRANGE MANUSCRIPT (A) FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER. With 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STRANGE SECRETS. Told by CONAN DOYLE, PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRYAT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Eight Illusts., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SUBURBAN HOMES (THE) OF LONDON: A Residential Guide. With a Map, and Notes on Rental, Rates, and Accommodation. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

SWIFT'S (DEAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and **A TALE OF A TUB.** Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
JONATHAN SWIFT: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

SWINBURNE (ALGERNON C.), WORKS BY.

SELECTIONS FROM POETICAL WORKS OF A. C. SWINBURNE. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.
ATALANTA IN CALYDON. Crown 8vo, 6s.
CHASTELARD: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.
POEMS AND BALLADS. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, 9s.
POEMS AND BALLADS. SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, 9s.
POEMS AND BALLADS. THIRD SERIES. Crown 8vo, 7s.
SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
BOTHWELL: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
SONGS OF TWO NATIONS. Crown 8vo, 6s.
GEORGE CHAPMAN. (*See* Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, 6s.
ESSAYS AND STUDIES. Crown 8vo, 12s.
ERECHTHEUS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES. Crown 8vo, 6s.
STUDIES IN SONG. Crown 8vo, 7s.
MARY STUART: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 8s.
TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE. Crown 8vo, 9s.
A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS. Small 4to, 8s.
A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY. Crown 8vo, 7s.
MARINO FALIERO: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
A STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO. Crown 8vo, 6s.
MISCELLANIES. Crown 8vo, 12s.
LOCRINE: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
A STUDY OF BEN JONSON. Crown 8vo, 7s.
THE SISTERS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SYNTAX'S (DR.) THREE TOURS: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

TAINE'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cl. bds., **30s.**—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **15s.**

TAYLOR'S (BAYARD) DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

TAYLOR (DR. J. E., F.L.S.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.** each.
THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.
OUR COMMON BRITISH FOSSILS, and Where to Find Them. 331 Illustrations.
THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST. With 360 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

TAYLOR'S (TOM) HISTORICAL DRAMAS. Containing "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
*** The Plays may also be had separately, at **1s.** each.

TENNYSON (LORD): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THAMES.—A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES. By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THIERS.—HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE & EMPIRE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON. By A. THIERS. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL and JOHN STEBBING. New Edition, reset in a specially-cast type, with 36 Steel Plates. 12 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each. (First Volume ready September, 1893.)

THOMAS (BERTHA), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, **2s.** ea.
THE VIOLIN-PLAYER. | **PROUD MAISIE.**
CRESSIDA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THOMSON'S SEASONS, and CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

THORNBURY (WALTER), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends. With Illustrations in Colours.
HAUNTED LONDON. Edit. by E. WALFORD, M.A. Illusts. by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
OLD STORIES RE-TOLD. | **TALES FOR THE MARINES.**

TIMBS (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
THE HISTORY OF CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON: Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.
ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES: Stories of Delusions, Impostures, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, &c. 48 Illustrations.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. | **MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.**
FRAU FROHMANN. | **MARION FAY.** | **THE LAND-LEAGUERS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
KEPT IN THE DARK. | **AMERICAN SENATOR.**
GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. | **JOHN CALDIGATE.**

TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA. | **MABEL'S PROGRESS.** | **ANNE FURNESS.**

TROLLOPE (T. A.).—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

TROWBRIDGE.—FARNELL'S FOLLY: A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—MISTRESS JUDITH: A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (SARAH), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE BRIDE'S PASS. | **BURIED DIAMONDS.**
LADY BELL. | **THE BLACKHALL GHOSTS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. | **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.**
CITOYENNE JACQUELINE. | **DISAPPEARED.**
SAINT MUNGO'S CITY. | **THE HUGUENOT FAMILY.**
NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

VILLARI.—A DOUBLE BOND. By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

WALT WHITMAN, POEMS BY. Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, **6s.**

WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation, by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, **7s. 6d.**

WARD (HERBERT), WORKS BY.
FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS. With 92 Illustrations by the Author, VICTOR PERARD, and W. B. DAVIS. Third ed. Roy. 8vo, cloth ex., **14s.**
MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD. With a Map by F. S. WELLER, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WARNER.—A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. **2s.**
WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. **2s.**

WASSERMANN (LILLIAS), NOVELS BY.
THE DAFFODILS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS. By ALAN WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN. 3 vols., crown 8vo,

WALFORD (EDWARD, M.A.), WORKS BY.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1893). Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, **50s.**

WALFORD'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE (1893). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING PEERAGE (1893). Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING BARONETAGE (1893). Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING KNIGHTAGE (1893). Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS (1893). Containing a List of all Members of the New Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S COMPLETE PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS (1893). Royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **5s.**

TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WEATHER, HOW TO FORETELL THE, WITH POCKET SPECTROSCOPE. By F. W. Cory. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WESTALL (William).—TRUST-MONEY. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

WHIST.—HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST. By Abraham S. Wilks and Charles F. Pardon. New Edition. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

WHITE.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU, F.R.A.S.), WORKS BY.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

A SIMPLE TREATISE ON HEAT. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKERY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

WILLIAMSON (MRS. F. H.).—A CHILD WIDOW. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

WILSON (DR. ANDREW, F.R.S.E.), WORKS BY.

CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION. With 259 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEISURE-TIME STUDIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

STUDIES IN LIFE AND SENSE. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

COMMON ACCIDENTS: HOW TO TREAT THEM. Illusts. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

GLIMPSES OF NATURE. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WINTER (J. S.), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

CAVALRY LIFE. | **REGIMENTAL LEGENDS.**

A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN. With 34 Illustrations by E. G. Thomson and E. Stuart Hardy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WISSMANN.—MY SECOND JOURNEY THROUGH EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By Hermann von Wissmann. With 92 Illusts. Demy 8vo, **16s.**

WOOD.—SABINA: A Novel. By Lady Wood. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

WOOD (H. F.), DETECTIVE STORIES BY. Cr. 8vo, **6s.** ea.; post 8vo, bds. **2s.**

PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD. | **ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN.**

WOOLLEY.—RACHEL ARMSTRONG; or, Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

WRIGHT (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES. With 400 Caricatures, Squibs, &c.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART, LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

WYNMAN.—MY FLIRTATIONS. By Margaret Wynman. With 13 Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

YATES (EDMUND), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LAND AT LAST. | **THE FORLORN HOPE.** | **CASTAWAY.**

ZOLA (EMILE), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

THE DOWNFALL. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. Third Edition.

THE DREAM. Translated by Eliza Chase. With 8 Illustrations by Jeanniot.

DOCTOR PASCAL. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. With an Etched Portrait of the Author.

LISTS OF BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

*** *For fuller cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp.* 1–25.

THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE.
Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of "The Times."
Melancholy Anatomised: Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."
The Speeches of Charles Dickens.
Poetical Ingenuities. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. FIRST SERIES.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. SECOND SERIES.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and Masters. By Sir A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.
Curiosities of Criticism. H. J. JENNINGS.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast-Table.
Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.
Little Essays: from LAMB's Letters.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Theatrical Anecdotes. JACOB LARWOOD
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes & Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. W. H. MALLOCK.
New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Muses of Mayfair. Ed. H. C. PENNELL.
Thoreau: His Life & Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
Punianа. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Punianа. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
The Philosophy of Handwriting.
By Stream and Sea. By WM. SENIOR.
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

THE GOLDEN LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** per Volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.
Bennett's Ballad History of England.
Bennett's Songs for Sailors.
Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.
Pope's Poetical Works.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast Table.
Jesse's Scenes of Country Life.
Leigh Hunt's Tale for a Chimney Corner.
Mallory's Mort d'Arthur: Selections.
Pascal's Provincial Letters.
Rochefoucauld's Maxims & Reflections.

THE WANDERER'S LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

Wanderings in Patagonia. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Camp Notes. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life. By THOMAS FROST.
Lives of the Conjurers. THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
Wilds of London. JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis. Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.
World Behind the Scenes. P. FITZGERALD.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.
The Genial Showman. By E. P. HINGSTON.
Story of London Parks. JACOB LARWOOD.
London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Seven Generations of Executioners.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. BRET HARTE.
Twins of Table Mountain. BRET HARTE.
Snow-bound at Eagle's. By BRET HARTE.
A Day's Tour. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Esther's Glove. By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Sentenced! By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.
The Professor's Wife. By L. GRAHAM.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Niagara Spray. By J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By CHARLES JAMES.
Garden that Paid Rent. TOM JERROLD.
Cut by the Mess. By ARTHUR KEYSER.
Teresa Itasca. By A. MACALPINE.
Our Sensation Novel. J. H. MCCARTHY.
Doom! By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Dolly. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Lily Lass. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Was She Good or Bad? By W. MINTO.
Notes from the "News." By JAS. PAYN.
Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Jack the Fisherman. By E. S. PHELPS.
Trooping with Crows. By C. L. PIRKIS.
Bible Characters. By CHARLES READE.
Rogues. By R. H. SHERARD.
The Dagonet Reciter. By G. R. SIMS.
How the Poor Live. By G. R. SIMS.
Case of George Candlemas. G. R. SIMS.
Sandycroft Mystery. T. W. SPEIGHT.
Hoodwinked. By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Father Damien. By R. L. STEVENSON.
A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. By HERBERT WARD.

HANDY NOVELS.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart. A. ST. AUBYN
Modest Little Sara. ALAN ST. AUBYN.
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. M. E. COLERIDGE.
Taken from the Enemy. H. NEWBOLT.
A Lost Soul. By W. L. ALDEN.
Dr. Palliser's Patient. GRANT ALLEN.

MY LIBRARY.

Choice Works, printed on laid paper, bound half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.** each.

Four Frenchwomen. By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. By W. S. LANDOR.
The Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.

THE POCKET LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., **2s.** each.

The Essays of Elia. By CHARLES LAMB.
Robinson Crusoe. Edited by JOHN MAJOR. With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD. With 85 Illustrations.
The Barber's Chair, and The Hedgehog Letters. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Gastronomy. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.
The Epicurean, &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Ed. E. OLLIER.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Gulliver's Travels, and The Tale of a Tub. By Dean SWIFT.
The Rivals, School for Scandal, and other Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. J. LARWOOD.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each

By F. M. ALLEN.

Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Philistia.
Babylon.
Strange Stories.
Beckoning Hand.
In all Shades.
The Tents of Shem.
For Maimie's Sake.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Great Taboo.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
Blood Royal.
The Duchess of Powysland.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

Red Spider.
Eve.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.

My Little Girl.
Case of Mr. Lucraft.
This Son of Vulcan.
Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
Monks of Thelema.
The Seamy Side.
Ten Years' Tenant
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.
Bell of St. Paul's.
To Call Her Mine.
Herr Paul
The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
God and the Man.
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water.
Matt.
Heir of Linne.
The New Abelard.
Foxglove Manor.
Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
Village Comedy.
You Play Me False.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Two Destinies.
Law and the Lady.
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
Little Novels.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain
A Rogue's Life.
Blind Love.

By DUTTON COOK.

Paul Foster's Daughter.

By MATT CRIM.

Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.

Diana Barrington.
Proper Pride.
Pretty Miss Neville.
A Bird of Passage.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

By DICK DONOVAN.

Tracked to Doom.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Archie Lovell.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Fatal Zero.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Queen Cophetua.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
King or Knave

Prof. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
Loving a Dream. | Of High Degree.
The Flower of the Forest.

By E. GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.

By CECIL GRIFFITH.

Corinthia Marazion.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

A Waif of the Plains.
A Ward of the Golden Gate.
A Sappho of Green Springs.
Colonel Starbottle's Client.
Susy. | Sally Dows.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Dust.
Ellice Quentin. | Fortune's Fool.
Sebastian Strome. | Beatrix Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir A. HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By ISAAC HENDERSON.

Agatha Page.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemned.
That other Person.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Ione.
Under which Lord? | Paston Carew.
"My Love!" | Sowing the Wind.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Comet of a Season.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Gun-Runner.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Life's Atonement. | Val Strange.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular. | Cynic Fortune.
The Way of the World.

By MURRAY & HERMAN.

The Bishops' Bible.
Paul Jones's Alias.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!"

By GEORGES OHNET.

A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | In a Winter City.
Chandos. | Ariadne.
Under Two Flags. | Friendship.
Idalia. | Moths. | Ruffino.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | Puck. | A Village Commune
Folle Farine. | Bimbi. | Wanda.
A Dog of Flanders. | Frescoes. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | Signa. | In Maremma.
Princess Naprax-ine. | Syrlin. | Guilderoy.
Santa Barbara.

By MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn.
In Peril and Privation.
The Mystery of Mirbridge
The Canon's Ward.
Walter's Word. | Holiday Tasks.
By Proxy. | The Burnt Million.
High Spirits. | The Word and the Will.
Under One Roof. | Sunny Stories.
From Exile. | A Trying Patient.
Glow-worm Tales.
Talk of the Town

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in his Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash. | Wandering Heir.
Peg Woffington. | A Woman-Hater.
Christie Johnstone. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | The Jilt.
A Perilous Secret.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
Bound to the Wheel.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By LUKE SHARP.
In a Steamer Chair.
From Whose Bourne.

By HAWLEY SMART.
Without Love or Licence.

By R. A. STERNDALE.
The Afghan Knife.

By BERTHA THOMAS.
Proud Maisie. | The Violin-player.

By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Frau Frohmann. | Land-Leaguers.
Marion Fay.
The Way We Live Now.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.
The Bride's Pass. | Lady Bell.
Buried Diamonds.
The Blackhall Ghosts.

By MARK TWAIN.
The American Claimant.
The £1,000,000 Bank-note.

By J. S. WINTER.
A Soldier's Children.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward Complete.

By EDMOND ABOUT.
The Fellah.

By HAMILTON AIDE.
Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

By MARY ALBERT.
Brooke Finchley's Daughter.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie' Fate.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Strange Stories. | The Devil's Die.
Philistia. | This Mortal Coil.
Babylon. | In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake. | Tents of Shem.
Great Taboo. | Dumaresq's Daughter.

By E. LESTER ARNOLD.
Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity. | The Junior Dean.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider. | Eve.

By FRANK BARRETT.
Fettered for Life.
Between Life and Death.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulich.
Folly Morrison. | Honest Davie.
Lieut. Barnabas. | A Prodigal's Progress.
Found Guilty. | A Recoiling Vengeance.
For Love and Honour.
John Ford; and His Helpmate.
Little Lady Linton.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.
This Son of Vulcan. | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Monks of Thelema.
Case of Mr. Lucraft. | The Seamy Side.
Golden Butterfly. | Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.
Grantley Grange.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.
In the Midst of Life.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

By WALTER BESANT.
Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon. | Herr Paulus.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
To Call Her Mine.
The Bell of St. Paul's. | The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.

By BRET HARTE.
Californian Stories. | Gabriel Conroy.
An Heiress of Red Dog. | Flip.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. | Maruja.
A Phyllis of the Sierras.

By HAROLD BRYDGES.
Uncle Sam at Home.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.
The Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

By Commander CAMERON.
The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

By AUSTIN CLARE.
For the Love of a Lass.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.
Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Cure of Souls.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.
The Bar Sinister.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Fight with Fortune. | Village Comedy.
Sweet and Twenty. | You Play me False.
Blacksmith and Scholar. | Frances.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina. | Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
Haunted Hotel.
A Rogue's Life.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.
Little Novels.
Legacy of Cain.
Blind Love.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By DUTTON COOK.

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By MATT CRIM.

Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.

Pretty Miss Neville. | Bird of Passage.
Diana Barrington. | Proper Pride.
"To Let."

By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.
Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby.

By DICK DONOVAN.

The Man-Hunter. | Caught at Last!
Tracked and Taken. | Wanted!
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
The Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs.
In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Received.
Tracked to Doom. | Link by Link.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Felicia. | Kitty.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Roxy.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna. | Polly.
Never Forgotten. | Fatal Zero.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

By PERCY FITZGERALD and others.

Strange Secrets.

ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia. | Queen Cophetua.
One by One. | King or Knave?
A Real Queen. | Romances of Law.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By HAROLD FREDERICK.

Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.

Prof. by Sir BARTLE FRERE?

Pandurang Hari.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

One of Two.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | In Honour Bound!
Fancy Free. | Flower of Forest.
For Lack of Gold. | Braes of Yarrow.
What will the World Say? | The Golden Shaft.
In Love and War. | Of High Degree.
For the King. | Mead and Stream.
In Pastures Green. | Loving a Dream.
Queen of Meadow. | A Hard Knot.
A Heart's Problem. | Heart's Delight.
The Dead Heart. | Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.

By HENRY GREVILLE.

A Noble Woman. | Nikanor.

By JOHN HABBERTON.

Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Sebastian Strome.
Ellice Quentin. | Dust.
Fortune's Fool. | Beatrix Randolph.
Miss Cadogna. | Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By HENRY HERMAN.

A Leading Lady.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

A Maiden all Forlorn.
In Durance Vile. | A Mental Struggle.
Marvel. | A Modern Circe.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

Thorncroft's Model. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Leaden Casket.

By JEAN INGELOW.

Fated to be Free.

By HARRIETT JAY

The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.

By MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game. | Passion's Slave.
"The Wearing of the Green."
Bell Barry.

By JOHN LEYS.

The Lindsays.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Paston Carew.
World Well Lost. | "My Love!"
Under which Lord? | Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

By HUGH MACCOLL.

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame! | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

By J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

The Man who was Good.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

Hathercourt Rectory.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.
From the Bosom of the Deep.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Model Father. | Old Blazer's Hero.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | Way of the World.
Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.

One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishops' Bible.

By HENRY MURRAY.

A Game of Bluff.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!"
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent.

By ALICE O'HANLON.

The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS *—continued.*

By GEORGES OHNET.

Doctor Rameau. | A Last Love.
A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.

Phœbe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | Friendship.
Chandos. | Moths.
Under Two Flags. | Pipistrello.
Idalia. | A Village Commune.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Bimbi.
Tricotrin. | Wanda.
Puck. | Frescoes.
Folle Farine. | In Maremma.
A Dog of Flanders. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | Guilderoy.
Signa. | Ruffino.
Princess Napraxine. | Syrlin.
In a Winter City. | Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.
Ariadne.

MARGARET AGNES PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Bentinck's Tutor. | £200 Reward.
Murphy's Master. | Marine Residence.
A County Family. | Mirk Abbey.
At Her Mercy. | By Proxy.
Cecil's Tryst. | Under One Roof.
Clyffards of Clyffe. | High Spirits.
Foster Brothers. | Carlyon's Year.
Found Dead. | From Exile.
Best of Husbands. | For Cash Only.
Walter's Word. | Kit.
Halves. | The Canon's Ward
Fallen Fortunes. | Talk of the Town.
Humorous Stories. | Holiday Tasks.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
What He Cost Her.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Burnt Million.
The Word and the Will.
A Prince of the Blood.
Sunny Stories.

By C. L. PIRKIS.

Lady Lovelace.

By EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

The Romance of a Station.
The Soul of Countess Adrian.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival. | Gerald.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
Put Yourself in His Place.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Wandering Heir. | Hard Cash.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Peg Woffington. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | A Woman-Hater.
A Perilous Secret. | The Jilt.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories. | Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
The Nun's Curse. | Idle Tales.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the "Ocean Star."
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day. | Dramas of Life.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Zeph: A Circus Story.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.
Hoodwinked, &c. | Back to Life.
The Loudwater Tragedy.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.

Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
The Violin-player.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for the Marines.
Old Stories Re-told.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | John Caldigate.
The Way We Live Now.
The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Farnell's Folly.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
The Gilded Age.
Mark Twain's Sketches.
Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
The Stolen White Elephant.
Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
Buried Diamonds. | Disappeared.
Saint Mungo's City. | Huguenot Family.
Lady Bell. | Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

By Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

A Child Widow.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

By H. F. WOOD.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.

Sabina.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology.

By EDMUND YATES.

The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
Castaway.

OGDEN, SMALE AND CO. LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE for Two Guineas per Month.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND for Five Shillings per Month.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, *with full particulars, post free.*

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CRICKET
CRICKET
TENNIS
TENNIS

"OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S SAMBULINE" REG.D OR ELDER GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY.

CYCLING
CYCLING
ROWING
ROWING

An Elegant and Harmless Preparation for Improving the Skin,

AGREEABLE for ALLAYING IRRITATION caused by HEAT,

CHAFING through Exertion or Exposure to the Sun, at Seaside, Fishing, Cricket, Tennis, Cycling, Riding and Rowing, PRICKLY HEAT, SUN BLISTERS, &c.,

ARRESTING GNAT, MOSQUITO AND INSECT BITE IRRITATION.

FREE FROM GREASE OR STICKINESS.

Prepared only by OSBORNE, BAUER and CHEESEMAN,

Sole Proprietors of

The "INCOMPARABLE SMELLING SALTS" (*as supplied to the Queen*),

"**BABY'S SOAP,**"

Specially prepared for **Children** or Adults with **Tender Skin**, 6*d.*,

"BAUER'S HEAD (and Bath) SOAP," "NAFATHA SOAP" for Tender Feet, &c.

19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, **1s.**

Samples post free from the Proprietors, 12 *Stamps.*

HENRY BLACKBURN'S ART HANDBOOKS.

Demy 8vo, Illustrated, uniform in size for binding.

ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875–1887, and 1889–1892, each 1*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1893. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1875–1879. Complete in One Volume, with about 600 Illustrations. Cloth limp, 6*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1880–84. Complete in One Volume, with about 700 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. 6*d.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each 1*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877–82. With about 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883–87. With about 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

THE NEW GALLERY, 1888–1892. With numerous Illustrations. Each 1*s.*

THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*

PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889. With 100 Illustrations. 1*s.*

ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. 1*s.*

OLD MASTERS at the NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.*

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. With Notes by H. BLACKBURN and 242 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 3*s.*

THE PARIS SALON, 1893. With over 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3*s.*

THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1893. With 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

BB2

Sold by the Principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S CACHOUX.

At 6d.; by Inland Post, 7d.

Dainty Morsels in the form of tiny silver bullets which dissolve in the mouth and surrender to the Breath their Hidden Fragrance.

JACKSON'S BENZINE RECT.

At 6d., 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by Parcels Post, 3d. extra.

For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all absorbent fabrics. Dress or Drapery, Kids, Books, and Manuscript it cleans with equal success.

JACKSON'S Chinese Diamond CEMENT

At 6d. and 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Mending every article of Ornament or Furniture, Glass, China, Earthenware, &c.

JACKSON'S INCENSE SPILLS.

At 6d.; by Inland Post for 7d.

A Sparkling means of Incensing a Domicile and of Exorcising Evil Smells by the liberation of Ozone. Of special value in the Sick-Room.

An enchanter's little wand, that, on being fired, becomes to the receptive as a Medium which quickens the fancy, be its mood grave or gay, kindly leading the captive to that ladder the top of which reaches through the clouds to the borders of fairyland.

JACKSON'S RUSMA.

At 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Removal of Hair from the Arms, Neck or Face, without the use of the razor, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin.

WANSBROUGH'S METALLIC NIPPLE SHIELDS.

At 1s. per pair; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

LADIES NURSING, for the prevention and Cure of Sore Nipples.

Sent Abroad, where a Post Parcel Service is open, at Current Rates,

FROM THE LABORATORY OF

THOMAS JACKSON,

Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

[*Series BETA.*] 1892.

46a

TWENTY HIGHEST AWARDS.

PEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER

MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS, RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.